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Encounter

OCTOBER 1981
VOL. LVII No. 4
ISSN 0013-7073

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* ANTHONY THWAITE

EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER: *Anthony Robinson*

MANAGING EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley*
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Per copy: UK £1.30: USA & Canada $3.25. Back numbers £2.00 ($5.00). Postage/packing: 40p ($1.00).
Annual subscriptions: UK £15.75: USA & Canada $36.50 surface, $46.00 by air: Elsewhere £17.00.
Address for all departments: Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US Mailing Agent: Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 527 Madison Avenue, Suite 1217, New York 10022.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. *© 1981 by Encounter Ltd.**Binder for six copies £4.00 ($9.60)*
Manuscripts are returned only if accompanied by s.a.e. (English stamp or International Reply Coupons).

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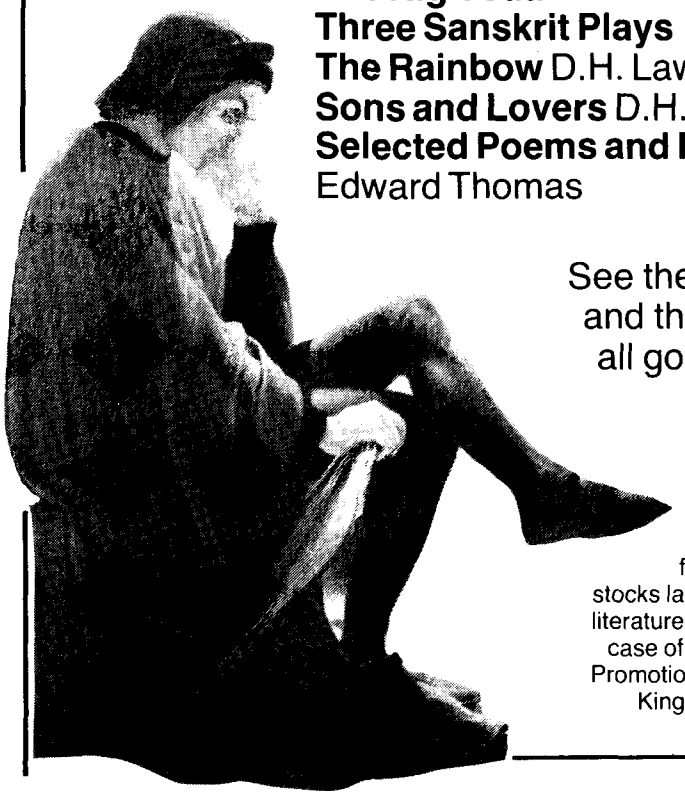

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Ted Walker

Caleb

CALEB was my father's youngest uncle. Last summer we buried him in the sandstone soil of his native village in Worcestershire. Whoever dug his grave must have had a hard time of it: from May until the end of August scarcely a drop of rain had fallen anywhere in England, and the ground was bone-hard. The clod I picked up to crumble on the coffin felt like an old peach-stone in my hand, and all I could rub from it was a little red dust that drifted down like dried blood. My father and I were the only family mourners. The undertaker's men bowed their heads and joined in the responses, but there were no tears and no flowers other than those I had brought from my garden. We shook hands with the priest, dusted off our shoes under the lych-gate and drove away: "He was the last of them", was all my father said: meaning the last of that family of twelve—my grandfather and his brothers and sisters—who had all been born before the turn of the century.

Through lanes of plum and apple orchard I drove slowly towards the motorway which led home, south, a hundred and sixty miles. The fruit harvest was starting early: already there were pickers among the Victoria plums and greengages, and there were slat boxes stacked high at the row-ends of Coxes and Worcester Pearmains. I wound down the window, and my father wound down his, to catch the scents of the summer air. But for the Depression, I thought, I would have been born a Worcestershireman; mine would have been this airless, overpoweringly lush country they call the Garden of England. As it was, my father had had to go down to the Sussex coast in search of work. In 1932 he'd headed south along these same lanes of stiflingly-packed trees on the belt-drive James he still often mentions. Up and over Long Compton Hill he'd gone; and then through Oxfordshire, Berkshire and Surrey, until he reached the chalk Downs of the county where he was to spend the rest of his life. Sandstone red, Cotswold gold, brown of Wealden clay, grey flints lying on fields of beige, earth that turned up whiteish to the plough—gradually the terrain grew colder-looking and more unwelcoming, the further he rode from home in search of prosperity. Once, years ago, he told me how he first glimpsed the English Channel from the top of Goodwood Hill. He parked the motor-bike against a yew-tree, gazed down at the faint blue sweep of the sea, counted the last pence of his dole money, wondered where he would sleep that night. Ever since, he's been more than moderately happy and never short of a pound or two; but he still doesn't sound at home among southerners. He's not lost his midlands accent, and as we drove gently along he spoke as though proprietorially about the Vale of Evesham. This irritated me. I began feeling anxious to get home. The afternoon was growing even more suffocatingly warm, and I longed for a sea-breeze. I accelerated. Maybe we'd stop by that yew-tree of his on Goodwood Hill and listen to the wind riffling the barley-fields.

"Are you in such a tear?" he asked me.

"No. There's no hurry, dad. Is there anything you want?"

"Be nice to buy a few egg-plums."

"Right. We'll get a bushel to take home." There were road-side stalls every half-mile or so.

"Just a pound to eat now. They don't taste the same anywhere else."

I pulled in at the next lay-by and watched from the car as he made his purchase. He sampled a plum, waiting for his change. He sucked at the fruit, relishing it, appraising it, finally holding the stone between thumb and

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forefinger to seek out the very last shreds of flesh. Then, beside me again, he shared out the bag of plums between us with scrupulous fairness: the over-ripe, luscious ones first, then the firmer ones, then the few that had a blemish or were misshapen.

"Nothing to bring me back ever again", he said. "Old uncle Caleb was the last. No more funerals. No more sorting out useless junk."

We'd spent the morning, after the drive up, with the Matron of the old people's home where my great-uncle had died. There had been nothing of either intrinsic or sentimental value among the old fellow's few, pathetic possessions. There had been no family documents, no photographs, no letters in envelopes bearing the stamps of former sovereigns. All we had brought away was the death certificate: he'd died of simple heart failure. His clothes, the Matron had said, were only fit to burn; it had been hard for her to decide which of his two, well-worn serge suits he should be buried in. "These places", my father had said, while she was out of the room, "They take away what little a person is left with. Your belongings. Your dignity. Somebody will have had the gold ring off his finger. I'll not want to end up in a place like this." And then he'd looked me straight in the eye. His eyes are the palest possible blue, the tint of storm-clouds, moist.

"You'll be back from time to time", I lied softly. "If my work fetches me to these parts, you can come for the ride. But no more sad occasions, true."

"Be sadder still, nobody left. These plums are like wine."

I started the engine and eased into the traffic. My fingers were sticky on the wheel. I looked at him and sensed there was a favour he didn't like to ask for.

"I'll turn off at the next fork", I said. "Dare say you'd like a last look at uncle Caleb's old cottage. I know where it is, I remember the road. Only a few miles out of our way."

"Make you late getting back."

"What's half an hour?"

"Be new people there. Not want to be bothered with us poking about. Won't know us from Adam."

"They'll not mind. Probably only rent the place, same as he did."

"Till he got taken to that home. He didn't want that—but what could *I* do?"

"Nothing, dad. He got looked after, the last eighteen months of his life. He had his pension, no worries."

"Nobody should have to go anywhere they don't want to."

"You were too far away. He needed looking after by trained people. And it wasn't for long."

"Even so."

ON THE PARCHED GRASS in front of the cottage there were three little boys playing with toy cars. They crawled about in the dappled shade thrown by a damson tree, shrieking as they contrived head-on collisions. I myself could not have been above four years old, the first time I was taken to visit there. That was the summer just before World War II began. Uncle Caleb had a nanny-goat tethered to that damson tree; Auntie Lizzie, the sister who lived with him, gave me some of its milk, still warm, in a mug commemorating King George the Fifth's Jubilee. Great-aunt Lizzie died soon after, caught in an air-raid during one of her rare trips to Birmingham. The image of her milking the goat and then pouring some milk from the pitcher for me is one of my earliest memories—and my only one of her.

It was a drab young woman who answered my knock. She was heavily pregnant, coarse-featured, her hair lank and oily, unkempt. A long ash fell from her cigarette on to her grubby brown sweater as she spoke.

"Never buy nothing at the door", she said, folding her arms.

"I'm not selling anything", I said, "I've got my father outside in the car. Would you mind very much if he had a look at your garden? His uncle used to live here. It's got memories for him."

"The old man left nothing here", she said defensively. "The Council men cleared the place out. Terrible state it was in. Filthy, he must have been."

"We've just come from his funeral. We wouldn't want to come indoors. Just the outside and the garden."

"Well, I'm just going down the shop. But I suppose it's all right. My father-in-law's in the kitchen. Not that there's anything to see out the back, mind."

"Thanks."

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"Sorry the old feller died. I had nothing against him personal, like. And we were glad of anywhere to live—even a dump like this. Shouldn't've said what I said."

"That's all right."

Brusquely she strapped the two smallest children into a double push-chair and took hold of the third—a flaxen-haired, plaintive boy in torn dungarees—by the wrist. Passing through the gate, she nodded to my father.

He got out of the car and pressed the door shut. For a moment or two he watched the woman as she slapped the boy for dawdling and while she strode away towards the village centre.

"Some things don't change much round here", he said. "Scarcely more than a slip of a girl, but she's worn out already. She'll be like my grandmother. A dozen kids by the time she's forty, and dead at forty-one. These days people are supposed to know better, aren't they?"

"Supposed to. I can't imagine how your grandparents coped with twelve children. How did they manage on a farm labourer's wages?"

We walked along the side of the cottage to the back yard. A broad plot, a wilderness of brambles, nettles and dock leaves, extended for a good sixty or seventy yards. Here and there was a neglected fruit tree, thick tangles of twigs bearing only a few sour-looking little apples or pears. One tree was quite dead; another, though still sprouting live wood, had been partially uprooted by the previous winter's gales.

"No option but to manage", my father said. "Anyway, there were never twelve children in the cottage at any one time. A couple died in infancy—I never knew their names. Another one died of diphtheria when she was ten. And by the time the eleventh and twelfth were getting themselves born, the eldest ones were growing old enough to leave home. The girls went into service. The boys lived on the farm during the week, brought home a shilling or two of a Sunday. They coped, one way or another."

HE GESTURED towards the long expanse of forsaken garden, shaking his head in disapprobation. Among the tall nettles at the end of the property was a stack of oil drums, some rusty chicken-wire, a car body minus its wheels. Swallows flitted low over this miscellany of rubbish; sudden, indigo glintings as their wings tilted towards the sun. Old Caleb had really let the place run down. Not only the garden: the cottage doors and windows were bare of paint and several shingles had slipped from the roof into the guttering.

"Feckless", my father said. "Look at all this ground. There's been time enough to bring it under cultivation again, put it in good heart. That young woman will be bringing home packets of frozen stuff that tastes of nothing."

"Don't be too hard on them, dad. Not been here long."

"Long enough to get a row or two of beans in. I remember when every square yard of this garden grew good stuff. Grandfather, and uncle Caleb after him, why—they raised enough to keep them going all through winter. Potatoes and roots in clamps, hard fruit in the outhouse, soft fruit bottled down. They lived well, don't you fret. Didn't need money, the way folks need it now. Had a pig or two, couple of dozen hens, geese enough."

"I remember the goat."

"A gallon a day. I tell you, they did all right. It was *my* generation had it rough. Old Caleb was able to live on here with Auntie Lizzie when the old people died. But by then my father had got married and had to go and live in the city. No room there to raise his own stuff or keep livestock. Not like here. Then the slump, then the real hard times. It was my bad luck to be born my father's son instead of Caleb's. I'd have fancied it, living here. You'd have been born here. This might have been yours, year or two, if I'd had the chance to buy it."

"I can't think of you as Caleb's son."

"I can. I never got on too well with my father."

"I never knew that."

"There's a tidy few things that you don't know. Some of them not too pleasant. Ought to have told you, but never got round to it."

We walked a little further down the path. The last vestiges of an orderly vegetable plot were traceable: a line of dead raspberry canes, a row of carrots gone to seed, a clump of tough old rhubarb. I found another path, a herring-bone pattern of Staffordshire blue bricks now smothered with rampant ivy and periwinkle. I could imagine how handsomely, in years gone by, it must have enhanced the

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abundant crops. It led to a boundary hedge of quickthorn, some fallen masonry and a cement floor of what had probably been a pig sty. I felt sad for my father as he looked round at the desolation of his lost domain. I tried to picture him as a youth.

"You've never heard me sing, have you?" he said.

"That's a strange thing to say. No, I haven't."

"Damn good voice I had when I was a kid. My father mocked it out of me. I joined the church choir, alto. He came to Evensong and mocked me. At home he ridiculed me. Held up my cassock, dangled it in front of my nose, said I was like a girl. I dried up, never sang any more. My voice broke not long after. Alto I was, yes."

With the toe of his shoe he turned over a chunk of bricks-and-mortar. "Always going on at me, never left me alone. Said I was too sensitive to live. Said I was too soft. And maybe I was, at that."

"Nobody'd call you soft."

"You don't know. Probably I was a bit of a mother's boy. See this concrete we're standing on? This was the sty. My father brought me here visiting one day when I was about fourteen. Said I had to help to kill the pig, hold her down after they slit her throat. That's the way it was done, those days—hold her down on the scullery table while she squealed for ten minutes. I wasn't having any of that."

"Don't blame you. Nor would I have done."

"So I ran off. Went down to the river until it was all over. Right down by the river, I say, but even at that distance I could hear her squealing. *Namby-pamby*, my father called me when I came back."

"I'd have done the same."

"But I should have faced up to it. Normal, those days, bleeding a pig to death on the scullery table. Only way to make the meat keep. I'd have got used to it. Uncle Caleb took my part. He always stuck up for me against my father. He shouldn't have done, but I was glad at the time that he did."

"Old Caleb never married and had children of his own, did he?"

My father started walking back up the path. "That's a topic that never got mentioned", he said over his shoulder. "Maybe tell you a bit about that later on. But let's get on our way now. I can't bear to look at this a moment longer."

AT A STEADY SEVENTY I headed down the motorway. My father soon fell asleep. When he woke up, I guessed, we'd talk some more about old Caleb. Such little as I knew about him ran through my mind like an early, silent film. When he was a boy he had tried to run away from home. One of his brothers—my grandfather, maybe—had had to drag him back through the lanes to the church-yard where his father was scything the grass. He'd been thrashed with a besom broom, doubled over a headstone, while the parson looked on; and, after the thrashing, he was lectured to on the importance of staying where he belonged, of facing up to his responsibilities. When the Great War broke out, he ran away again. Lying about his age—he was barely sixteen—he joined the army and was sent to Gallipoli. He was wounded and taken prisoner by the Turks. He was put in a sling, hanging from the side of a camel; and every step the camel took, it banged him against his wound. In his pain he made a solemn oath: if he were spared and could return to his native village, he would never leave it ever again.

I knew there must be some truth in this story. As a boy, after the Second World War, I was taken for a walk round the village by my great-uncle Caleb. We went as far as the parish boundary, a handsome chestnut tree standing all alone on a stretch of rising ground. "That's the Malvern Hills", he said, pointing. "And over there, past where you can see, that's Herefordshire." Then we turned back towards the church and he said, "This is where I belong, though. This is where I keep my belongings. I *keep* here." And we went the rest of the way in silence to his cottage. I could remember the pump in the kitchen, the violin he kept inside the grandfather clock, the damson cheese he spread so thickly on my bread-and-butter that I had to hold the slice level. I had a sense of him far more vivid—however little I really knew of him—than that of my grandfather. *He* had died when I was very young and was seldom spoken of.

Indeed I was still surprised that my father had, unprompted, blurted out what he had concerning that long-ago acrimony. It was true: I'd never heard him sing. Nor had I ever known him weep, or rage passionately, or become visibly moved by tender emotions. It had always been my mother who cried for the two of them whenever tears were needed. As far as I was concerned, he had always been

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tough, brusque, eager to change the subject if talk turned sentimental. I glanced at him several times while he dozed. It crossed my mind that he might yet become a flinching, woebegone old man. I shuddered to think of him as a helpless geriatric, vulnerable, his marvellous strength all gone. A lifetime of not singing, of not revealing the gentler side of his manhood—perhaps that would have to be compensated for before he died. Would it ever reach the stage when I should have to comb his hair, shave him, cut his fingernails? Would he suffer me to do such things for him? Not yet. While he slept, his jaw was set firm and his fists were clenched.

He woke up after we crossed the Thames. He closed his window and I half-closed mine. It was evening now, much cooler. Cosy, sequestered Surrey villages gave way to capricious hamlets in the Sussex Weald. We were back in territory I knew: roofs of Horsham stone, quilted with moss and lichens; flint churches; hanger woods of grey-barked beeches; parklands crawling with hand-reared pheasants. Wherever I travel, I judge new places in terms of this landscape. A few miles more and we'd reach my father's home—the house where I was born; twenty miles, then, along the coast, I'd be back in my own cottage.

"You were going to tell me why Caleb never got married", I said. "You'd better look sharp. We're nearly there."

"All in the past. Best forgotten."

"I want to know."

"Tell you this. He hated living there. Every minute. Loathed it. He tried running away to sea when he was a boy."

"I know."

"Wanted to sail round the world. Then, after the Great War, he had to stay put."

"That oath he made."

"Partly that. He *was* a superstitious man. But that wasn't all. He had to look after the old folks and his sister, Lizzie. He had to do all his father's odd jobs round the village. Dug the graves, rang the tenor bell at church, helped out at harvest-time. By the time his parents were dead he felt he'd missed his chance. The place had got its claws into him. He stayed and made the best of it. Same as I had to, down here."

"Tell me why he never married."

"I don't think I want to."

"I'll pester until you do."

"He had to look after his sister. You work it out."

"You surely don't mean that he and Auntie Lizzie—"

"I surely do."

"By God!"

"No need to be shocked. It was quite normal, those days, remote places. It was a convenience. Just as normal as sticking a pig. People guessed, but they didn't talk. I didn't have to guess. Once, when I was a kid, I stayed overnight at the cottage. I woke up with gripes in my belly and went to wake up Auntie Lizzie. I saw the two of them—you know. And in the morning Uncle Caleb made me swear on the Bible I'd never breathe a word as long as he and she were alive. At the time, of course, I was too young to understand what all the fuss was about. If I hadn't been forced to make that oath, most likely I'd never have taken any notice. It wasn't until much later that I realised. And that's why I didn't get to see him too often in later years. I would dearly have loved to see the old place now and again, but it got harder and harder to look him in the eye. So now you know."

WE DROVE ON, not speaking. I turned on the radio and played it loud. I remembered old Lizzie with her pitcher of goat's milk, the long, loose-fitting, black bombazine dress she wore. When we reached the top of Goodwood Hill, I stopped as I had intended doing. I walked a little way over the springy turf and looked down at the flotilla of yachts in Chichester harbour, their gaudy spinnakers ballooning. The cool sea air was a refreshment in the evening light. I breathed it in deep.

"You don't want to let any of that business bother you", my father said when he came to stand beside me. "Water under the bridge. Just accept the fact, file it away."

We lit cigarettes and watched the sun douse itself. "Marvellous view from up here, isn't it?" he said. "See for miles. See where you live, where I live. Twenty miles between, but it doesn't look that far. It's a comfort to me, you know, that you're not much distance away. A phone-call, a half-hour drive, you're on the doorstep."

"Not a lot like Worcestershire though, is it?"

"No", he said. "But not a bad second-best."

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Paul Hollander

Pilgrims on the Run

Ideological Refugees from Paradise Lost

"A world purified of all evil and in which history is to find its consummation—these ancient imaginings are with us still." NORMAN COHN

"A great deal of intelligence can be invested in ignorance when the need for illusion is deep." SAUL BELLOW

ALTHOUGH MUCH HAS BEEN written about Western intellectuals, the relationship between their critical and uncritical attitudes—or, between estrangement and affirmation—remains to be more fully explored and much better understood.

My interest in this matter was sparked initially by the political judgments of contemporary Western intellectuals, both distinguished and less distinguished. For many years I harboured misgivings about their ability to make what I considered sound political judgments.[1] It seemed that they had a tendency to selective preoccupation with various historical and social events and issues while allowing others to bypass them completely. I was struck by a puzzling juxtaposition of insight and blindness, sensitivity and indifference. As time went by, I came to discern a pattern. It appeared to me that most of these intellectuals tended to be rather harsh on their own societies, and surprisingly indulgent as well as uninformed about others, unless the defects of these societies were somehow linked to their own.

My misgivings gradually broadened into an interest in the political values, cultural beliefs, and deeper apprehensions of intellectuals about the social world they inhabited. As the signs of psychic and political discomfort multiplied among Western intellectuals during the 1960s and early '70s, I became increasingly eager to comprehend better their attitudes and the less self-evident sources thereof. It appeared that the broader ramifications of this study were associated with the ambiguous position of intellectuals in contemporary Western societies and with their contradictory attitudes toward power and powerlessness, belief and disbelief, social order and disorder. Intellectuals in Western societies at once articulate, occasionally attempt to solve, and sometimes themselves create certain social problems and conflicts. Their self-images too are often ambiguous, replete with paradox, as they combine self-doubt with a sense of entitlement to influence, assertions of powerlessness with claims on power, humility with self-righteousness. Many Western intellectuals view themselves as the true élite of our times, especially in their capacity as opinion-makers, and there are those among them who would feel comfortable with the appellation "engineers of the soul." The most distinctive trait of a large segment of contemporary Western intellectuals has been the fluctuation in their attitudes between estrangement and affirmation.

THERE IS A BODY of literature that provides much of the information required to examine the connections between estrangement and affirmation and between belief and disbelief: the reports of intellectuals on their visits to societies they found appealing. Such writings contain lengthy statements about the attractions of the countries visited and detailed criticisms of the social system of their own countries, and offer more than an outline of the political values of a sizeable group of Western intellectuals: they contain their notions of good *and* bad society, social justice *and* injustice. Almost

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[1] See my article in ENCOUNTER, "The Ideological Pilgrim", November 1973.

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invariably they contrast the defects of their own societies with the virtues of those visited. Not surprisingly, these writings reveal more about their authors—and about the societies which nurtured them, if that is the right word—than about the countries ostensibly depicted.

The phenomenon of such political tourism, and the accounts written about it, provided an excellent opportunity for an inquiry into the grasp of reality, common sense, and political "instinct" of these tourists. Moreover, an examination of the politically purposeful travellers was bound to intersect with the broader issue of the relationship between alienation and utopian impulses in contemporary Western societies.

In recent times intellectuals in pursuit of political Utopia have been particularly interested in four countries.

Naturally enough, following the October Revolution of 1917, the Soviet Union was the first focus of attention, although many of the visits only took place after the mid-1920s, and the greatest number of such visitors arrived there in the early and mid-1930s. Less numerous but propelled by similar motives were the trips undertaken to Cuba, especially in the first years after the 1958 revolution, and to North Viet Nam in the mid and late '60s.[2] Interest in China among American intellectuals intensified after the diplomatic initiatives in 1972 which allowed for the spectacular expansion of visits. Western European intellectuals visited China in more substantial numbers during the 1950s and 1960s.

Those political tours and pilgrimages are significant in several ways. They provide documents that aid in understanding the values, aspirations, longings, and revulsions of an important and influential segment of Western intellectuals. The reports of the travellers have moulded our conceptions of the societies they described, and of those from which they have become estranged. At a minimum, the surge of favourable assessments of these societies contributed to the drowning out of more critical voices (or reduced their credibility), and certainly neutralised the expression of many sceptical viewpoints. By sheer repetition, certain seemingly unassailable platitudes and axioms have evolved, gained footholds, and acquired plausibility.[3]

The travel reports also offer some startling illustrations of selective perception and the associated capacity for selective moral indignation and compassion.

WHY WAS IT that sensitive, insightful, and critical intellectuals found societies like that of the USSR under Stalin, China under Mao, and Cuba under Castro so appealing—their defects so easy to ignore (or, if observed, to excuse)—and so strikingly superior to their own societies? How was it possible for many of them to have visited these societies often at their most oppressive historical moments (as was clearly the case with the USSR in the 1930s and China during the Cultural Revolution) and yet *not* notice their oppressiveness? Or, if they did, what psychological and ideological mechanisms enabled them to take a tolerant view?[4] One's sense of bewilderment deepens since it is usually taken for granted that a key attitude of intellectuals is a keenly critical mind, fine-tuned to every contradiction, injustice, and flaw of the social world.

Intellectuals critical of their own society proved highly susceptible to the claims put forward by the leaders and spokesmen of the societies they inspected in the course of these travels. They were inclined to give every benefit of doubt to these social systems and were successful in screening out qualities that might have detracted from their positive vision. How could such contradictory attitudes coexist and be reconciled with one another in such a highly patterned way? How do intensely critical (even suspicious) frames of mind blend with highly impressionable and uncritical mental postures? Do such opposing mental postures form some sort of a "dialectical" unity? Are they mutually supportive and made possible by one another, or do they

[2] Trips to North Viet Nam were unusual in so far as it was a country in a state of undeclared war with the United States. At the same time, the American bombing of North Viet Nam was a major cause of the sympathy that country evoked among many American intellectuals who often were more opposed to the American policy in Viet Nam than in favour of the political system prevailing in North Viet Nam.

[3] Edward Shils, for example, has written: "Among the collectivistic liberals of the West, the exhilaration which accompanied the early years of the Soviet Union has expired. Nonetheless, a certain image of the institutions and practices of the Soviet system has over four decades become imprinted in the minds of Western intellectuals; it comprises 'public ownership' of the instruments of production, social security from the cradle to the grave, 'no unemployment', the avoidance of inflation, the extirpation of the 'acquisitive instinct', or the 'profit motive', social equality and the solution of the 'ethnic problem'" ("The Burden of 1917", *Survey*, Summer-Autumn 1976).

[4] Hans Magnus Enzensberger, the radical German social critic, posed essentially the same question when he wrote: "Such an analysis [of these attitudes] would have to go beyond individual idiosyncrasies and search out the historically determined elements of their wishful thinking and their blindness to reality and their corruption. The point is not to discover that 'man is evil', but why professed socialists let themselves be politically blackmailed, morally bribed and theoretically blinded, and not just a few individuals, but in droves . . . the 'Tourism' of the Revolutionaries . . . is only one of the symptoms" (*The Consciousness Industry*, 1974).

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represent compartmentalised contradictions?[5] Or is it perhaps possible that what appears at first a merciless, but realistic, critical impulse—exhibited by these intellectuals towards their own society—is *also* distorted because they are predisposed to attribute the worst to the social setting with which they are familiar and systematically to ignore its positive characteristics? To what extent were favourable perceptions and judgments induced by the way the hosts controlled and manipulated the impressions and experiences of the visitors?

While manipulations of the visitors' experiences—or, as I call them, the techniques of hospitality—doubtless influenced their judgments (both by exposing them to reality selectively and by the highly flattering personal attentions showed them) I do not believe that these techniques were decisive. What was decisive was the predisposition of the intellectuals themselves. And this leads us back once more to the crucial question: Under what circumstances and for what motives do "critical intellectuals" become uncritical ones? What pressures lead to the apparent suspension of critical judgment in certain situations? How can sensitivity to social injustice and indignation over the abuses of political power so abruptly give way to the cheerful acceptance, or denial, of comparable flaws in other social systems?

THE ANSWER to these questions lies in the realisation that intellectuals, like most other people, use double standards, and that the direction of their moral indignation and compassion is set and guided by their ideologies and partisan commitments.

Aliens & Utopia

". . . Unable to hurt a fly, they are capable of becoming ferocious in the name of an idea."
JULIEN BENDA

THE MOST STRIKING PARADOX in the political judgment of intellectuals involves the contrast between their views of their own society and of those they designate—from time to time—as lands of promise or historical fulfilment. In the interstices and interconnections of these two attitudes—estrangement and affirmation—lie the cherished values of Western intellectuals, their conceptions of good and evil in politics and history.

Not surprisingly, alienation from one's own society and susceptibility to the attractions, real or imagined, of others are very closely linked. The late 1920s and early 1930s provide an excellent example. Then, as in the 1960s and early 1970s, Western intellectuals responded to the crises and problems of their society with intensified criticism and a surging interest in alternatives. The Soviet case offered the most hopeful alternative to the economic and social chaos of the first period. In more recent times the problems of Western societies were less economic and more spiritual and political in nature. In the 1960s and early '70s the putative emptiness of affluence and material comforts provided the broad background against which specific causes for discontent and social criticism came to be projected: Viet Nam, race relations, corporate capitalism, consumerism, or the bureaucratisation of life. More generally, the increasing strains of secularisation played an important part in predisposing many intellectuals to admire such societies as China under Mao or Cuba under Castro. These were social systems which exuded a sense of purpose and appeared to have provided meaningful lives for their citizens.

Evidently social criticism must rest on a vision of alternatives. Hence, estrangement from one's own society invariably precedes or accompanies the projection of hope and affirmation upon others. This reciprocal process is enhanced by the circumstance that the societies these Western intellectuals tend to idealise in turn attack Western societies—through their spokesmen and mass media—on almost exactly the same grounds as the estranged intellectuals. Kindred voices are raised across the various geographical and ideological boundaries, denouncing capitalistic greed and wastefulness, excessive military expenditures, racism, poverty, unemployment, the impoverishment of human relationships, the lack of community, the vulgar noises of advertising, the crudeness of commercial transactions—practically everything that is intensely disliked by the Western intellectual. How could he fail to find some sense of affinity with those who seemingly share his values, his likes and dislikes?

The remarks of Tom Hayden and Staughton Lynd (*The Other Side*, 1966) illustrate these attitudes:

> ". . . we also discovered that we felt empathy for those more fully 'other' members of the other side, spokesmen for the Communist world in Prague and Moscow, Peking and Hanoi. After all, we call ourselves in some sense revolutionaries. So do they. After all, we identify with the poor and oppressed. So do they."

A favourable predisposition toward these societies was based in part on the belief that they stood for the values the intellectuals cherished. Their very existence meant that Western intellectuals did not have to retreat to purely utopian alternatives to the evils they deplored.

[5] Leon Festinger's *A Theory of Cognitive Dissonance* (1957) is highly relevant to an understanding of how people deal with such (and other) contradictory of conflicting beliefs and experiences.

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Intellectuals critical of their society *must* believe that social institutions superior to those in their own society *can* be created. They must be in a position to point, at least tentatively, to the actualisation of their ideals in some existing society in order to lend strength to their social criticism at home. If other societies are no better than the one they know best, how can they rise to intense moral indignation about the defects of their own society?

While it is possible to reject one's society without becoming favourable toward another, it is psychologically difficult and rare to do so, for it generates a sense of hopelessness. Much of the literature shows that most people estranged from their own society tend to drift to the idealisation of others—or, rather, they cannot idealise others without a previous alienation from their own. The admission or realisation that other social systems represent little or no improvement over one's own dilutes moral outrage. If social injustices and defects are endemic and discernible even in "new" revolutionary societies, it becomes difficult to sustain an impassioned criticism of one's own. Most of us are not capable of vehement and prolonged criticism about ills which are widespread, seem to resist eradication, and appear determined more by impersonal forces than by identifiable human beings. By contrast, when particular defects of a society are seen as easily remediable, and when specific societies can be pointed to as illustrative of such improvements, a new and vastly superior basis for the critique of one's society is created.

IT IS PRECISELY this need for new alternatives—along with certain historical facts and new information increasingly difficult to ignore—that explains why the Western intellectuals' attachment to the Soviet model-exemplar was relinquished with the passage of time. Since the late 1950s there has been not only an impressive accumulation of information concerning the departure of Soviet society from its revolutionary origins and ideals, but also an emergence of new and seemingly more authentic revolutionary societies—such as Cuba, China, and North Viet Nam—which could absorb sentiments and sympathies which had earlier been reserved for the Soviet Union. H. Stuart Hughes's comment about the late Jean-Paul Sartre (one of the few older intellectuals whose political attitudes and commitments formed a bridge between two periods and generations, having shifted from pro-Soviet to pro-Cuban and other more diffuse "Third World" sympathies) is readily applicable to many New Left radicals of the 1960s in search of new models of political rectitude: "Like Lenin before him, Sartre discovered the underdeveloped world when he needed it most to buttress a faith that seemed increasingly inapplicable to European conditions". . . .[6]

THE IMPORTANCE OF UNFAMILIARITY as a component of the appeal of distant societies and their leaders was also noted by Hannah Arendt in her comment (*On Violence*, 1969) on the popularity of Mao, Castro, Che Guevara, and Ho Chi Minh as compared with the lack of interest in and enthusiasm for the much more accessible Yugoslav system and its leader, Tito. It should be stressed, however, that geographical distance as such is not the decisive criterion in endowing countries with some sense of mystery, promise, or exotic attraction. The recent popularity of Albania among Western European radicals shows that geographic proximity can be compatible with political appeal *if* little is known about the country in question. For example:

> "A recent visitor to a Scandinavian university, after a heated debate with a group of students who had complained bitterly about the lack of freedom in their own countries and in the West in general, asked which country in the world they most admired. The answer was Albania. None of the students were familiar with conditions in Albania, none had been there or had the faintest wish to go, but Albania was nevertheless the name of their Utopia." [7]

George Kennan reported a similar experience:

> "I asked a Norwegian student recently what it was that the radical students at the University of Oslo most admired—what did they look up to as an example of a hopeful civilisation? After considerable brooding and thought-taking, he said it was . . . Albania! Can anyone think of anything more miserable than the régime of Albania? Obviously there is not one shred of reality in this view—no interest at all in the objective truth about Albania. Albania is picked up simply because it seems to be a club with a particularly sharp nail at the end of it with which to beat one's own society, one's own traditions, one's own parents. . . . Apparently the criterion of their affections is the degree of hatred . . . for the West, and especially for their own societies." [8]

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[6] "Jean-Paul Sartre: The Marxist Phase", *Ramparts* March 1967. In his quest for a more authentic socialism Sartre also visited and praised the left-wing military régime in Portugal in the mid-1970s (George F. Will, *The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Sobering Thoughts*, 1978, p. 20–21).

[7] Walter Laqueur, "Third World Fantasies", *Commentary*, February 1977. For a book-length ode to Albania, see Jan Myrdal and Gun Kessle, *Albania Defiant* (1976).

[8] George Urban, "A Conversation with George F. Kennan", ENCOUNTER, September 1976.

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Indisputably the solution of these Scandinavian students is extreme but in some ways very consistent: the selection of a totally unknown country such as Albania confirms the symbolic nature of the quest for a model of a perfected social order.

THERE IS ANOTHER OPTION for intellectuals who are reluctant to project their hopes on or invest their sympathies in known, existing political systems because of the lessons of history or common sense. It is to idealise abortive revolutions or social movements which were not given a chance to go stale or become oppressive. A recent example is the French student rebellion of 1968, which an American social critic (Norman Birnbaum, *The Crisis of Industrial Society*, 1969) considered "the most significant event in Western politics in a generation." Admiring defeated revolutions has the same advantages as worshipping from a distance a beautiful woman (or man) whose charms have never been tested by sharing a bed, bathroom, or kitchen.

Apparently the appeal of political systems, revolutionary or other, is determined not by the volume of information that is available about them, nor by their actual accomplishments, nor by the degree of personal access to them. It is at least plausible to suggest that the needs of the observer—as the case of Albania's admirers suggests—frequently take precedence over the evaluation of social-political realities. The Soviet Union enjoyed the greatest prestige among Western intellectuals at the times when it was most savagely repressive, most severely plagued by material shortages, and subject to Stalin's personal dictatorship—that is, during the early and mid-1930s. By the time it had shed some of its most unattractive features—that is, after Stalin's death and under Khrushchev—the USSR no longer enjoyed the interest and endorsement of Western intellectuals. To be sure, following the death of Stalin more information became available about Soviet society, much of it unflattering. Yet the shift in attitudes cannot be explained merely as a rational response to more information. Nor can it be argued that in the 1930s, the time when the Soviet Union was so popular among Western intellectuals, there was no information at all about the Purges and other unappealing products of the Soviet system. Such information was available (for example, through Trotsky and his followers), but it was not widely enough disseminated nor were intellectuals so receptive towards it, while much counter-information (or rather, misinformation or propaganda) was disseminated to neutralise it by the Soviet Union and its supporters abroad.

ADAM ULAM'S EXPLANATION ("The Essential Love" of Simone de Beauvoir, *Problems of Communism*, March-April 1966) for the waning popularity of the Soviet system among Western intellectuals is the most persuasive:

> "... an intellectual often finds a certain morbid fascination in the puritanic and repressive aspects of the Soviet régime and also in its enormous outward self-assurance, which contrasts so saliently with the apologetic, hesitant self-image of the democratic world. When this facade of self-assurance began to collapse, first after the revelations about Stalin in 1956, and then as a consequence of the split in the communist camp,

China, or the Leap Forward into History

"LIFE *in China today is exceptionally pleasant....*

Plenty of fond dreams are authorized by the idea of a country where the government pays the people's way through school, where generals and statesmen are scholars and poets."

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

"The people seem healthy, well fed and articulate about their role as citizens of Chairman Mao's new China ... the change in the countryside is miraculous.... The Maoist revolution is on the whole the best thing that happened to the Chinese people in centuries ... Maoism ... has got results...." JOHN K. FAIRBANK

"... a country which has become almost as painstakingly careful about human lives as New Zealand."

HANS KONIGSBERGER

"To me China seemed a kind of benign monarchy ruled by an emperor priest who had won the complete devotion of his subjects. In short, a religious and highly moralistic society." URIE BRONFENBRENNER

"There is not a trace of alienation in China, nor of those neuroses or that utter disintegration of the individual found in the parts of the world dominated by consumerism. The Chinese world is compact, integrated, an absolute whole. . . . A people is marching with a light step and with fervor towards the future. This people may be the incarnation of the new civilization of the world. China has made an unprecedented leap into history."

MARIA ANTONIETTA MACCIOCCHI

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many Western intellectuals began to shed their loyalty to the one-time idol, now certainly more humane than it had been under Stalin."

The same process is apparently taking place in attitudes toward China since the death of Mao. As in the Soviet case following the death of Stalin, the outward self-assurance and image of monolithic unity of the Chinese régime have been seriously hurt by the power struggle resulting from the elimination of what came to be called the "Gang of Four", who had earlier been major repositories of power and authority. Mao's death and the instability associated with it also allowed the revelation of many shortcomings of the Chinese régime, partly as a result of the desire of the present leadership to discredit the defeated competitors for power, partly as an unintended consequence of a somewhat loosened grip on power. Also, as in the Soviet case, the waning popularity of the Chinese régime among Western intellectuals has coincided with its becoming less, not more, repressive.

A more general aversion toward modern, highly bureaucratised industrial societies (of which the USSR is one) elaborated by Professor Herbert Marcuse and his followers further explains why the Soviet system can no longer inspire the majority of Western intellectuals. Indeed these generalised reservations on the part of intellectuals about industrial society are among the major differences between the sensibilities of the 1960s and 1930s.

THUS, BOTH the popularity and the unpopularity of the Soviet Union among Western intellectuals have more to do with the state of Western societies than with the state of Soviet society. Admiration of the Soviet system peaked not when its performance was the most impressive or its policies most humane, but at the time when a severe economic crisis buffeted the Western world (in the 1930s), which helped create a perception of the Soviet Union as an island of stability, order, economic rationality, and social justice. Likewise the attractions of China, Cuba, and North Viet Nam emerged and intensified during the 1960s when once more a crisis of confidence shook the United States (this time on account of Viet Nam and racial conflict), and when both in the United States and in Western Europe rising non-material aspirations were unmet by new spiritual resources. Clearly it is possible to admire countries when one knows little about them; political systems can also be detested when there is scanty knowledge about them.

For instance, the US has become a symbol of evil and a global scapegoat in the eyes of many Third World intellectuals who know little about it. A study of anti-Americanism and the reasons why the US has become a near-universal scapegoat symbol today would be no less fascinating than the one pursued here. Such attitudes represent the other side of the coin, as it were: uncritical, unreflective rejection rather than unreflective acceptance. Four attributes of the US seem to invite such worldwide animosity: (*1*) affluence; (*2*) a pervasive global *cultural* presence and appeal; (*3*) the combination of power with the weakened will to use it, or the image of the cowardly bully who can finally be taunted and abused with relative impunity; (*4*) the American propensity to guilt and self-criticism, since people do not think well of those who think poorly of themselves.

While the amount of information may not be important or decisive in shaping opinion, there are other factors which play a greater part in the process of attitude formation—namely, the extent to which the information is visual, vivid, and dramatic. Arthur Koestler noted ("On Disbelieving Atrocities", in *The Yogi and the Commissar*, 1945):

> "A dog run over by a car upsets our emotional balance ... three million Jews killed in Poland cause but a moderate uneasiness. Statistics don't bleed; it is the detail which counts."

Where "details which count" are concerned, there is a striking imbalance between the unavailability of unflattering visual information about the most repressive police states (especially those with a Left-wing one-party system)[9] and the abundance of such information about the unattractive features of America and other Western societies. This is significant, since the availability or absence of vivid, visual information[10] relating to various social-political issues is a major factor in

[9] I emphasise the unavailability of information on Left-wing police states, since Right-wing dictatorships, or more precisely those of a non-Leninist persuasion, tend to be more negligent about control of the mass media and communications in general. Since they are not quite as serious about treating ideas as weapons, their systems of propaganda and censorship tend to be less refined.

Several unflattering newsreels and documentary movies have been made in and of South Africa, various Latin American dictatorships, former Western colonies, South Viet Nam, Franco's Spain, etc. It would be hard to come by such documentaries or even isolated photographs of this kind about the USSR, China, Cuba, North Viet Nam, Albania, etc.

[10] The impact and importance of visual experience is exemplified in the following comment of a critic of American society: "All the Chamber of Commerce pronouncements, the fancy *Fortune Magazine* charts about our progress, the confident State of the Union Addresses fall apart when you take a long walk through any major American city: through Harlem, or Roxbury or Chicago's South Side" (Howard Zinn, "Marxism and the New Left", in *The New Left*, ed. Long, 1969). Needless to say, the corresponding visual experiences in Moscow, Peking, or Havana lend themselves just as well to contrast with ceremonial statements, and should lead to similar conclusions.

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the creation of stereotypes, both negative and positive. The unappealing features of Western societies and particularly the United States can be seen—and have been depicted on television, in movies, magazines, and newspapers with considerable regularity. Western, and again pre-eminently American, audiences have been provided by the mass media of their countries with vivid images of the worst aspects of their societies. We have all seen them: ethnic slums; street-corner gangs; welfare clients and the unemployed in line; angry strikers; political protesters on the campuses or streets; dilapidated schools; overcrowded hospitals; bleak prisons; policemen dispersing demonstrators; the grief of families who lost their sons in Viet Nam; scenes of bloodshed and violence in Northern Ireland (and elsewhere in the West); photogenic extremists and bigots of many varieties; farmers destroying food; the ravaged physical environment; garbage-strewn city-scapes; scenes of crime, distress, waste, destruction and brutality—the list is endless. We have a richly documented pictorial inventory of the ills of our society.

WHAT OF the other side? It is hardly news that police states, among them the Soviet Union, China, Cuba, North Viet Nam, North Korea, Cambodia, Albania, and many others, are not in the habit of this kind of critical self-exposure, or of allowing outsiders to produce critical photographic inventories. They do not invite foreign cameramen to make visual records of the seamier sides of their life, though they will occasionally allow them to make a record of their accomplishments. Western audiences have not seen many (if any) pictures of what Soviet, Chinese, or Cuban prisons look like; of people in those countries lining up for food; of scenes of heavy, demeaning, and fatiguing manual labour performed by women, of substandard housing, crowded public transportation, house searches, early morning arrests, deportations (or relocations of segments of the population), factories with few safety devices, rotting crops which do not get harvested, industrial equipment left to rust in the open, shoddily built housing complexes, and empty shops. (An exception to this is the occasional photographs of women cleaning the streets in the Soviet Union. Such picture-taking is much disapproved of in the USSR, but not always prevented.) They have few glimpses of officials riding in curtained limousines or of the private retreats (or second homes) of members of élite groups. Nor have Western audiences been treated to interviews with ordinary citizens of Cuba, China, or the USSR who would express criticism of any aspect of the system under which they lived.

Until recently, not only visual information and images but even graphic descriptions of the less attractive sides of life in such countries were unavailable or scarce.

For example, a survey of human rights around the globe (*New York Times*, 6 March 1977) had this to say about China: "So little is known about what goes on in Asia's largest nation, China, that outsiders can only guess at the state of human rights there." Such a bland assessment reflects not only the paucity of information but a somewhat strained benefit-of-doubt posture. If Bernard Gwertzman had said that not enough is known to make specific assessments about the *magnitude* of the violation of human rights, one might leave it at that. But to suggest that there is so little known that *nothing* can be said, that one can only make guesses, is going too far.

In any event, this quote and the associated attitudes illustrate my point. Many Western intellectuals or public figures require mountains of evidence about the unappealing aspects of Left-wing dictatorships before they abandon their benefit-of-doubt attitudes. There is a discernible parallel here between the Soviet and the Chinese cases. There was just as little disposition in the 1930s among Western intellectuals and opinion leaders to believe in the existence of Soviet concentration camps as there is today to believe in Chinese violations of human rights. In neither period was information quite as scarce or evidence so unsubstantiated as the benefit-of-doubters would have us believe.

The importance of such information is illustrated by the impact of Solzhenitsyn's artistry and power of description which for millions around the world made it possible to grasp the concept of Soviet concentration camps, if not necessarily to visualise them.

The contrast between American and Soviet attitudes toward publicity and societal self-exposure can be extended to other "closed" societies, such as Cuba, China, or North Viet Nam.

INTELLECTUALS are especially critical of their society in periods of crisis, turmoil, and collective self-doubt, which they voice most eloquently and which they sometimes magnify.

Their criticisms are often permeated by a breast-beating quality. A political advertisement in the *New York Times* exemplifies this: "... We, the American people—We: affluent, corrupt, dehumanized, brutalized, chauvinistic, racist, white America—who share guilt for US policy and for the atrocities. ..." (30 November 1969).

A European writer who arrived in the 1960s and commented on these propensities was persuaded that social protest "... is a new industry, a new way of making money and accumulating affluence. Three things are necessary to start this business: a pen, a guitar, and a free society as one's

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professional space. Written protest brings decent livings, vocal protest brings millions. One who knows how effectively to exhibit his social misery and anguish rapidly becomes a millionaire" (Leopold Tyrmand, *Notebooks of a Dilettante*, 1970).

Many critically disposed intellectuals are distinctly unhappy in quiescent periods when the absence of social turmoil or political crisis reduces the resonance of and receptivity to their social criticism; hence the increasing retrospective denunciation since the mid-1960s of the "complacent", "smug", and quiescent 1950s in the United States. But even during the period itself many intellectuals were visibly pained by its tranquillity.

Idealistic men and women need no upheavals to become sensitised to the defects of their society. Even during periods of relative tranquillity, many intellectuals find reason for disenchantment with a social environment which offers them few spiritual challenges and no relief from the burdens of the human condition.

The Protocol of Hospitality

> *"... It is no defence whatever for an intellectual to say that he was duped, since that is what, as an intellectual, he should never allow to happen to him."* GRANVILLE HICKS

I BELIEVE that the intellectuals' predisposition played a greater part than the actual travel experience in their assessments of the countries concerned, but the nature of the visits also deserves close attention. Without some measure of favourable predisposition the conducted-tour aspects would have been ineffectual and possibly counterproductive. On the other hand, the particular manifestations of hospitality were important in swaying those who came with a neutral or benefit-of-doubt attitude rather than outright enthusiastic anticipation. Even in the case of those who went on the journey with the most favourable expectations, the travel experience had a positive function because it confirmed these expectations. No matter what the attitudes of the visitors, the experience (with very few exceptions) rarely led to disillusionment. Those with favourable predispositions emerged with these attitudes strengthened and vindicated, while the wavering were moved to more sympathetic attitudes.

The techniques of hospitality divide into two complementary parts. The first has to do with the personal treatment of the visitor, his comfort and welfare, and the measures taken to make him feel important, appreciated, well liked. The goal (and usually also the result) of these measures is to make it psychologically difficult for the visitor to develop and express negative sentiments or critical thoughts toward his hosts and toward the society they represent. It *is* difficult to be critical of people who are kind to us, are attentive to our personal comfort, take an interest in our personality, and appreciate our work. It is also difficult to be critical of the broader social setting in which all these agreeable personal attentions are received. An American scholar writing about the Soviet treatment of foreign visitors (Sylvia R. Margulies, *The Pilgrimage to Russia: The Soviet Union and the Treatment of Foreigners, 1924–1937*, 1968) observed:

> "Thus we have a picture of lavish entertainment of foreigners, including many who (in their own opinion) had been underrated and ignored at home. Every individual was made to feel important. How could one criticise a host who contributed to one's sense of dignity and expended the valuable time of important top officials in this endeavour?"

Naturally, the quality of such treatment varied with the importance of the visitor or groups of visitors, and with the particular objectives pursued by the various régimes concerned at certain periods.

The second major component in the techniques of hospitality is the selective presentation of "reality" which accounts for the highly organised and planned nature of the tours. The probability of gaining positive impressions is obviously enhanced when a visitor is systematically and purposefully exposed only to the attractive features of a country: good food and accommodations, comfortable travel, politeness and attentiveness at every turn, pleasant, interesting, or inspiring sights. (Which is not to say that the appropriate agencies of the host country always accomplish these objectives satisfactorily. They do, however, strive to attain them and do so with a good measure of success, again in part depending on the perceived importance of the visitor.) Under such conditions, even if the visitor harbours any abstract or generalised notions about the possibilities of social injustice, material scarcity, or institutional malfunctioning (and few come with such expectations), the visible, tangible realities he comes in contact with powerfully counteract his apprehension. The visitors are shielded from unappealing aspects of life, which are not allowed to intrude on those selected by the hosts and calculated to make a favourable impression. Moreover, for the most part what the visitors see is real, although there are also instances of total deception, things built or specially arranged for visitors which have no independent existence or justification apart from being a showpiece or showplace of some kind, like the modern "Potemkin villages." There are in most countries enough feats of engineering, impressive

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cultural institutions, natural wonders, historical monuments, and attractive individuals that are appealing and interesting. What the visitors are in no position to know is *how typical* such sights and impressions are, or how adequately they convey the flavour of life in the country at large.

It is the cumulative impact rather than the specific details of the hospitality that matters. Warm reception on arrival, comfortable accommodations, pleasant travel arrangements, fine food, interesting sights, encounters with important busy political figures—all add up to a set of experiences calculated to make the visitor feel receptive to the messages his hosts intend to convey. Given the combination of various degrees of favourable predispositions, personal flattery, physical comforts, carefully screened sights, and contrived personal encounters, it would be surprising if the visitors did not leave the countries concerned with their favourable predispositions strengthened and with a new fund of enthusiastic observations and judgments.

Even if most visitors would (and did) agree that their hosts were anxious to make a good impression, there would be less agreement about the results of all the attentions received. Surely, most travellers would argue that they were not bribed or blinded by any manifestation of hospitality. Nor can it be proven that such was the case. All one can say is that the hosts were intent on making a good impression, and in most instances the visitors did depart with such impressions, as reflected in the written accounts of their trips.

It is clear that the visitors to the Soviet Union in the 1930s had been deceived, not necessarily by staged events, fake settings, or the unrepresentative sampling of the sights, but by the overall image of Soviet life and society conveyed to them. The Soviet case at any rate makes clear that "being on the spot" and "seeing things for oneself" are not a guarantee or sufficient condition for assessing accurately the nature of a country and its social system.

Keeping Pilgrims Happy

"HIS CLAIM to have seen with his own eyes a 'real' revolution gave an air of authority to his pronouncements, and it bolstered his image of himself as one who arrived at decisions only on the basis of concrete evidence."

GRANVILLE HICKS
on Lincoln Steffens

"I had never before travelled in such sumptuous style. In special railway carriages or the best cars, always the best rooms in the best hotels, the most abundant and choicest food. And what welcome! What attentions! What solicitude! Everywhere acclaimed, flattered, made much of, feasted. Nothing seemed too good, too exquisite to offer me."

ANDRÉ GIDE

"They brought food with a smile. And it was good food. Hot. Chinese. Clean. Eggdrop soup, chicken and green peppers, breaded oysters, pungent pork meatballs and orange pop. The table cloth was clean. The chopsticks clean. I felt myself relaxing. Why, I suddenly thought, it's pleasant to be in this country!"

HARRISON SALISBURY

"In Havana I kept meeting Communists in the hotels for foreigners who had no idea that the energy and water supply in the working quarters had broken down during the afternoon, that bread was rationed, and that the population had to stand for two hours in line for a slice of pizza; meanwhile the tourists in their hotel rooms were arguing about Lukacs."

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER

"They are unquestionably one of the wonders of the age, and I shall treasure . . . the spectacle of them travelling with radiant optimism through a famished countryside, wandering in happy bands squalid, overcrowded towns, listening with unshakeable faith to the fatuous patter of carefully trained and indoctrinated guides, repeating, like school-children a multiplication table, the bogus statistics and mindless slogans endlessly intoned to them.

Their delight in all they saw and were told, and the expression they gave to this delight, constitute unquestionably one of the wonders of our age. There were earnest advocates of the humane killing of cattle who looked up at the massive headquarters of the Ogpu with tears of gratitude in their eyes, earnest advocates of proportional representation who eagerly assented when the necessity for a Dictatorship of the Proletariat was explained to them, earnest clergymen who walked reverently through anti-God museums and reverently turned the pages of atheistic literature, earnest pacifists who watched delightedly tanks rattle across the Red Square and bombing planes darken the sky, earnest town-planning specialists who stood outside overcrowded ramshackle tenements and muttered: 'If only we had something like this in England!' The almost unbelievable credulity of these mostly university-educated tourists astonished even Soviet officials used to handling foreign visitors. . . ."

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

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It is one of the paradoxes of our times that greater physical mobility and potential access to new places and their inhabitants do not necessarily broaden or deepen our understanding of these places and peoples—a phenomenon also illustrated by the millions of non-political tourists who manage to visit many diverse parts of the world without learning anything of importance about them. Of course, most non-political tourists do not go abroad in order to enlarge their knowledge of the world: they merely hope that a somewhat unfamiliar setting will provide them with familiar pleasures.[11] At best, they are interested in a handful of the most stereotyped features of the "strange lands" they visit, those which have been made familiar to them by the mass media and tourist advertising (gondolas in Venice, the Eiffel Tower in Paris, Changing of the Guard in London, calypso music in the West Indies, etc.). "Being on the spot" may involve a very small spot indeed, and what one may "see for oneself" may not always be worth seeing.

As a recent visitor in China pointed out, tongue-in-cheek:

> "Some years ago, on the basis of careful research, I announced a theorem, which slightly simplified reads: anything that can be learned by travel can be learned faster, cheaper, and better in a good library. The accumulation of evidence supporting the travel theorem is now overwhelming. What, then, can one report about China on the basis of a 19-day visit? Very little from the travel itself. . . ."[12]

THIS MAY BE an overstatement, but the point of view deserves a hearing, since the perceptions of the travellers, and the often sweeping conclusions drawn from what they have seen, rest on exactly the opposite premise: namely, that what they have seen represents a fair, typical, and informative sampling of the social institutions and aspects of life in the country they visited. If the idea crossed their mind that they might have been exposed to carefully pre-selected sights, events, or groups, such doubts were usually brushed aside. For the most part our intellectuals succeeded in believing or in gradually convincing themselves that what they were shown was neither unusual nor exceptional. It is for that reason that they felt free to generalise about health care in the country as a whole on the basis of one or two hospitals; about the system of education after seeing a handful of classrooms; about attitudes toward the political system after conversing with a few citizens selected by their hosts; and so on. They rarely confronted the self-evident limitations of their experience and its implications for generalising about all they had not and could not have seen.

Among these limitations was the fact that most of the visitors did not speak the language of the countries visited, and therefore most of their contacts with the "natives" were limited to communication through interpreters. (Occasionally they spoke to individuals other than the interpreters who knew the visitors' language, but these were hardly chance encounters.) Characteristically they travelled in groups and were escorted by guide-interpreters. As a rule, even those travelling alone had a guide assigned to them. Frequently the visitors were either guests of the government or some official organisation or agency, or were given a significant reduction in their travel expenses. (Sometimes some organisation of their own country footed the bill or made contributions to it.) In most instances the visitors had never been in the country before, and, generally speaking, their knowledge of the country and its history and culture was limited.

For the most part, people who had given indication of a critical attitude toward the countries involved were not invited or encouraged to go on such trips; sometimes they were refused entry if intending to do so.

In more recent instances, too, the gap between the selected sights the tourist was allowed to see and what he had no opportunity to see was considerable, and consequently such a tour was conducive to serious misapprehension of the character of the political systems concerned.

Searching for Perfect Models

> *"Not finding anything about them which seemed to conform to their ideals they went to search for it in the heart of Asia. It is no exaggeration to say that everyone of them in some part of his writings passes an emphatic eulogy on China. . . . That imbecile and barbarous government . . . appeared to them the most perfect model for all nations of the world to copy."*
>
> ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE (1849)

THE CHOICE OF politically attractive countries on the part of intellectuals was highly patterned.

First, they had to be relatively distant and/or poorly known.

Second, they had to be revolutionary or post-revolutionary societies, seemingly dedicated to some semi-utopian goals, to radical social transformation.

[11] For some further observations on these aspects of modern tourism, especially as it applies to Americans, see Daniel J. Boorstin, *The Image—A Guide to Pseudo-events in America* (1961).

[12] Herbert A. Simon, "Mao's China in 1972", Social Science Research Council, *Items* (March 1973).

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Third, and in connection with the second criterion, such countries had to be claimants of some variety of the Marxist ideological legacy. The tenacious "leftism" of Western intellectuals, the continued or periodically resurgent hold of some version of "Marxism" on them, and the attraction exercised by almost any set of vaguely Marxist claims, slogans, and terminology united Old and New Left. Saul Bellow wondered "why it should rend people's hearts to give up their Marxism. What does it take to extinguish the hopes raised by the October Revolution? How much more do intellectuals need to learn about the USSR?"[13]

Fourth, they had to be and were hostile to the United States and most Western countries.

Fifth, and perhaps most important, was the victimised, underdog image. (This image sometimes endured well beyond the time when any rational, objective, or historical basis could be found for it. Victim and victimiser were frozen permanently in the minds of many observers.) Each country at the time of the visits was seen as a victim of the West or a particular Western power: Russia, many times invaded by Western countries in its history; China, exploited by the colonial powers and much maligned after World War II by the American mass media; Cuba, the victim of American economic imperialism; North Viet Nam, destroyed by American air power. Correspondingly, the appeal of the Soviet Union declined by the mid-1950s, partly because it became rather difficult to cast it in the role of the underdog once it had become the second major industrial and military superpower in the world. On the other hand, the image of the former underdog combined with that of an emergent and avenging power—the process of the weak becoming strong—had its own fascination. Thus many Western intellectuals were able to thrill to the military muscle of revolutionary societies while they abominated militarism at home.

Finally, there was the appeal of "underdevelopment" *per se* as distinct from that associated with the victimised status. All four countries were technologically and industrially underdeveloped at the time of their greatest popularity—although the Soviet Union in the 1930s had already made much progress in closing the gap and the other countries were undergoing development in various ways. Yet, at the time of the most enthusiastic travel reports, none were highly developed industrial societies and each partook of the virtues—real or imagined—of the amorphous entity that came to be known as the Third World. Certainly, the appeal China, Cuba, and North Viet Nam had in the eyes of many Western intellectuals was part of the more general appeal of the Third World.

"Underdevelopment", in the eyes of such beholders, is somewhat like innocence. The underdeveloped is uncorrupted, untouched by the evils of industrialisation and urbanisation, by the complexities of modern life, the taint of trade, commerce, and industry. Underdevelopment and Third World status are, like childhood, easily associated or confused with freshness, limitless possibilities, and wholesome simplicity.

As Peter Berger put it (*Pyramids of Sacrifice,* 1976), "perhaps what is at work here is an archaic mythic motif, that of simpler and purer lands far away, from which some healing secret might be learned." Susan Sontag, too, was aware *(Trip to Hanoi,* 1968) of these aspects of the idealisation of Third World countries:

> "Understandably, one fears succumbing to that cut-rate sympathy for places like Viet Nam which, lacking any real historical or psychological understanding, becomes another instance of the ideology of primitivism. The revolutionary politics of many people in capitalist countries is only a new guise for the old conservative culture criticism: posing against overcomplex, hypocritical, devitalised, urban society choking on affluence the idea of a simple people living the simple life in a decentralised, uncoercive, passionate society with modest material means. As the 18th century *philosophes* pictured such a pastoral ideal in the Pacific islands or among the American Indians, and German romantic poets supposed it to have existed in ancient Greece, late 20th century intellectuals in New York and Paris are likely to locate it in the exotic revolutionary societies of the Third World . . . ."

These insights did not prevent her from succumbing to the same attitudes on her visit to North Viet Nam.

Sympathetic visitors usually did not grasp the contradiction that, although largely untouched by the original sin of industrialisation at the time of their visits, the countries in question were furiously trying to expand their industries. In any event, admirers of these countries maintained that they had learned the lesson and were not going to repeat the disruptions and vices of Western-style industrialisation. It is the centrepiece of "the myth of socialism" that it promises to combine modernisation with social cohesion and sustaining community.[14]

THE TWO GROUPS of intellectuals who journeyed to the various countries in the 1930s

[13] Saul Bellow, *To Jerusalem and Back* (1976). On the contemporary appeals of Marxism, see Adam Ulam, *The Unfinished Revolution* (1960); Robert G. Wesson, *Why Marxism? The Continuing Success of a Failed Theory* (1976); and Raymond Aron, *The Opium of Intellectuals* (1957).

[14] Peter Berger, "The Socialist Myth", *Public Interest,* Summer 1976.

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on the one hand and in the 1960s and 1970s on the other belonged with few exceptions to different generations and were in some ways of different political persuasion. One of the most obvious differences between them was that by the 1960s alienated Western intellectuals were no longer looking to the Soviet Union or Soviet bloc countries for inspiration.

There were a few odd exceptions. For instance, Angela Davis visited and lauded the Soviet Union in 1973 very much in the style of the 1930s and was given the appropriate VIP treatment, which included the publication of a 60-page pamphlet about her visit, printed in 45,000 copies. An explanation of her untimely affection for the Soviet Union may lie not only in her membership in the pro-Soviet Communist Party of the US, but perhaps also in her being one of those Western intellectuals who cannot help sympathising with every authoritarian régime which bestows the "socialist" title upon itself. (She has also written with much enthusiasm in her autobiography about her visit to Cuba.) An equally curious (and probably transitory) enthusiasm was provoked in Dr Ralph Abernathy, the civil rights activist, by East Germany, one of the most oppressive of the Soviet-type régimes. At the end of his two-day visit he said:

> "Every minute of my stay in your wonderful country was filled with joy and valuable political experience. I go back to my country the richer for having learned to know and appreciate the German Democratic Republic."

In his turn, Scott Nearing, the American social critic, on his visit found that East Germany was governed wholly without coercion.[15]

As a rule, the alienated Western intellectuals of the 1960s were not adherents, members, or fellow travellers of the pro-Soviet Communist Parties in their own countries. Thus, a comparison of the two groups or generations also amounts to a comparison of Old and New Left, and especially of the social criticism these generations had formulated.

THE DIFFERENCES between these two generations were more sharply defined in the case of the Americans. There seemed to be a greater number of estranged American intellectuals in the 1960s than in the 1930s, and they also appeared more intensely estranged than their predecessors. The more recent generation of critical American intellectuals also seemed more alienated in comparison with their English, French, German, or Scandinavian counterparts. If such impressions are correct, Viet Nam and the American racial conflict—problems without equivalent in Western Europe—may provide the explanation.

The essential psychological component of "alienation", as I see it, is the feeling that there is little if anything of value and worthy of respect in society, combined with profound pessimism as to the chances of improvement. Two trends and traditions often interwoven might be discerned in contemporary discussions of alienation. One is the Marxist, the other the Weberian. Both account for alienation largely with reference to the loss of tradition; the former stresses economic factors, the latter the process of secularisation and bureaucratisation.[16]

The apparent growth of alienation in the United States might have partially been a reflection of the growing number of people ready to claim intellectual status and the stances associated with it. In the United States, perhaps more than other Western societies, some degree of proclaimed estrangement from the major values and institutions of society became an informal norm or expectation among intellectuals and aspiring intellectuals during the 1960s. Perhaps for the first time in history, during these years the lone voices of beleaguered intellectuals forming a small, isolated, critical vanguard were replaced—in the United States at any rate—by a vast, well-orchestrated chorus of standardised nay-saying emanating from what may be described as a massive subculture of alienation, or an establishment of estrangement. By the end of the 1960s it ceased to be clear which attitudes represented conformity or nonconformity: the traditional support for existing social institutions and values, or their reflexive disparagement. The spread of higher education was doubtless related to this phenomenon:

> "The enormous expansion in higher education . . . means that we now have a large class of people . . . who though lacking in intellectual distinction (and frequently even intellectual competence) nevertheless believe themselves to be intellectuals . . . in a country like America today [there are] . . . several million "intellectuals" who

[15] Olga Chechetkina. *Andzela v Sovetskom Souze* (Angela in the Soviet Union) (Moscow, 1973). Another curious example of quaint pro-Soviet sentiments in our times was provided by Muhammad Ali, who was deeply moved by his personal meeting with Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow. Full of praise for both Brezhnev and Soviet society on his return to the United States, he observed: "I saw only one policeman. I didn't see no guns. No crime. No prostitute. Not one homosexual" (*New York Times*, 25 June 1978). Ralph Abernathy, quoted in *National Review*, 19 January 1973. Stephen J. Whitfield, *Scott Nearing: Apostle of American Radicalism* (1974). For a survey of similarly startling American scholarly assessments of East Germany, see Norman M. Naimark, "Is It True What They're Saying About East Germany?", *Orbis*, Fall 1979.

[16] For a more recent discussion of the concept of alienation, see John Torrance, *Estrangement, Alienation and Exploitation* (1977).

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are looking at their society in a highly critical way and are quick to adopt an adversary posture toward it."

Irving Kristol, "About Equality", *Commentary,* November 1972.

Certain qualitative changes in the attitudes of estranged American intellectuals (and to some degree those in Western Europe too) also had a bearing both on the character of their social criticism and on their susceptibility to the appeals of other societies. I am referring here primarily to "the revolution of rising expectations" which, contrary to popular belief, has been much more a Western than a "Third World" phenomenon.

By the end of the 1970s it had become fashionable to talk about declining expectations in the United States and the West in general, tied to economic difficulties. Clearly, the growth of individualistic expectations, and their corollary—the unwillingness to accept scarcity or deprivations of any sort—has contributed to the intensification of social criticism on the part of both intellectuals and the social groups for whom they strive to be spokesmen.

The spread of such attitudes has been related not only to the greater accessibility of higher education, but also to the changes in its quality and content. Specific trends, innovations and movements in American education have done much to encourage belief in the limitless potential and unique personal qualities and needs of every individual. Such beliefs have, of course, always been part of an American culture rich in egalitarian traditions, but in the 1960s there were renewed and more determined attempts to implement them.

Stop-Press News

London

MR KEN LIVINGSTONE, *Labour leader of the Greater London Council, was back behind his desk yesterday [17 August 1981] reflecting on a trip to China. He has just returned from a two-week holiday in the Far East during which he launched his foray into Communist territory.*

"I would really like to go back and spend longer there. It's the only country I've been to where everybody is happy and smiling.

"I learned a tremendous amount, I didn't expect it to be like that at all.

"There is all this propaganda about a regimented and drab society, but everybody was relaxed and happy. You come away thinking there must be something wrong here, everybody's happy and smiling and adults aren't supposed to be happy and smiling."

THIS *was all an "astounding contrast" to the "hassling and chiselling" which Mr Livingstone encountered in his two other holiday spots, the "appallingly commercialised" Hong Kong and Bangkok.*

DAILY TELEGRAPH

COULD THE POLITICAL PILGRIMS be regarded as "fellow-travellers"? Certainly there is a similarity between the concept of the political pilgrim and that of the "fellow-traveller." They share a critical stance toward Western societies and sympathy toward "socialism." Many fellow-travellers even travelled to the USSR. However, "fellow-traveller" had a more limited meaning: it referred to Soviet and Communist sympathisers of the 1930s and '40s who made no formal political commitment and remained outside the Communist Party for various reasons. Their services were eagerly sought by the Party and the Soviet Union, since their symbolic neutrality seemed to enhance their credibility and propaganda value. They had no organisational commitment and therefore a greater freedom of action and expression. On the whole, the views of the fellow-travellers represented slight modifications or variations of the official line, or its softened version. Fellow-travellers usually purveyed what Gabriel Almond designated the "exoteric" view of the Party Line which would appeal to the greatest number of people and offend the fewest sensibilities—the most diluted and palatable version of the Party Line, that is.[17]

The term lost much of its applicability in the post-World War II period when the original species, the devoted helper of the Soviet cause, loosely affiliated with the Communist Party through front organisations, gradually disappeared. The term implies, despite some appearances, an enduring, stable, and structured political commitment which the Western intellectual of the 1960s and '70s seldom had. It would seem that the cycle of commitment and disenchantment has accelerated in our times. Intellectuals may visit Cuba or China in a sympathetic frame of mind, write a book or articles reflecting such sentiments, and a few months or a couple of years later their enthusiasm fades. They may be getting ready to find a new object of veneration. After all, Mao shook hands with Nixon, and the Chinese régime reintroduced competitive examinations at universities, while Castro has been persecuting homosexuals. Still, things may be different in Albania or Mozambique. Thus, the locale of enthusiastic interests may shift once more, though

[17] Gabriel A. Almond, *The Appeals of Communism* (1954). See also Sidney Hook, "The Psychology of the Fellow-Travellers" in his *Political Power and Personal Freedom* (1959); and Philip Selznick, *The Organisational Weapon* (1960).

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not the core of estrangement which underlies these shifting susceptibilities.

UNLIKE David Caute, the English writer, I find it difficult to reduce the phenomenon of the utopian susceptibility of contemporary Western intellectuals to a "postscript to the Enlightenment", the subtitle and main theme of Caute's *The Fellow-Travellers* (1973). He locates the basis of pro-Soviet fellow-travelling in values and attitudes deriving from the Enlightenment which include rationality, belief in progress, the benefits of science and technology, planning, or, more generally speaking, benevolent intervention in social affairs. If fellow-travelling (and political Utopia-seeking) was a postscript to anything, it was more to 19th-century romanticism than 18th-century rationalism, though admittedly there was a rationalistic overlay. I also share Lewis S. Feuer's criticism of Caute's thesis (*Survey*, Spring 1974):

> "Men of the Enlightenment . . . were ready to denounce the supression of freedom from whatever quarter it issued; they were enemies of every despotism. They liked to imagine themselves as influencing monarchs, but they never wrote apologies for Prussian or Russian serfdom. They also retained a scepticism concerning grandiose political claims. . . . The fellow-travellers, on the other hand, were less children of the Enlightenment than the heirs to the platonic aspiration toward the status of philosopher-kings."

The appeal of these social systems (including the Soviet Union in the 1930s) transcends the rationalistic themes and boundaries Caute proposed. The major attractions of the "new societies" have not been political, not at least in the relatively narrow and conventional sense of the word, despite all appearances to the contrary. Instead, I found that these appeals have coalesced around two main themes. One of them is certainly Social Justice and its many tangible components—material, economic, political, cultural, and organisational. The second theme is more elusive but probably the more important. It comprises the achievement of or the striving for "Wholeness", the sense of identity and community, meaning and purpose in life. Such appeals mirror a malaise which goes beyond and beneath dissatisfaction with specific political arrangements, the defects of Capitalism, and the particular forms of social injustice found in Western societies. They derive their force from "civilisation and its discontents", some of which are endemic, while others are intensified in an increasingly secular society that can no longer either legitimate the curbing of individualistic impulses and fantasies, or offer fulfilling social myths and values which could divert attention from the growing preoccupation with the self. Behind the metaphors of Wholeness, Identity, and Community lies a craving for a universe that has meaning, purpose, and direction. Apparently such a craving is, contrary to what some might expect, more pronounced among intellectuals than among "ordinary" people. Of late it appears that the former find it less tolerable and more troublesome to live in a world of "disenchantment" from which "the ultimate and sublime values have retreated"—as Max Weber characterised the corrosive process of secularisation.

It is one of the paradoxes of our times that intellectuals, once the vanguard of secularisation, seem to have become its struggling victims, unwilling or unable to come to terms with an existence, personal and social, that offers so few authentic versions of "enchantment."

In our times traditional religious beliefs do not, as a rule, provide psychic sustenance for intellectuals. The more traditional secular values—for example the Western belief in success, hard work, social mobility, and material acquisition—were found wanting in the 1930s as later in the '60s. Political ideologies offer alternatives, but their implementation in the domestic context has proved difficult. By contrast, distant countries provide examples of the apparent implementation of the political beliefs attractive to many Western intellectuals, who prove to be pilgrims on the run, and—as we shall see—in the end emerge as ideological refugees from a lost paradise.

(A second, and concluding article will be published in next month's ENCOUNTER.*)*

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Michael Charlton

How (& Why) Britain Lost the Leadership of Europe (III)

The Channel Crossing

WHEN Harold Macmillan succeeded Anthony Eden as Prime Minister in 1957 he took a piece of Number 10 Downing Street notepaper and wrote out, in his own hand, these words from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, *The Gondoliers*: "Quiet, calm deliberation disentangles every knot . . . ." This jaunty philosophy he stuck with a drawing pin to the green baize door which separated the Cabinet room from the private office in Number 10. It became the signature tune of the Macmillan years of government, which lasted from 1957 to 1963.

He made it a watchword as he set out to restore the lost national self-confidence of Britain and keep the country buoyant in the sea of troubles which flooded in upon it in the bitter aftermath of the Suez failure, and after what was becoming obvious by 1958—the breakdown of the European policy.

In his own case, as Harold Macmillan has confided to us in his *Memoirs*, "quiet, calm deliberation" often masked "some sickening anxieties." As far as the European issue was concerned, his motto also masked a new sense of urgency which had come with the belated but growing awareness that time was no longer on Britain's side.

MACMILLAN: "When I was a boy the Europeans ruled the world. They ruled the world. A civilisation which started about 2,500 years ago was centred on the Mediterranean, spread to Gaul and Britain, with smaller numbers of people centred around the North Sea, and the Mediterranean ruled the world, the whole world. And what did Europe do with those years? They did what the Greek city states did. They tore themselves apart in two terrible wars, lasting ten years of my lifetime, in which they destroyed each other—for the Africans, the Asians, the Russians and all the rest to see. But they lost their supremacy. So I've always thought that Europe is not all that important economically; I think we argue too much about the economics; we may have to pay more, I don't know about that. It's important politically because it's the only hope of restoring the influence of Europe; and Britain should play her part in that."

IT WILL NO DOUBT remain a question of lasting historical inquiry and interpretation why it was that Britain so completely changed her mind between 1955 (when after Messina she had withdrawn from the talks which founded the Common Market and thereby passed up a major say in the form it assumed) and 1960 (when that decision was put into reverse).

—No one is more closely informed about the context in which this historic decision was taken than the man to whom Harold Macmillan entrusted the ensuing negotiations, and who, ten years afterwards, as Prime Minister himself, succeeded in taking Britain into the European Community. Was there perhaps one controlling factor which, in the end, decided Harold Macmillan to make the Channel crossing and "go" for Europe in 1961?

EDWARD HEATH: "First of all, you must remember that this was a Cabinet decision. It wasn't just a Prime Ministerial decision. The great majority of the members of the Cabinet felt strongly that our future lay with Europe, and many of them (including my generation) had made up our minds about this a long time before. What we found was that it hadn't been possible to bring it about. When, therefore, there seemed to be a further opportunity of bringing it about, naturally we were in support of it. I think that's a very important factor. It wasn't just Harold Macmillan. Macmillan, of course, had been one of the leading politicians in the 1940s in the European movement, and in the Conference at

"THE CHANNEL CROSSING" *concludes the three investigative documentaries based on the series "The Price of Victory", produced by Anthony Moncrieff and broadcast earlier this year on BBC Radio 3.*

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The Hague, and in urging Churchill to work for this in the new post-War world. That didn't alter the fact that, although some Cabinet members took a slightly different view and perhaps were more concerned about particular aspects of the negotiations (like the future of British farmers under the Common Agricultural Policy), it was a Cabinet decision in which the great majority were firmly and strongly behind making an application to join the Community."

—When did that majority occur? Because it wasn't there at the time of Messina, when we turned it down.

HEATH: "You can't say that it occurred at any one particular point. I think that as we had our discussions in Europe from the summer of 1960 onwards, and saw what the attitudes of the different countries were and what the possibilities were, then gradually the Cabinet recognised that they would move to a point at which they would have to decide whether or not to make an application. And I felt that as we moved along so their minds were gradually being made up. I'd have thought the question which had to be asked was why, after the late '40s and the great meeting in The Hague, did those who had taken part in this movement, and spoken so prominently in the Conference, then appear to do so little for the next decade about getting Britain into the Community."

—Do you have an answer?

HEATH: "I think it's a combination of answers. I think, first of all, when the Conservative Party came into power in 1951 it was so preoccupied with the economic crisis that they didn't have very much time for thinking in European terms. I think there were others, too, who discouraged Jean Monnet in 1950 when he came to discuss the Coal & Steel Community. There were those who thought, like Anthony Eden, still in terms of the 'three circles' of which we were at the centre; and being in the centre, it did not involve being a member of the European Community. It meant working very closely with the Commonwealth, although they were independent countries, and working closely with the USA. So it's a combination of those attitudes. There were also some, of course, who didn't believe that the European Communities were going to last, that they were purely ephemeral and after a short period of months or a year would then disappear. It was when they were proved to be wrong that it was recognised that this was a major development in European unity."

THEREFORE, the Cabinet's decision to reverse Britain's historical policy over Europe as the decade of the 1960s began was not the result of any sudden reappraisal. Mr Heath, who had made a remarkable (because it was an almost uniquely "European") maiden speech in the House of Commons over the Schuman Plan in 1950, when he advocated full and immediate British participation in the Coal & Steel Community, considers that it was "a gradual making-up of minds" confronted by an inexorable pressure of events which pointed the way to Europe.

By 1958, with Anthony Eden's departure and the failure under Macmillan of what proved to be Britain's last attempt to sidestep the issue posed by the successful creation of the Common Market—the rejection by the Six (at the instigation of General de Gaulle) of Britain's alternative scheme of an industrial Free Trade area—Britain faced exclusion from the markets of Europe and from consultation over Europe's decisions.

In consequence the European issue was becoming for the Prime Minister the dominant theme. The stakes had become very high. Britain's whole trading position and her role and place in the world were all, and at once, seen to be in question. Two factors, not foreseen by the Foreign Office in recommending Britain's negative decisions over Europe in the 1950s, had by the time the decade ended become heavy weights in a new balance of considerations. They were the competitive failure of British industry, and the return to power in France of Charles de Gaulle. The Foreign Office line had been that—even if the Continental Europeans brought off the unity to which they aspired and about which London remained determinedly sceptical—it would always be possible for Britain to change her mind, and join later. But by 1958 both views were becoming dramatically less tenable. The Common Market was a demonstrable success; and de Gaulle had closed the door on Britain's efforts to go on having it both ways.

In short, the existing policy had failed. It had failed to prevent the creation of a new, powerful, and rival economic system to that of Britain and the Commonwealth. More exactly, by the end of the 1950s it had failed to find some hyphen, or bridge, between the two.

The evidence is that, by itself, the breakdown of the European policy with the collapse of the Free Trade Area scheme was not sufficient to make the Prime Minister contemplate initiating the vital change. On the contrary, the evidence is that throughout 1958 and 1959, his long pro-European credentials notwithstanding, Mr Macmillan was still doing what he could to avoid it.

This is how he looked at the situation in 1958 in the immediate aftermath of his defeat by General de Gaulle in the matter of the Free Trade Area. Harold Macmillan's senior Foreign Office aide and Principal Private Secretary throughout his government was Sir Philip de Zulueta.

DE ZULUETA: "He didn't like the idea that there

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were more divisions created in Europe, which he saw might happen with the Six and the non-Six. I don't think that at that stage he really seriously thought that Britain simply ought to join the EEC. At least, that's not my impression, my recollection; and I think, again, for the reasons that we had in the past, that there appeared to be very considerable difficulties, primarily Commonwealth difficulties and also difficulties with our own agricultural policy which appeared too difficult to overcome at that moment."

—The assumption that Britain had to make some sort of choice, as the Europeans and Americans saw it—he seems to be rejecting all this as late as 1959. Would you agree?

DE ZULUETA: "I think he would've liked to have found a way of avoiding it, yes . . ."

ONE HAS TO LOOK, therefore, between 1958 and 1960, for one or more additional considerations which, allied with the process described by Edward Heath as "a gradual making-up of minds", tipped the scales for the Prime Minister and brought the minds of others around to come to a wholly new conclusion about Britain's place in Europe. One of these new considerations was to be added to the deeper reflections which were following in the wake of the Suez Affair. Suez had been more than a demonstration—it was proof—that Britain was no longer mistress of all that she held to be vital and which was accessible to her by sea. Not since the capture by Japan of the great naval base at Singapore during the War had there been such painful confirmation that an era in which Britain had been a maritime great power was indeed passing.

Harold Macmillan cast the aftermath of Suez in a European dimension. France and Britain had been met with the unnatural combination of Russia and the United States. It seemed, he wrote in his *Memoirs*, to be a "portent" and "alarming"; "never before in history had Western Europe proved so weak . . . ." The Anglo-American relationship, while it was quickly repaired in the warmth of the personal friendship between Macmillan and Eisenhower, was thereafter never quite the same. So, more than the deflation of national pride, Suez had for Britain—as Edward Heath corroborates—this fundamental implication.

HEATH: "We were no longer able on our own, or even with France, to carry through a military policy in any part of the world."

HARD on the heels of the more considered reflections of what Suez had portended came one of the additional strategic issues which led Britain to a change of course over Europe, beginning in 1960. It arose out of the major defence review the Government conducted in 1957, and it concerned nuclear weapons. As a result of it, the Government decided to develop and maintain a British nuclear deterrent. The British Hydrogen Bomb was to be carried on a long-range British rocket, capable of striking any presumed enemy and called "Blue Streak."

Within three years of this major strategic decision to proceed with a wholly independent nuclear policy with "Blue Streak", the Government abandoned the project. It was too costly, and already informed military judgment considered it obsolescent. The chain of nuclear decisions made after the cancellation of "Blue Streak" threw a long shadow in terms of Britain's European diplomacy. They were later seized upon as the basis for the fundamental differences which arose between Harold Macmillan and General de Gaulle, and which now lay just over the horizon. But Suez and the missile age together acted as a powerful wrench on Britain from her traditional moorings as a maritime power accustomed to exercising a world-wide and independent influence.

The enforced cancellation of "Blue Streak" threw into sharper relief the questions which were being posed by the evident inadequacy of purely national resources—on the scale of those then available to Britain—to keep station in the new world after the War. The corollary of that was undoubtedly to give the theory of the large internal market (upon which the European Community's Common Market is based) a wider appreciation and respect in London. The abandonment of "Blue Streak" was stark proof that a purely national nuclear deterrent was going to be very difficult to sustain.

One can see emerging, with growing plausibility, the new coalition of ideas born of economic constraints and the consequent loss of political freedom, particularly as at this very time the Common Market had become a fact and Western Europe was embarking on a period of unprecedented growth and prosperity.

HEATH: "I think it was important in the minds of a large number of people. There were some against entry into the European Community, who would argue that it was an even balance as to whether we would go in, or whether we would lose, or whether the situation would remain the same. I think, again, the majority felt that on all grounds we ought to benefit. And if we couldn't benefit by going into a Community in which tariff barriers against us (and other protectionist devices against us) were going to be dismantled and finally abolished, then we certainly weren't going to succeed in the outside world in which they remained against us."

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—But would you give those economic factors greater weight than the political consideration that something was growing up in Western Europe?

HEATH: "It varied very much with different people, different backgrounds. Obviously the industrialists in the City of London looked for the economic factors. I think a lot of the politicians looked at the political consequences."

—Yourself?

HEATH: "Well, I have always put the political consequences first. And that doesn't mean to say that I in any way underestimated the economic opportunities. I thought they were very great indeed."

—Did you mean it to be something which stood on its own two feet, independent between the Soviet Union and the Americans, having a character and personality of its own? Many people think that a "Third Force" Europe inevitably meant neutralisation. How did you see it?

HEATH: "I saw it as a development which would give Europe a firm basis for political stability, which would therefore prevent any part of it from wanting to move towards the East and the Soviet Bloc. This particularly applied to Western Germany, wanting reunification with the East. Of course, I recognise that as it became more and more powerful, economically strong, then Europe was bound to play a much larger part in world affairs. But this was not going to make it neutral as between East and West; of course not; and it was not going to make it anti-American. We both had the same interests, and therefore we would be working together. It might be that in the long run we could persuade the Soviet bloc to become more liberal, but that was obviously a very long-term affair. It was summed up really by President Kennedy in 1962, when he said: the Atlantic Alliance is bound to be based on two pillars, one on each side of the Atlantic. Of course, you can't have a very satisfactory basis if one pillar is much taller and rounder than the other pillar. You've got to have a balance. It's rather interesting that we're just getting into that stage now."

THE ENFORCED cancellation of "Blue Streak" is not seriously disputed as one important event which dictated, in the end, a fundamental reconsideration of Britain's traditional foreign policy. In this particular instance, however, it pointed unhelpfully in two directions at once.

To Europe, in terms of place and the fraternity which comes with the sharing of a common dilemma. To Europe also, and the recovery, in the long term—through the broader economic base of the European economic system—of the capability to conduct an effective European political and military strategy. For by this time Britain's economic crises were coming to her like some undulant fever, with the bouts recurring at shorter and shorter intervals.

Then, again, it pointed to the United States, in terms of an immediate replacement for "Blue Streak", which had proved to be the last sputtering candle of an all-British independent nuclear deterrent. The Americans alone had the technology and the equipment to maintain Britain as a nuclear power. In both dimensions, therefore, the nuclear issue assumed for Harold Macmillan by 1960 the greatest importance.

DE ZULUETA: "He believed very strongly that the existence of a British independent deterrent was tremendously important, not only for us, but also for Europe, because it was a trip-wire, or call it what you like. At any rate, it was something which prevented us from suffering from some deal maybe done between the United States and the Soviet Union, which everybody hoped would never happen and probably wouldn't. But, nevertheless, it was a slight danger perhaps in the back of his mind. And of course, it was the view which de Gaulle subsequently took rather more strongly and vociferously. I think also there was an element of the feeling that the prestige of having a nuclear weapon of your own enabled you to have a seat at what was laughingly called 'the top table', which meant that you had perhaps rather more influence on world affairs than you would have otherwise. This also was important."

—But does Macmillan, at the time the Defence review is undertaken—and it's a very profound one with implications for these famous and hitherto unassailable obligations to the Commonwealth—is he thinking of Europe at this time? Is this an approach to Europe in essence, or is he undecided? Could it still be an "independent role" for the country at heart?

DE ZULUETA: "Well, I think, like all Prime Ministers, he wanted to keep as many of his options open as long as he could. Which, after all, is essential."

—But still at this stage he had not thought of a fundamental reappraisal?

DE ZULUETA: "I don't think so. I mean, that's not my recollection."

THE CRISIS OVER "Blue Streak" sensibly increased the deeply uncomfortable knowledge that, in 1960, Britain was scrambling. Scrambling after developments in Europe. Scrambling by having suddenly to shop off-the-peg in the United States in order to remain an effective nuclear

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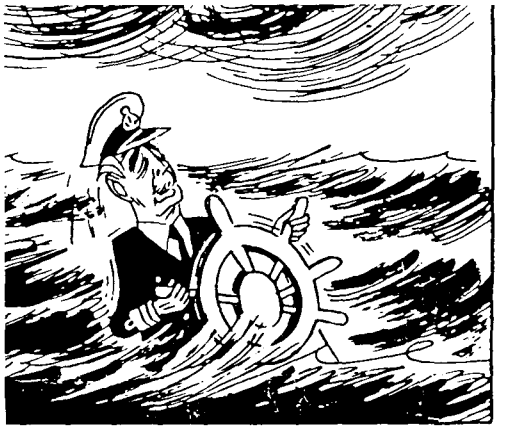
power. And it inevitably augmented the feeling that Britain lacked a coherent policy.

In order to plug the hole left by "Blue Streak", the Prime Minister turned unequivocally to the United States, and there to his old Wartime friend and companion-in-arms, President Eisenhower. He reached an agreement with Eisenhower in 1960, in which he secured as a substitute for "Blue Streak" an American missile called "Skybolt", somewhat less ambitious in strategic capabilities, which could be carried by the manned bombers of the Royal Air Force. Mr Macmillan also had an unspecific promise of the "Polaris" submarine missile for the indefinite future. "Polaris" was then emerging as the ultimate in global strategic weapons.

In return the Prime Minister agreed with the President that the USA could establish the American nuclear submarine base at Holy Loch in Scotland for their own "Polaris" submarines. These necessarily hurried decisions predisposed the defence politics of Britain for many years ahead. "Skybolt" and "Polaris" were to become the totems of great and fundamental argument, first between the British and the Americans, and, above all, between de Gaulle and the Anglo-Saxons—the General seeing in the ease of the Macmillan-Eisenhower partnership the Wartime hegemony of Churchill and Roosevelt, his own exclusion from which he so bitterly deplored.

If, then, it was not "Blue Streak", what was it in 1960 that might be called the last milepost on Britain's Damascus road leading her to seek entry to the European community? The evidence is that it was a political event. In 1959 Macmillan was labouring mightily in the desolate vineyard of East-West relations to launch, as an independent British initiative, what would today be called "*Détente.*" He had worked to bring about an annual meeting of the leaders of the Western and Eastern blocs, and had got Eisenhower and Khrushchev and de Gaulle and Adenauer to agree to a first summit meeting to be held in Paris in May 1960.



The context was that of the greatly increased tensions brought about by the start of the missile age, and nuclear testing in the atmosphere. The immediate objective was a ban on such tests as a start on disarmament. The Prime Minister was acting in the face of very considerable opposition from both the Americans and the French, who were sceptical that a basis for agreement existed, and the suspicions of the Germans who thought that any compromise with the Russians would be at the expense of German interests, at a time when the Russians were resuming the threat of Stalin's old challenge to the whole Western position in Berlin.

The leaders of East and West duly assembled in Paris. Whereupon the elaborate edifice Macmillan had built collapsed. An American spy plane, the *U2*, looking for the new Russian intercontinental rockets, had been shot down over the Soviet Union. The plane, the pilot, and his pictures were in Russian hands. Overlooking the fact that the Russian satellite was flying over everybody's national territory, Khrushchev created such a furore over the *U2* incident that the Summit never really began. It was a fiasco. It suggested clearly that Britain was playing a role no longer commensurate with her power.

It was his perception of the failure of the Summit which, in the opinion of the Foreign Office aide who was very close to the Prime Minister throughout these years, was of decisive importance for Harold Macmillan.

DE ZULUETA: "My own opinion is that the failure of the 1960 Summit was really crucial in the development of his concept in Europe, because at that summit it became apparent that he really couldn't, by himself, bring irreconcilable American and Russian positions closer. General de Gaulle just washed his hands of it and said the whole thing had been decided in advance in Moscow, anyway, and there was no point in arguing, and really wasn't intensely worried on the subject."

—How do you remember he reacted to the failure of the Paris summit?

DE ZULUETA: "Well, I've never seen Macmillan so upset and distressed, because (as he says, I think, again in his book) it was the failure of something that he'd been working for, the collapse of something which he'd been working for for several years, namely some kind of a *Détente* between the Soviet Union and the United States, with Britain and France, but particularly Britain, acting as the go-betweens, if you like. He found that it couldn't really; and I think this led him to think very much again about what the British position was in the world—the colonial empire was if not gone, rapidly going, the Commonwealth obviously not being really strong enough, coherent enough, as

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an economic force. So what does Britain do? How does she play a part in the world, what does she do in the future?"

—You were a close observer at this time, a trusted confidant as well as a senior official. What do you remember of Macmillan's own personal odyssey from this moment onwards? What were the strands, what became the controlling factors? Was there a moment, do you think, when he decided?

DE ZULUETA: "I don't think there was a day on which he suddenly decided, you know, Europe is the thing. But certainly he moved, from then onwards, really rather fast in the direction of feeling that this was the right road for Britain to follow, and that Europe was going to be united and that without being part of it, Britain would neither be important on its own, nor play a part in a wider grouping."

AND SO, in the first half of 1960, Harold Macmillan directed that all the assumptions upon which British foreign policy had stood since the Second World War were to be looked at afresh. In the wake of the rejection by General de Gaulle of the British proposal of the Industrial Free Trade Area in 1958, Britain was by now conducting essentially a holding operation in Europe, as the political competition for the future between the Six of the Common Market and the Outer Seven countries intensified. The Outer Seven, led by Britain, had formed themselves into the European Free Trade Association or EFTA.

It was an attempt by Britain to avert the danger of seduction of the other countries, one by one, into the Common Market orbit.

Now, at Macmillan's behest, the whole British situation and position was to be subjected to analysis and profound re-examination. At the official level this was done under the supervision of the new head of the Treasury, Sir Frank Lee, who had moved over from the Board of Trade. All the relevant departments of state in Whitehall were involved at many levels. Christopher Soames, one of the few who had seen the results of that still "most confidential" inquiry, was soon to be given by Harold Macmillan an appointment of critical importance as Minister of Agriculture.

LORD SOAMES: "The Prime Minister had asked for a paper on Europe—first of all on the pros and cons, and secondly on the possibilities. And the paper came out really saying that there were more pros than cons in the interests of the country, but that the difficulties were enormous and that probably the country wasn't ready for it yet. And, in particular, our agricultural policy wasn't going to fit in with what the Continental one was likely to be. This was going to affect a lot of our relationships with the Commonwealth and all that, and the difficulties seemed very great. This paper didn't have very wide circulation, but enough to those on the need-to-know basis."

—This was Sir Frank Lee's paper?

SOAMES: "That's right. I mean, this is my memory of it; it's a long time now since I read it. It looked rather bleak at that time for those who felt that we ought to be going in, and that we were missing a bus. Well, we had indeed missed it, because the Treaty of Rome had been signed, and we hadn't been there. We'd gone in with the other grouping—the European grouping of EFTA, which was tiny compared with the Community in terms of trading importance. As I say, it looked rather bleak."

THE PAPER PRODUCED by Sir Frank Lee's inter-departmental inquiry was closely linked with the deliberations of a special sub-committee of the Cabinet—known aromatically, it seems, as HOPS, standing for "Home and Overseas Policy Studies." Macmillan appointed as chairman of this Cabinet committee a figure who was of crucial importance to him in the handling of the whole European question, R. A. Butler. It had been Rab Butler who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had principally taken the decision (together with Anthony Eden) to say "No" to the invitation to take part in the formation of the Common Market at the end of 1955.

At this time, in 1960, he was Home Secretary, and soon to be appointed First Secretary of State. This is Lord Butler's recollection of the significance of the role played by HOPS and its findings.

LORD BUTLER: "Well, as usual, I'll tell it to you from the inside. I think the first reason that I was appointed was because the Prime Minister felt that I hadn't been any too well-treated, and he was always friendly with me. At that date the succession to the leadership was not settled by any means; and at that date in many ways I was the senior, right up to the end, in the succession. But I think they thought: here is a job, a big job for Butler in the Cabinet. That's the first point; and the much more important point was that they wanted the correlation of the hitherto backward Foreign Office and hitherto backward Treasury (except, fortunately, for Frank Lee), to be brought to the front. Frank Lee of course developed more and more in favour, but at the Board of Trade he was always behind it."

—But how would you summarise the findings of that Committee? Were they neutral?

BUTLER: "That committee didn't meet as often as history either may or may not relate; but it did

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bring together the facts, and it did lead to Harold Macmillan's eventual decision that we must make the further bid for Europe. There's no doubt it did, you see, because it was the only committee at which you could produce a memorandum next morning ... because it's already composed from the minutes.... So in that way I did help Europe."

THE SITUATION had become not unlike some paraphrase of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.* Those who had been "behind" were now crying "Forward!" Macmillan himself was already standing on the farther shore of the European argument. In the appointment of Sir Frank Lee as the new head of the Treasury, the choice had been made of the man who would be foremost in leading the attack within Whitehall, and later in Europe itself, to produce the basis for a successful reversal of policy. Lord Butler, when he spoke of the hitherto "backward" Treasury and Foreign Office, clearly infers that the view of Mr Macmillan's Cabinet at this time was that Whitehall had been too inflexible in its thinking and too rigid in its advice. Sir Frank Lee's role (both the man and his appointment) had therefore a profound importance. One of his closest colleagues at this time, in Whitehall and during Lee's time at the Board of Trade, was its Second Secretary—Sir Herbert Andrew. The atmosphere in which the reappraisal of policy in 1960 was conducted in Whitehall was one of some continuing mistrust of the continuing success of the Europeans.

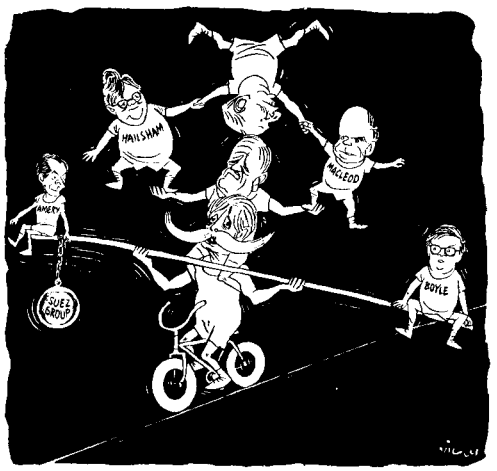
Sir Herbert Andrew recalls that in Whitehall few people held an absolutely clear view; there was a feeling that protectionism might still break out, whereupon the whole European enterprise would strike a rock and founder.

While this view was held with diminishing confidence, Europe was seen as of lesser importance, by some even as trivial, compared with the issues of world trade and world finance which were thought to be dominated by the dollar and the Americans. Looking back, this view which had its origins in Keynesian thinking had become an obsession, which (according to Sir Herbert Andrew) had lasted too long in Whitehall. Sir Herbert Andrew, Second Secretary at the Board of Trade, later led the trade negotiations for Britain's entry to the Common Market.

SIR HERBERT ANDREW: "We rather prided ourselves, I think, on 'thinking bigger' than the Europeans, I speak here entirely from my impressions of the time rather than from anything in our policy or from anything that anybody said or wrote. We were the one country in Europe which had not been beaten; and to take a collection of losers and join them, and turn our backs on the rest of the world, seemed to us in a curious way—looking as we look at it now, it seems curious—to be turning our back on the future. I think this is quite important, not so much in the arguments that people used, but in the emotions that were behind it. I remember in 1960 Frank Lee wrote a piece about Europe and ended with the quotation from Pitt: We saved England by our exertions, now to save Europe by our example. Or something to that effect. And I wrote a piece producing some counter-arguments which ended with the bit from Shaw's *Apple Cart* where King Magnus says we're all melting down into a world of wops. And that didn't seem to me at the time—I changed my view later—to be the right thing for us to do."

—Sounds like an echo of the argument Churchill used about the European Defence Community, "a sludgy amalgam."

ANDREW: "Yes, it is, yes, yes. I think there was the same thought there."



IN JULY 1960 Macmillan carried out a Cabinet reshuffle which had, in view of the men he chose, an unmistakable significance for the treatment of the European issue. Three new appointments were made in areas which were critical for any decision over Europe, and which would need to be carried before any major reappraisal: the Commonwealth, the Conservative Party, and Europe itself. The Opposition, the House of Commons, and the Country would come later. Because the Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, had his seat in the Upper House, the Prime Minister needed a Cabinet member in the Commons. He moved Edward Heath to the Foreign Office, with wide responsibilities as Lord Privy Seal for exploring the whole issue with the Europeans. Duncan Sandys (who from his house in Pimlico had organised the "European Movement" Churchill had led at the

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Hague Conference in 1948) went to the Commonwealth Office. Christopher Soames (who had married Churchill's daughter Mary, and had been the old leader's Parliamentary Private Secretary and was serving as Secretary of State for War) took over as Minister for Agriculture. All three had strong pro-European beliefs. It ensured that in any re-examination of the whole question, it would be lent a more sympathetic ear than it had had in the past. The intentions of the new moves, clearly intriguing to all concerned, were not openly declared by the Prime Minister at the time. For example, upon accepting his new job from Harold Macmillan in July 1960, Christopher Soames tried to draw him out.

LORD SOAMES: "I remember asking him at the time—I didn't know about the other two—but when he put me into Agriculture, I said: Are you putting me there because you want me to edge towards Europe? I mean, is this what you're thinking in terms of? And he said: Well, he didn't think it was possible, alas, at that time, because he'd seen the Frank Lee paper. It all looked rather difficult, perhaps too difficult for the present. . . . So I went away for the summer holidays and ruminated about my new job, and took a lot of papers away with me. And I decided then that we were going to have to change our agricultural support policy anyway, because we couldn't afford to go on. The subsidies were too great. A greater share of the farmer's price had to be borne by the market. And this was going to be what the Continental system was to be based on, so I didn't see why this should stop us. I didn't agree, then, with this Paper."

—That's an absolutely crucial point, if I may interrupt you for a moment. You're saying that the Agricultural Policy was not changed because you had collectively determined to edge towards Europe, but it would have had to be changed anyway, because the level of support necessary for our own domestic policy was beyond the ability of the country to carry.

SOAMES: "Well, it was very high. It was higher than was in our interests. It had to be paid for out of taxation; and also it was so difficult to determine what the sum was going to be. I remember in fact that it was in that very year, 1960–61, I think, that I had a supplementary estimate of a hundred million pounds (which was then a great deal of money; probably the equivalent of a billion today), a hundred million pounds for the cost of agricultural support, because the bottom fell out of the grain market, and the bill for subsidies became enormous. So it seemed to me indeed (and this happened after I thought it was going to, I'd seen it coming as it were) we were, at any rate to some extent, going to shift the burden from the tax payer to the consumer, to the market place. This was going to happen. I remember saying to the Prime Minister: We'll look rather silly if this is the reason we don't join—and then we go and do it ourselves.

I know Harold Macmillan is a man who has very much an overall strategic political concept, and I know in my heart that he always wanted this country to be a part of the Community, a leading part of the Community. He thought that's where Britain's destiny lay. I'm sure, looking back on it—although he mightn't have said it when I asked him a direct question, he might have said 'No' because he used the Frank Lee Paper—there's no doubt in my mind he was thinking that this was what he needed to do, this was what was necessary to do, to take Britain into Europe."

LORD SOAMES also recalled that at this time the Prime Minister had handed him a paper, which Macmillan himself had written, about the future of Britain. This set of personal reflections noted the fast-receding position of Britain as the heart of an Empire and Commonwealth. It emphasised the rapid changes affecting the British position everywhere, and it ended with Macmillan concluding for his part that Britain could no longer carry the necessary weight, economically or politically, outside Europe. It seems clear that the Prime Minister was letting fall some elegant "cues" in the path of at least one of his new triumvirate of Ministers.

The major overhaul of British policy was confidently in train. The chancelleries of Europe braced themselves for the next round. And it was with a Shakespearean "Now let it work" that the Foreign Office awaited further developments from the yeast of the dangerous division. They were quick in coming—and from an unexpected direction, the one for which Edward Heath had been given special responsibilities.

HEATH: "In the previous summer, the view had been taken that the European Free Trade Association had been established; and that certainly for some considerable time ahead there was no possibility of making any further progress. Then, to everyone's surprise, in August Dr Adenauer proposed a meeting between himself and the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister and Lord Home went to Bonn. After that the Italian invitation followed; I went and had talks with Rome; and that was followed in September by talks in Paris. Then the exploratory talks were completed with all the other countries. It was on the results of that that the Prime Minister decided it was timely to make an application to join the Community."

THE SIGNIFICANCE of the new ministerial appointments was, therefore, at once apparent. The talk is

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no longer of close forms of association with Europe, but of full membership of the European Economic Community. So often accused of "missing the boat" and ignoring its opportunities, there was this time clear indications of an important shift by London. Dr Adenauer's invitation was construed as "movement", a bit of "give" in a situation which had become hard and set.

It had come following the failure of the summit between East and West in Paris, which Macmillan had arranged and which, it has been suggested, had a decisive impact on his own thinking about Europe. While the Prime Minister had deplored, in a showdown at the time, "the Germans selling out everything to the French" (as he put it) when they had gone along with de Gaulle's determination to reject the Free Trade Area proposal, Macmillan now detected, in these suddenly warmer intimations from Dr Adenauer, a moment to be seized.

HEATH: "I think Dr Adenauer's invitation was made because he felt that Europe was in fact going to drift into two camps, and, in view of his attitude towards the Soviet bloc, this, from his point of view was very undesirable. He may not have wanted to increase the size of the Community, but he certainly didn't want to have half of Western Europe going in one direction, and half in the other."

DR ADENAUER had therefore let it be known in his present mood of disenchantment that he wanted a Europe which included the United Kingdom.

The opportunity his overtures signalled was not lost on any of the newly appointed Ministers.

Christopher Soames had concluded by the autumn of 1960 that British agricultural policy could and should be changed, and that now might be the time to say so. When he heard of the Adenauer-Macmillan meeting, Soames headed at once for Downing Street.

SOAMES: "I put this point to him, and I said this: Brussels shouldn't stand in your way—and if you're going to talk about Europe to Adenauer, do have this in the back of your mind. Now is not the moment to go into details, but I think I'm convinced myself that we're going to have to change anyway. And it rather flowed on from there. . . . I told him my thinking on how we'd have to change the agricultural policy. He then asked Rab Butler to come in, who was then deputy Prime Minister and was rather the keeper of quite a number of Conservative consciences, including the conscience of the countryside. We talked, the three of us. And I think that Rab—in fact I know he did—saw that this was probably right thinking. If we had to change, well, then, let's change in a way that was in the best interests of the country."

—Now, Butler played a crucial role over the Messina meetings a long time before, and he's never been pro-European. Did his opposition at this point collapse in the face of what you said about the need to change the agricultural policy, or . . . .

SOAMES: "Yes, I think it did really. I remember very well: we spent an hour (I'm not sure whether we had lunch together), just the three of us. . . . I know Macmillan said, I'd like you to talk to Rab about this; let's have a talk, the three of us; and we did. . . . I'm not saying that he immediately saw it; but I think he went away and chewed it over—and he's a careful thinking man, Rab—and he thought it over, and he said, I think, Yes, I accept this. But mark you, this sort of fell into Harold Macmillan's lap."

IT'S BEEN POINTED OUT already that Rab Butler was, in terms of party and country, a crucially important figure to Harold Macmillan in heading for Europe. He carried great weight in the Cabinet; and in the arts of Cabinet government, as elsewhere, the Prime Minister made his moves with subtlety but with clear purpose. In giving to Butler "that big job inside the Cabinet" the Prime Minister had deeply involved him in the reconsideration of British attitudes that was taking place. By locating him at the very centre of these activities he made it, presumably, more difficult for Butler, had he so chosen, to oppose the intended change or challenge Mr Macmillan's leadership of it. Here is the personal odyssey of "a careful thinking Englishman", at that time of incipient historical change by Britain over Europe.

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BUTLER: "Well, you see, the funny part is that at first, before 1959, I was doubtful about the wisdom of going into Europe, and I was actuated by the fact that all my life I'd represented a farming constituency; and all my life I'd been connected in one way or other with the NFU, National Farmers' Union. I couldn't conceive that the farmers—who, I still believe, although not a majority in politics are at the bottom of the Conservative Party—I couldn't believe them wanting to yield their annual price review (do you remember that's what it's called?) to French and Germans, especially, to the French. I knew the French, having lived in France, and I was partly educated in France, I knew of the enormous political power of French peasants in agriculture, which still exists today, and that's why Giscard was always so jealous at our meetings, when farm prices came on. You see, I thought that we should be done in. But then I had a long talk with Harold, and he brought me round very cleverly. He asked me to go and talk to some of the branches in the North, in Yorkshire, and I'd been talking in Essex and other parts, and although I had a fairly rough time I did put the case, and eventually the NFU came out very much in favour. That affected me."

—Were you speaking against your own convictions ... Macmillan having got you to have another look at this question of being in Europe?

BUTLER: "Well, I was doubtful because of the farmers, and therefore the more I met them, the more I thought I'd be able to make up my own mind; and although one or two of the meetings, especially the one in Essex, were a bit rough, I began to see that the farmers thought that (as it turned out in fact, especially with Peter Walker, one who's been very clever, the present Minister) they would get just as good a deal."

—But the Agricultural Lobby, of course, was very powerful then?

BUTLER: "Well, the funny thing about it is that it wasn't so much that the Lobby was powerful—because it's very small, isn't it—but *I* was powerful, that is to say, I was a farmer and I thought that we were going to lose on it. Then I still turned a little bit to my past in the OEEC in Paris, where I'd been so proud of running it without any trouble, that I hesitated as to whether. . . .

I'd always foreseen that de Gaulle was going to be a great nuisance—because I met de Gaulle when he first came over with Winston, and you know how rude he was to him. De Gaulle, of course, had a most wonderful patriotic record for his own country, but he didn't want us. The reason he didn't want us was—a very simple reason, you see—that he thought we might take the lead from him."

IT WAS WITH varying degrees of apprehension or comforting illusion that de Gaulle was perceived as a possibly insurmountable or, alternatively, a negotiable obstacle. Encounters with the Constable of France were at this stage some distance further off.

Before such a momentous decision could finally be recommended by the Cabinet there was the question of US attitudes. As we have seen, American support for the economic and political integration of Western Europe had been remarkably consistent throughout the years after the Second World War. By the end of 1960 the Eisenhower administration had ended and the US had elected a new President, John Kennedy. Macmillan had been exercised by the disparity in years between himself and so youthful a figure; the need to be seen to be open to new ideas and fresh thinking probably assumed a certain additional importance.

Kennedy had appointed as Under-Secretary of State someone who, in retrospect, must be seen to have exerted a considerable authority upon the fundamental choices made by Britain. This was George Ball, of Cornish ancestry, a lawyer born in Illinois. He proved to be among the most influential of the Americans concerned with the making of policy who had come to Britain and Europe through those Western windows in the light of the Lend-Lease agreements and America's entry into the War. He was a man of prodigious and muscular energies, with an aroused intellect. He had subsequently become deeply involved in the economics and the politics of Europe from the Schuman Plan onwards, as Jean Monnet's lawyer and his intimate friend. As the winter of 1960 turned to the spring of 1961, both London and Washington were preparing for Macmillan's visit to Kennedy; Ball had come to London for that reason.

And in the light of an all-important answer which he returned at a critical moment in the last stages of the reappraisal of British policy, and later was instrumental in persuading the young President of the United States to repeat, George Ball's interventions rank alongside those of Monnet himself at earlier stages of European unity.

It was on this visit to London in March 1961 that Ball received an invitation from an old and personal friend, Sir Frank Lee, the new Permanent Under-Secretary of the Treasury, to come to a meeting at which he found Edward Heath was also present.

BALL: "It was at this meeting that we were told by Lee and then by Heath that Britain was considering seriously a change of policy, and was examining it. Then the question was put to me: How would the United States react if Britain should make the decision to apply for membership in the European Community? The fact that Lee was the one who

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initiated this was, as far as I was concerned, an indication to me that policy was being re-thought—because I knew his views, we had had long talks about it in the past. He was very frank in what he said, and he was very frank in this March meeting (as I knew he would be because I knew generally what his views were). He said that as far as he was concerned they were perfectly prepared to accept the idea of moving towards some kind of a federation. I was both surprised and elated. Both Frank Lee and Ted Heath made it quite clear what the motivating reasons were; and, as I remember them, perhaps the dominant one was the feeling that Britain could simply not afford to be outside the new dynamism that Europe was achieving through the building of the Community. If it did, there would be a certain atrophying of the industrial strength of Britain—and American investment would come to the Community, it wouldn't come to Britain. It would be, in other words, outside the mainstream of policy."

—So the dynamic (or relatively dynamic) economic growth on the Continent has had its effect?

BALL: "It had already had its effect, and to this extent it was a kind of validation of the Monnet thesis about what British reactions would be. Also (and they were quite explicit in saying this) EFTA was not proving to be an adequate counter or an adequate substitute for membership in the European Community.

Now, I was put on a bit of a spot, because I had never discussed this matter with President Kennedy except in a very generalised way. I had written some 'task force' reports in which I had strongly recommended an American support for Europe. So when I was asked specifically by Heath and Lee what the American attitude would be, I replied that I don't know whether I'm making American policy or interpreting it, but I will tell you quite frankly what it is—and I did it with some personal trepidation because I didn't know what kind of hell I would get from the President when I got home. . . ."

—So you didn't have a mandate?

BALL: "I didn't have a mandate at all, but I was quite prepared to give them an answer because I felt that there was only one policy for the United States—and I must say that the President supported me fully. I was in no trouble at all."

—When the Prime Minister comes to Washington for his meeting with the young President, what advice do you give to Kennedy about how to deal with Macmillan? While you have had a meeting which excites and exhilarates you in London—the British ***are*** *coming round—you still have to deal with this presumably very important and not unsubtle political figure who has come to Washington to talk to the President.*

BALL: "Well, what I told—or wrote to—the President primarily at that time was: "If Macmillan asks this question and we reply, we should reply in rather specific terms; that if the British (and these were almost the words that I had used in the March meeting, which I again used and which I told the President were what I thought a proper American appraisal must be), that if Great Britain were to make application for membership in adherence to the Rome Treaty, and do so in the recognition that the Rome Treaty was not a static document but indeed was a process leading toward greater and greater unity, including political unity, and might even ultimately lead to some kind of confederal or federal system for Europe—that I thought this would be a great contribution to the cohesion of the West and indeed to the strength of the whole non-Communist world. But that we would not favour any British move if the intention of that move was to water down the Treaty of Rome or to try to transform the Community into anything that would be simply a loose consultative arrangement."

—Kennedy, having called on you at this meeting to put the American position, left Macmillan few doubts as to whether Kennedy was in fact a supporter?

BALL: "I think he left Macmillan in no doubt; and I think Macmillan himself felt enormously pleased by this."

A FINAL MEETING of all the Ministers took place at Chequers. The die was cast.

SOAMES: "It was for me a *fait accompli* before it started. What we did was, we really worked out how we would get there. I think that it was understood by then that this was where we were going; and then Heath was put in overall charge of the negotiations. But the Chequers meeting finalised the ministerial decision, the Cabinet decision, as it were."

—Do you recall the combination of those two things—Cabinet and Chequers—as being dramatic in any way, or was it decided rather quickly?

SOAMES: "The Chequers meeting was quite long, half a day or a day. It was open to people, you know, to put their point of view, but undoubtedly it was agreed. It was there that it was agreed. But it never crossed my mind that it wouldn't be. Because who was speaking against it? I mean, the Commonwealth Secretary, Duncan Sandys, wanted it; I thought it was right; Heath thought it was right. And, above all, the Prime Minister thought it was right. And Rab Butler thought it was right. (And so did a lot of others.) It was then decided that we would go for it."

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THE MEETING of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London towards the end of 1962 was the last and widest river for Mr Macmillan to cross at home. That the Commonwealth should approve, and that it should not suffer unduly in consequence if it did, was the aspect of the decision which fell across all other considerations. For it touched, through "kith and kin", both sentiment and emotion.

Residual doubts in the Cabinet were nourished at the last minute by the presence in London of that far-flung battle-line from those former colonies, dominions, and protectorates who, for centuries, had been intimately linked by the now quickly fading patterns of the old trade and the old flag.

BUTLER: "At Marlborough House, we got together the whole Commonwealth; and before it took place we had terrible talks with Bob Menzies, because Bob Menzies thought we were traitors. And New Zealand did too, of course, because of butter and sheep, you see; but Australia did on broader grounds of policy. Bob, as you know, was half a British statesman really; he was always coming over here. He was dead against it. He gave great hell to Harold and partly to me, and we thought it wasn't much worth going on. Then we persuaded Bob that our Empire was gone, and a lot of our strength was gone. Had we not better join an economic unit where we could be a competitor with the USA and the USSR? That was the final argument that appealed to Bob, right up to the morning at Marlborough House. I walked round that rather dim garden on the Mall with Harold, about eight times, deciding whether we would do it or not; Bob saw us and joined us, and in the end we all went back in to that wonderfully beautiful house, and decided to do it. But it was a very close thing up until the end."

THE BRITISH DECISION was, in essence, a political one. The recovery and the exercise of sufficient sovereign power and influence in the second half of the 20th century had been judged, after "quite calm deliberation", to lie in membership of the European Economic Community.

On 31 July 1961, the formal announcement of Britain's intention to join was made in the House of Commons. Its impact there, and in the country, in Europe, and in the Commonwealth, became part of the story of the long negotiations which followed to carry this historic decision into effect. That story—and Mr Macmillan's defeat at the hands of General de Gaulle by his veto of the British application on 14 January 1963—belongs to another account.

Still Life

Catching the violence in that shiny scene
I ask "Who killed the pomegranate?"
"How was the pewter blinded into form?"
No clue to gather from that bowl
Still echoing potters' hands,
or the writhing lemon.

They've all been narrowed to secrecy
by the sharp brush
of a Dutch illusionist.
They've held their breath for hundreds of years.
It's not a habit I can break
leaning forward
like the public prosecutor.

I'm closing in on the paintwork fast
picking on details, tracking down strokes.
All at once the light gives out
as the passing cloud of my head gets in the way.
In the glass I meet
the dark staring sun of my eye.

Will Vaughan

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Tadeusz Różewicz

Tree-Felling

In memory of Jaroslaw Iwaszkiewicz, author of "Gardens"

A ceaseless anxiety
reigns among the crowns

a tree scored
for felling
with a white mark of annihilation
was still breathing
its boughs and branches
clawing
at the fleeting clouds

the leaves trembled and withered
sensing death

Trees don't move
from place to place
in search of nourishment
they can't escape
the saw
and the axe

a ceaseless anxiety
reigns among the crowns

tree-cutting is an execution
void of ceremony

spitting sawdust
the mechanical saw
enters the bark the pulp and the core
like lightning

struck at its side
it collapsed
and fell into the undergrowth
with its dead weight
it squashed grass and herbs
slender light blades
and trembling gossamer

together with the tree
they destroyed its shade
transparent
ambiguous
image

sign
appearing
in the light
of the sun and moon

The diligent roots
have yet no inkling
of the loss of the trunk
and crown

slowly
the surface death of the tree
reaches below ground

the roots of neighbouring trees
touch
enter into relationships
and bonds

beside men and beast
the only living sentient beings
created in the image
and likeness of gods

Trees
cannot hide from us

Children born
painlessly in clinics
maturing
in discotheques
torn apart by artificial light
and sound
gaping at TV screens
do not converse
with trees

Trees of childhood cut burnt
poisoned dead
turn green over our heads
in May
shed leaves on graves
in November
grow within us
unto death

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Description of a Poem

I tried to remember
that ideal
unwritten
poem

nearly ripe
shaped in the night
tangible
it was sinking
and dissolving in the light of day
it did not
exist

at times I felt it
on the tip of the tongue
anxiously
I would sit down pen
in hand
waiting patiently
until convinced
it was an illusion
I would walk away

the poem was probably
a poem about itself
as a pearl
speaks of pearls
and a butterfly of butterflies

it was neither a love-poem
nor an elegy
it neither mourned
nor praised
it neither described
nor judged

that poem
which eludes me in daylight
has hidden itself in itself
only sometimes
I feel its bitterness
and internal warmth
but I don't pull it out of
the dark hollow depth
on to the flat bank
of reality

unborn
it fills the emptiness
of a disintegrating world
with unknown speech

translated by Adam Czerniawski

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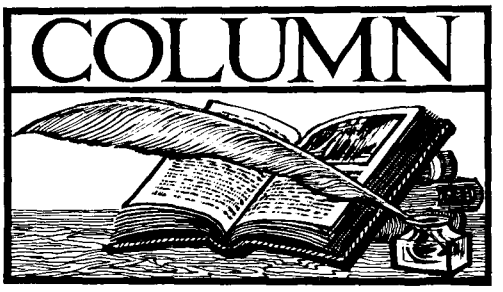

THE EXTROVERT SUMMER. It sounds like the title of a highbrow children's book, a Saki short-story, a play by Tom Stoppard, a Tom Wolfe report on seaside violence, or a shrewdly discarded line by W. H. Auden.

August for the people and their favourite islands:
Drain the extrovert summer
And, sun-drunk,
Defy the scolding Fall. . . .

But no—it's simply the way that I and many others have been spending the past few weeks.

Aldous Huxley once described how he or one of his heroes—I forget which—crept back to London and work every autumn to pay for the excesses of the summer. As an adolescent, I had a vivid idea of those excesses. Warm, bronzed, willing flesh on sub-tropical beaches; ripe nectarines; the scent of jasmine; the busy sound of cicadas; beakers of local wine: *mutatis mutandis*, the whole Martini, Bacardi, or Sovereign Holidays advertisement. Let's hope the royal honeymoon lived up to it. My own summer, equally miles from anywhere, was less faithful to the Huxley formula; but, with swimming, walking, riding, and sailing as the chief attractions, it shared the general extrovert trend. And when I came to describe it to my friends, all I could do was mouth the expected clichés. "A marvellous time . . . wonderfully warm water . . . some pretty rugged peaks . . . a splendid canter in the forest . . . a fairly hairy Force 6, gusting 7."

If that was all the experiences held, we'd be mad to undergo them. What about the sleek sinuous buoyancy of water, the peppery tang of mountain air whipped up from the meadows, the smooth, worn feel of harness, or the hiss and gurgle of a boat's wake? On other pleasures—films, plays, books, music, painting, or politics—we demand and offer some degree of articulate subtlety, or glib hair-splitting, according to taste. But when we discuss outdoor pursuits, we somehow reduce ourselves to hearty good chaps, sports, or even bods—two-dimensional cartoon figures from boys' adventure yarns, exchanging manly grunts and grins. I suspect it's a facet of Anglo-Saxon shyness, like the taste for self-deprecating humour. Deeply unsure of ourselves, and probably rather aggressive, we adopt these idioms much as theatrical rivals call each other "Darling." Nor is the habit confined to conversation. It also affects the way we write.

When astronauts first landed on the moon, there was some suggestion that they ought to be followed by a poet. We can all probably nominate somebody we'd like to maroon there: but that wasn't what was meant. The notion being canvassed was that clipped heroic no-nonsense spacemen—and those who wrote their prepared statements—couldn't tell us what it was really like to stump about, weightless, on the face of the White Goddess, let alone begin to express how space exploration was bound to change our sensibility. Since then, Norman Mailer and others have weighed in for the challenge, but NASA still awaits its Wordsworth. My own guess is that no poetic space-probe is likely to bring back pay dirt. We already find it hard enough to do justice to the landscape here on earth.

TAKE THE VOGUE for country literature. As urban pressures increase, so does nostalgia for rusticity. Fortunately for the rustics, not everyone puts it into practice; but many who seldom leave city or suburb become devotees of bucolic books. Societies with worthy aims like preserving wildlife, protecting birds, or maintaining historic properties, find it profitable to enter the mail-order business—so much so that their real objective might be thought to be peddling books or table-mats, and turning the postal service into one gigantic sale of work.

Their judgment, like their policy, is right on target. In recent years, the countryside has become a best-seller. But writing about it is just as difficult as writing about countryside pursuits.

> "Tim was on watch, so Geoff and I decided to have a crafty noggin before turning in for a spot of zizz. The wind was blowing great guns, and it must have been pretty good hell in the cockpit, but our turn was coming, and down in the cabin we got up a really grotty fug. . . ."

That brand of prose, familiar to all subscribers to the yachting magazines, has its counterpart in the Rural-Tribulations school of writing about the countryside, usually practised by an urban couple who've sold up everything to farm some acres of derelict scrub or scree. Their nearest neighbours are amazed that anyone's taken Hag's Bottom, but everyone's tremendously friendly and a tower of strength after the first shock has worn off.

> "Our real problem was Twyford. Perhaps I should explain that Twyford is our goat. We'd agreed that we wouldn't be able to afford a cow, not for the first year anyway, but George maintained that goat's milk was just as good if not better, and who was I to say him nay? He was, after all, an industrial chemist, and I was

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just a health visitor. But we had reckoned without Twyford. Twyford was no ordinary nanny-goat. In fact, she wasn't a nanny-goat at all. 'She' was a billy-goat."

Not far removed from the Rural-Tribulations school is the Oh-what-country-folk-we-be approach. This has a long history. It dates back at least as far as the Edwardian age, when magazines of country life began to cater especially for denizens of Metroland, and vernacular architects began to design modern urban cottages with vast quantities of quasi-medieval oakwork. Before long, broadcasting took up the tradition; and a number of articulate country-dwellers made their reputations by telling listeners how happy they were to get back to Loamshire once their weekly talk was over. Whether or not, as was alleged, some of them assumed Loamshire accents only when the microphone was on, most of their published work now looks crafty in more senses than one:

"You wouldn't think, to look at him, that old Harry Juggins was a hero; but in the *Dog and Dragon* in our village, that's just about what he is. You see, old Harry stood up to our landlord once, when we had what we in the village called 'a spot of bother' over a little matter of a right of way. And as the poet-fellow said, we in England do have our village Hampdens; and old Harry Juggins, I reckon, is one of them. Of course, town folk don't always see it. But we in the village have long memories, and. . . ."

And so on, until the producer signals only ten seconds to go. The nautical near-equivalent of this is the Mudlarks Sailing Club anecdote that begins: "We in the Club always said that there was something fishy about Garstang. . . ."

MORE APPEALING, but no less imitable, is the Modern Montaillou method, increasingly common since the deserved success of *Akenfield*. Not all of Ronald Blythe's imitators have his skill: laid end to end, tape-recordings can turn witnesses into windbags:

"Quite frankly I think the country's going to pot. I mean, look at the way these young people go about with their hair down to their shoulders and smoking cannabis all the time, and not a thank-you do you get if you do a hand's turn for them, never on time for anything and always playing that dreadful pop music, I think we ought to bring back hanging and even that's too good for some of the things I've seen in the village since the War, I mean the Great War. . . ."

Finally, there's the Firmly Factual manner, descended perhaps from Dorothy Wordsworth:

"*Thursday*. A heavy, misty morning, with low cloud over the nearer hills. Walked 2¼ miles in the forest. Saw 7 flowers of Old Man's Pancreas in full bloom. Picked 3 bunches of quag orchid. Heard mating call of female Lollyhammer. Home at 11.47 to cook garble beans and mallon pudding for dinner."

This at least has the merit of pedantry, and provides a tracery scaffolding for readers who want to build more colourfully. But it's hard not to feel that some purchasers of such country diaries may be disappointed. More to their taste might be other factual offerings, like John Seymour's *The Countryside Explained*—or that triumph of *haute vulgarisation*, the weekly *Living Countryside*.

Even these publications, however, don't quite overcome the basic snag. How can the countryside, and open-air activities generally, be adequately conveyed on the printed page?

I KNOW OF very few writers who have managed it. Sailing has its classics—Slocum, Macmullen, Gerbault, Chichester; but none of them, to my mind, has fully communicated the physical, emotional, and intellectual experience. Of present-day travellers in small boats, Clare Francis has come closest to making the adventure vivid, complete with misery, fright, boredom, and irritation as well as excitement and doggedness; but even she seems to slip now and then into the role of the jolly good sort. And ever since the Industrial Revolution, even good writers on the countryside have been in danger of similar role-playing for the urban reader indoors. Thomas Hardy, W. H. Hudson, or Edmund Blunden seemed sometimes to be writing about pictures as much as places; D. H. Lawrence was most telling on the smudged, ambiguous countryside close to industrial towns. John Moore, however authentic his portraits of country towns and threatened estates, seemed to find it hard not to echo the sonorous travelogue: "the great oaks . . . the great avenue . . . the great West door." "Great" is a great tell-tale word.

But there's one writer on country matters whom I've always enjoyed without too many misgivings. This is the late Adrian Bell. Most of his books are hard to find now, even in second-hand bookshops: is there a silent clan of admirers who snap them up? The first and best-known of them cries out to be republished: *Corduroy*. It tells the story of how in 1920, aged twenty himself, he took up farming. His father, a journalist, had told him it was time he "did" something.

"I had replied naively that I wanted to write. To which he had made answer that the desire to write in the young was but a manifestation of the sexual impulse. This had confirmed my worst fears that there was nothing 'in me' after all

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save the natural disturbances, as my few scrappy and turbulent compositions seemed to attest. So I had bowed to his implication that my dreams and visitations were one with the spots on my face, and only pleaded that my life should be something in the open air."

The prose betrays its period, as well as the strategy of the book: an eager young man who has everything to learn. He was apprenticed to an established farmer in Suffolk; and his account of "Mr Colville" and his farm in the 1920s is as rich in period detail as in chastening blunders. I'm surprised that no television producer has so far decided to exploit it, since it has the double appeal of rusticity and nostalgia for the days of stooks and horses.

Silver Ley, Bell's second book, is equally attractive. It describes how the young apprentice made out on a farm of his own. Only in the third book of what became a triology did this rich vein seem to become thin: *The Cherry Tree* is a troubled, wandering book, and with a less simple narrative thrust the period feel of the prose becomes more obtrusive. His next published work was a novel, *Folly Field*; and thereafter he produced more than a dozen miscellaneous books, the last of them collections of columns he had written in the *Eastern Daily Press*. He also compiled *Times* crossword puzzles. The young man had defied his father, but also followed in his footsteps—a loving revenge.

As book followed book, Bell's prose became leaner and harder. His titles were still sometimes quaint. *Sunrise to Sunset*, to me his most compelling book since *Silver Ley*, was a sharp sensitive account of farming in Westmorland, where his family was evacuated during World War II; *The Budding Morrow*, its successor, thoughtfully explored the changes that war and post-war reconstruction were bringing to the countryside, and anticipated much of the "ecological" debate that was later to become so fashionable. Reflective, humorous, perhaps rather curmudgeonly, Bell went on writing almost to the end of his life. (His son is the BBC's Washington correspondent; so the ink still flows.)

"The children were back at school, so Nora and I had gone to the eleven o'clock service instead of the shorter family one at ten. The price of 'a good lie-in' is a longer sermon. But this time there was an unexpected reward. The Psalm was number 65, which was new to me.

The river of God is full of water: Thou preparest their corn, for so Thou providest for the earth.

Thou waterest her furrows, Thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof: Thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blesseth the increase of it.

Thou crownest Thy year with Thy goodness: and Thy clouds drop fatness.

I loved that 'fatness.' I nudged Nora, wondering whether she remembered the story of the Eastern princess who was so beautiful that the doorway had to be widened to let her in. In our part of Suffolk, we like plump garden peas, and I've never understood the popularity of flavourless 'petits pois', however soft.

But what most appealed to me in Psalm 65 was 'the little valleys.' Scale is a great mystery. As a child, I used to station my toy soldiers in forest ambushes, with the stalks of chrysanthemums for trees. Today, out of Heathrow or Stansted, we fly over toy cities and miniature cars, while out there on the cold moon above us human beings have walked. It ought to make us panic, this concertina movement from the close and minute to the immeasurably distant and back again. Are we ants, or giants? Are our familiar hills and valleys no more than the anonymous topography of the moon?

For my part, I take comfort with the Psalmist and his 'little valleys.' Let Man be the measure of all things, neither dwarfed nor overbearing, but grateful for what the earth offers. Including an extra hour in bed."

That, I confess, is my own pastiche of Adrian Bell's later manner; but perhaps it gives you the flavour. Extroverts of the world, unite: you have nothing to lose but your fear of ridicule.

M

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NOTES & TOPICS

London Commentary

The Perth-Llandudno Special

By Edward Pearce

THIS ISSUE OF ENCOUNTER appears in the midst of the British Party Conference season, something never easy to explain to friends abroad. Mid-September to early October every year is given over to pilgrimages to rather unpleasant seaside towns by Party regulars come to kiss hems or bite legs democratically or in simulation of democracy.

Ironically, the seaside towns have grown fewer and sleazier in recent years: although the Parties grow smaller, the numbers attending conferences increase. Accordingly, the more pleasant English holiday towns like Scarborough and Bournemouth are abandoned by the two great Parties for flash Brighton and brute Blackpool where they alternate year on, year off, because those resorts alone have buildings big enough, modern enough, and ugly enough to be appropriate for the conference of a British political party.

In broad terms, the Conservative Conference is spurious and the Labour Conference is nasty. The one is geared to compulsory standing ovations and man-management, the other is an extended version of the "two-minute hate" in Orwell's *1984*.

This year, however, will see variations. Not only will the new Social Democratic Party hold its first big do, but the Liberals—whose assembly we parliamentary journalists have regarded as a parenthetic chore—may be the scene of some excitement as the conflicting pressures of *amour propre* and the chance of joining a syndicate with prospects are applied. The Social Democrats, for their part, are doing something very odd. They are conducting three two-day conferences—at Perth in central Scotland, at Bradford in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and finally in London. It is all rather reminiscent of the progresses which royalty used to organise before there was television, so that a quick flash of the personage's presence in the county towns could keep the peasantry happy, something never difficult in this rather deferential country.

The Social Democrats have the satisfaction, though, of being a major preoccupation at all the *other* conferences. Since Warrington, where Roy Jenkins moved from a 30% deficit on the first polls to a mere 6% on the day (and did so by a combination of courage and forceful reasoned argument at old-fashioned political meetings), his Party has been treated with apprehensive respect by the Labour and Conservative leaderships. Considering that its dozen or so Members of Parliament were all elected under another ticket before crossing the floor, and that—Warrington notwithstanding—it has not yet won a by-election, such a response is prodigious.

BUT THE POLLS before which we fall down and worship, after first proclaiming that of course we don't take any notice of what the polls say, have consistently given the Social Democrats a national vote of around 30%, and have given an actual working majority to an alliance of the Liberals and the Social Democrats. Opinion is divided as to whether most harm would be done to Labour or to the Conservatives. It is conceivable that the Labour Party we know will die, leaving behind the holy spirit of Anthony Wedgwood Benn in what will effectively be a new party of pure Socialism. Yet the Tories may be the biggest losers, able to quote the medieval poet William Occleve: "Death by thy death hath harm irreparable unto us done." Decidedly harm *will* be done, and it will preoccupy the four parties at their September and October conferences.

Can the Social Democrats translate opinion polls into electoral ones? Will the Gentlemen's faction for modest reflation and political appeasement succeed in their manifest ambition to knock off Mrs Thatcher and replace her with a pretty face and a conciliating act inside the Tory Party? (It is a serious question seriously essayed.) How big will the Labour loss of sitting members be if Tony Benn wins or comes close in that deputy-leadership contest which is a mimic version of the coming struggle for the real power? Can the Liberals behave in a sufficiently adult and far-sighted way not to demand a thick-headed literal-minded parity with the SDP as the by-elections come up and with them the chance of that breakthrough by which the alliance becomes *papabile*?

These are all questions for Conferences which promise to be the most newsworthy for years. Let

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us take the Liberals first.

They are the rump of a great party which ceased to be a force in the 1930s, and might well have passed into history in the aftermath of the great Labour victory of 1945. Instead it limped on, led for a while by a pleasant old Welsh buffer, Clement Davies, doing his duty; then by a mildly eccentric, highly intelligent, delightful man, Jo Grimond, who did (and does) believe in the classical notions of Liberalism, so confusingly described in the United States as "Conservatism", and latterly by Jeremy Thorpe, whose acquittal on a charge of conspiracy to murder a former boyfriend concluded an episode which would have done credit to a Roman political scandal, and which in censored, felt-footed, discretion-bound England came screaming out of the ears of our Establishment.

The Liberals are thus a slightly odd party. They are the least centrally directed of all, in marked contrast to the Tories with their bent for sycophancy. They are often so vague and directionless as to be unclassifiable in Left and Right terms, containing people with a free-market disposition, and others of a thorough-going socialistic, intervening and *dirigiste* inclination, making most noise on issues which are most remote from the citizen—they are great friends of the UN and Black Africa, and remain uncritical advocates of useless expenditure on foreign aid. Being a small party they are peculiarly vulnerable to crank fringe elements like the "Homosexual Rights" group which staged a noisy, childish demonstration at a recent Party conference.

Indeed, the sort of infantilism in which substantial fringes of the Liberal Party indulge has crippled its periodic revivals when over the years, in periods of Government unpopularity, the Liberals have suddenly won a supposedly safe seat and done on a small scale what they and the SDP now hope to do on a large one. They frequently do well in by-elections and mid-Parliament polls, winning seats and picking up 18% of the poll or thereabouts, but come the general election they are back to their habitual 12 or 13 seats out of the 630 in the House of Commons. Their leader comes on screen from his remote TV studio in Inverness or Exeter, talking morosely about the iniquity of the "first-past-the-post" British electoral system, and asserting that "under proportional representation we would have 107 seats in Parliament. . . ."

ALL SMALL PARTIES believe in *PR* . . . in the way that turkeys believe in vegetarianism, but in a big party it takes a mightily desperate politician to believe in it as well. Mr Edward Heath, who clung on to office after the hung election of February 1974 like King Alexander Obrenovic of Serbia clinging to the window-sill of his bedroom before his fingers were chopped off, came nearest to it in his attempt to buy the Liberals into a coalition. But then Mr Heath was always a short-term tactical thinker.

For the odds are still that without *PR* the Social Democrats, formidable as the best of them are, will not quite achieve what they hope for. The example of Congressman John Anderson should not be forgotten, nor that of spring snow. . . . But they matter now because failure in the future cannot be proved and because both great parties are hugely unpopular. The Tories are in office which is tribulation enough for them. Unemployment stands at 2.8 million. Rioters have been out on the streets burning things. The Government is split between reflaters and refusers to reflate, and between gentlefolk and the suburbs. In American terms, Mrs Thatcher's Cabinet can best be understood if one imagines the President carrying, in five or six Cabinet posts, devoted and communicative supporters of the late Governor Nelson Rockefeller, all of them on permanent non-attributable draft to the *Washington Post*, explaining that Mr Reagan couldn't run a hot-dog stand.

Labour, which should be rolling in summer grass eighteen inches high, is afflicted with the Benn candidacy and in consequence is in a state of nervous collapse. The Opposition is the one frontier from which the encircled and menaced Government can actually withdraw troops. Michael Foot, Labour's temporary leader, gives the impression that he understands more about the tragic dilemmas of Necker, Kerensky, and Hindenburg than he cares to say. It does not perhaps matter that, on my supposition, the Social Democratic-Liberal alliance will melt in a real election. So bad is Labour's trouble, so total the division between the authoritarian Left and the rest (including parts of what we call "the legitimate Left") that new flights of MPs from Labour to the SDP are expected at or just after the Conference.

If Benn wins the deputy leadership or nearly wins it, these men know that they will be required to work for the creation in this island of a rather cold and sugarless Cuba. And internal migration will come first, for whatever the SDP's chances, it is perceived by many Labour MPs to have more prospects than they do. It is seen as a better hole to go to. And of course, if they go in sufficient numbers, creating a party of 40 rather than 12 members, my supposition may be rendered wrong. For they will acquire precisely that momentum or lift-off which will permit them, even in a General Election, to be credible and thus to collect. Social Democratic hopes are thus centred on the Labour Conference which, if sufficiently bloody and self-eviscerating, could be the making of them. Correspondingly, their anxieties are concentrated on the Liberal Conference at the agreeable North Wales holiday town of Llandudno.

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THE LIBERALS are difficult people to do business with because they are essentially amateurs and to some extent fantasists. Their leader, David Steel, as hard-bitten and power-acquisitive a little politician as ever stepped forward in church to read the lesson, understands that the alliance is the one thing which might work and make a Minister of him, and that otherwise Liberalism is a species of Sunday painting. Accordingly, he would be delighted to let the Social Democrats, for whom the wind happens to be blowing and who have some stars to put up, make the present running. After Warrington comes the next by-election—Croydon, a south London suburb marginally held by the Tories where, it is supposed, Mrs Shirley Williams, a very personable former Labour Education Minister with exceptional electoral appeal (if no great intellectual merit), would win by a yard and a half.

She supposes so too, and the placards were screaming "I'LL STAND" SAYS SHIRLEY. On any tactical consideration this was the obvious thing to do, if not the right way to ask for it. Unfortunately the Croydon Liberals had their own candidate, a thrice defeated, not very well loved, local man: Mr Bill Pitt ("I wasn't defeated, I just came third"). And the Croydon Liberals, being Liberals, have overruled their own leadership and announced that this one would be fought and won by the Liberals. In fact, such is Mr Pitt's low esteem among local voters that any result is possible *except* a Liberal victory. Probably Labour will pick up the seat, having chosen a middling and acceptable candidate. But the Liberals of Croydon (and a good many other places) are frankly too obtuse to see this. As amateurs they like to dream of the day when 450 Liberal MPs will be elected to Westminster. Like a small rather comfortable millenarian sect they respond to the notion that they can, by doing this and that, actually bring on the day of judgment, in a ruffled and rather hurt way. They have their little dream and really rather resent intruders.

Accordingly, a catalyst has been muffed (if you can muff a catalyst, but the Liberals could muff anything). For a second SDP success, with an actual seat won, would have done wonders both to prospective deserters on the Labour side and to the hen-house of hypothetical assassins troubling Mrs Thatcher. It would also have made possible, as David Steel lucidly understood, tail-coat Liberal victories at a later date. Croydon could have provided the great departure. This, as the *Daily Express* said about the Second World War, will not now take place. And the Liberals at Llandudno will spend a great deal of their time uselessly disputing precedence with the only people with a chance of letting them into serious politics. All of which is good democratic participatory politics and a reason why a nice party of the centre, a repository of

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decent pleasant people's-protest votes and modest aspirations, will find it harder in fact than in statistics to get going.

YET IF MORE by-elections come (and the SDP are becoming the party avid for mortality among their neighbours), Croydon need not be disastrous. (To keep the metaphor going, there could be a second bite at the catalyst.) They have so many things going, if not for them, then against their enemies. They stand waiting to catch a giant tide of negation. They are the option among Labour voters to Tony Benn, whom a left-winger the other day angrily described as having "totalitarian Stalinist allies." They are the option to Mrs Thatcher, (whom the mild English think of as hard, and whose rigorous ways hurt). They are, in the most generalised way, perceived as nice, and they appear to be the sum of all that they are not. They also have a string of first-rate candidates in the wings—former MPs, who had turned away, sorrowing; bright academics; a great deal of talent.

The Tories spend a lot of time worrying about them, and are divided between those who want to be more like the SDP—Whig-dishing or sodden wetness according to taste—and those who react like a Minister of my acquaintance.

> "They are treated [he said] as the political equivalent of the Virgin Birth, as if they had stepped out of a space ship instead of the Labour Party. They are credited with courage for leaving when the truth is that they left because they lost. I would take them through the things they did, collectively and severally, as members of past Labour governments—the closed shop, the abolition of Grammar Schools, the special trade-union privileges. And I would take their own texts and quote them in their own teeth—'A change from all the tired old politics and hacks of the past'—oh yes indeed, a change from *whom*, Shirley. . . ?"

This is the robust approach. It is the heat which melts the snow, but whether that voice will emerge as a dominant one after the Tory conference one does not know. There has been pressure on Mrs Thatcher to soften up, and contrary indications that she may strengthen her Cabinet with harder nuts than it now contains. In which case, a direct Conservative-SDP battle will follow. For the Tory fear is that the SDP—although getting their impetus from a Labour Party quarrel—will, if they succeed, take three seats from the Conservatives for every one they take from Labour. Accordingly, the Tory Conference will be for once a rough and disputative affair.

So they all will be—with the exception of the Social Democrats. They, like a dog who has started a fight, may be sitting back to watch everybody else rough it up.

A Man & His Double

By Francois Bondy

Paris

IT IS rare indeed that a literary obituary needs to compete with fast-moving cultural events, but in the case of my memoir of the life and death of Romain Gary (ENCOUNTER, August) no sooner was it in print than the newspapers here were carrying revelations which called for a bit of curious up-dating.

I had noted my suspicions that Romain Gary's penchant for pseudonyms would one day cause the bibliography of his various works to be revised. But now with all the drama of a Pirandello character-switch the whole case of "Emile Ajar" has been added to the Gary story.

It was in 1973 that a young and unknown French author suddenly was acclaimed as the author of a masterpiece entitled *Gros-câlin*. No one knew the name, Emile Ajar, but he soon followed with another novel which also became a best-seller (and later was made into a film with Simone Signoret). Nobody had yet seen the now famous author, and when he rejected literary prizes (including the Goncourt), journalists became even more eager to snap a photo and catch him for a quick interview. Finally, in Copenhagen, the mask apparently fell—and a nephew of Romain Gary, Paul Pavlowitch, stepped into the limelight. The game was up, and he went on to become the literary editor of Mercure de France, his publisher. No one thought of Uncle, who had appeared as a figure of some fun in Ajar's novel *Pseudo*.

But alas, when Romain Gary committed suicide last December, with him also died "the young hope" of French literature, whose four books had been so enthusiastically praised by so many Paris critics who never had a kind word for Gary's own books penned under his own name. Among his papers there was a full report: on the Life and Death of Emile Ajar. Ironically enough, the nephew now emerged from behind the shadow of the uncle, as Paul Pavlowitch rushed into print with a confession of his own, *L'homme que l'on croyait Ajar* (just published by Fayard). On the dust-cover the name AJAR is printed in gigantic letters, as if

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this were yet another book from the hidden hand of the mysterious author. But it was only the effort of a would-be ghost-writer to cast a small shadow of his own.

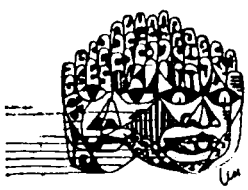
Pavlowitch has also just appeared on Bernard Pivot's popular TV-show, *Apostrophe*, telling his story sympathetically; and the final Pirandello turn was provided by the novelist Michel Tournier, who did a piece of impressive literary detection by locating the "Ajar style" in an early piece of fiction by Romain Gary. As for the Paris critics who condemned Gary as "an entertainer" and praised Emile Ajar as "a creative artist", they haven't been heard from yet. They will just have to accept the fact that the mercurial Romain Gary made two names for himself as a writer. (He was the only author to be awarded two Goncourt prizes, since no one writer can, according to the by-laws, win twice.) I suspect that he himself found the double game deeply upsetting when the growing reputation of his playful creature began to overshadow his own. Two souls dwelled, Faust-like, in his breast; and he put an end to one before finally putting an end to the other.

Letter from Kenya

East Africa & Double Standards

By Günter Krabbe

Nairobi



IT WAS a strange and extraordinary tone in the politics of Black Africa—"Marxism is just not relevant, and hence not present in our country. . . ." It takes courage for a Third World leader to say this these days, for among other things it means putting some power-political distance between his government and the lengthening shadow of the Soviet Union. This involves a certain toughness in dealing with internal penetration and subversion; and even more than that, taking a rare reasonable stand on the real priorities of a developing African nation-state. As President Moi of Kenya went on to say, "We don't need any ideology around here—our main concern is working effectively to feed all our people. . . ."

The echoes of such sentiments do not go very far here in East Africa. Moi's Kenya is surrounded by "progressive New States" which are earnestly going about "building socialism" in one form or another, and according to the imported lights of acknowledged Marxist doctrine. To the south there is Tanzania where President Julius Nyerere has pushed through his so-called "*Ujamaa*-Socialism"; to the west there is Uganda, now run by a Nyerere protégé, Milton Obote (the inventor of "socialism-of-the-little-man"); to the east there are the Seychelles, a Tanzanian sphere of influence in the Indian Ocean; to the north is the stalwart Marxist-Leninist régime of post-Imperial Ethiopia; not to mention the militant Republics of Sudan and Somalia to the north-west and north-east (where nowadays efforts are being made to modify socialist rigidities).

President Moi, who happens to be this year's chairman of the Organisation of African Unity (OAU), went on to emphasise the especially fateful results of Marxian politics in Africa.

> "The ideological leaders of such states always make the loudest noises at international meetings—but look at the home front and you will find that their own peoples are always trying to run away, and turning up as masses of refugees in other countries. . . ."

As a matter of tragic fact, there are some four million African refugees (estimated to be three-quarters of all the earth's displaced persons); and most of them are indeed out of these "socialist" countries, mainly Ethiopia and Angola. (As against this, the totals from South and South-west Africa are reckoned in mere tens of thousands.) Moi feels a certain pride in calling attention to a situation which may well be unique in all of Africa, namely that there are no political exiles outside his country and no political prisoners inside. And he is rather short on patience in underlining the hypocrisy of certain African heads of state who speak of "Socialism" and "Equality" and "Justice" for "all the people" but in actuality, on the home front, practise monolithic politics which condemn critics and opponents to prison or to flight.

THE MAJOR OBJECT of resentment is obviously Julius Nyerere who (as I write) is about to receive yet another Western good-will delegation offering foreign aid on generous terms and even more generous good wishes. (This time from Western Germany's "Economic Cooperation" Minister,

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who is named Offergeld—*nomen et omen.*) Several thousand Tanzanian exiles have found refuge in Kenya; as for the number of political prisoners in Tanzania itself, it has been variously estimated here as something between several hundred and ten thousand. What is felt to be grotesque is the fact that Nyerere, in his comradely solidarity with not only Mozambique's President Machel but also the SWAPO guerrilla chief Nujoma, puts his prisons and camps at their disposal. The very selective talk about "human rights" goes on; but details like these do not hold up the European traffic to Dar-es-Salaam. Waiting for Herr Minister Offergeld, I note that in the official press information kit we are reassured that Nyerere's Tanzania is "the major recipient in Black Africa of West German development aid."

To be sure, the critical problems are well known—an "inadequate infrastructure" and "a shortage of specialists and trained personnel." But this is surely a general deficiency with which all of these lands have had to deal; and a few have made some real progress—Kenya above all, in the 17 years since its Independence Day. True, it had its developed reserves in the "White Highlands", but there was also a comparable Tanzanian base in the Usambara hills south-east of Kilimanjaro and through to Moshi and Arusha. For an African "developing country", usually imprisoned within a simple framework of ideological ideas inherited from Europe's 1930s–40s, Kenya managed to preserve for itself a remarkable measure of economic freedom. It conducted a policy of at least a half-open door for foreign investment, and took the unusual attitude that its citizens sinned neither against nature nor the nation when they tried harder to make ends meet and even to make a little profit.

AS A REACTION to the dynamic progress which these policies produced in Kenya, the Tanzanian chief first exhibited scorn and contempt, and then anger (possibly mixed with just a little envy)—until he finally proceeded, with a certain helplessness, to isolate his own citizenry and even to strike back at his prospering "reactionary" neighbour by closing the Northern frontier and breaking off economic relations in 1977. It is, alas, putting it only drily to say that, in contrast, the last twenty years have witnessed in Tanzania's economic crises, regular shortages and planning failures an all too steady decline. Some time ago the Government's newspaper in Dar-es-Salaam, the *Daily News*, thundered against "capitalist Kenya" in familiar polemical tones: a "reactionary society" where "man eats man." *The Standard* in Nairobi countered simply with the bitter remark, "But in Tanzania man eats nothing. . . ."

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There can by now be little doubt that Tanzania's difficulties are due to Julius Nyerere's efforts to fit his country into the corset of a "*Ujamaa*-Socialism" which he himself fashioned. "*Ujamaa*" is the Swahili word for brotherliness or "relatedness"; and in the name of this collective ideal it became, of course, necessary to expropriate whatever middle class might happen to have developed. "Making profits" was declared to be immoral; farmers or peasants were taken from their villages and transferred to "ideal types" of cooperative or collective farms; private trading was discouraged or eliminated; and the country's traffic network soon deteriorated.

Things had come to such an unpretty pass that four years ago Nyerere himself was publicly moved to acknowledge that his "*Ujamaa*-Socialism" had actually fulfilled none of its main objectives, and that the Plan and the whole social programme had failed. The conclusion that he drew from this raised more than a few sceptical eyebrows; for it was that, since ten years of *Ujamaa* had brought as yet no success, there was no alternative but to continue.

IF NYERERE has been able to extract some element of virtue out of this chain of calculated errors, it is precisely because his most valuable item in the international balance of payments has been that same "ideology" which in Kenya has been ploughed under. He has apparently inexhaustible reserves of goodwill and liberal understanding as "an African Progressive" devoted to noble experiments on behalf of the People. When things go wrong, the ship of state has merely been "blown off course."

It is, to be sure, true that OPEC control of global oil-prices has been generally disruptive in the Third World. In Tanzania, for example, in ten years the share of oil-import costs rose from 10% to 70%. But some Third World economies proved themselves to be rather more flexible than others, and the comparable figures for Kenya's import costs show a rise from 10% to only 40%.

The explanation for Kenya's relatively superior performance in the dire energy crisis not of their making lies in the simple facts of Kenyan expansion in both the agricultural and industrial sectors; this has enabled the private economy to add to the balance of payments normally also supported by the growing tourist income. Tanzania's foreign exchange problem, in contrast, derives from falling exports; and as for the flow of tourists, it is numbered in the dozens and hundreds, not in Kenya's tens of thousands per annum. Small wonder, then, that despite efforts at oil restriction Tanzania suffers from a large and increasing percentage of its national budget being expended on energy consumption.

It is not a very complicated equation, but the North-South dialoguists are addicted to quite other ways of reckoning. Self-inflicted wounds they may be, but Nyerere remains the hero of "anti-colonialism" (not to mention "anti-neo-colonialism") and it is a reputation which will remain untarnished so long as the Western taxpayers (in this particular case, mostly Bonn's *D-Marks*) keep on polishing it.

I NEED NOT MENTION with what grumbling the Kenyans note the Western patterns of favouritism in East Africa (as I write, Minister Offergeld is in Dar-es-Salaam to offer more *Geld*). In a very uncertain world evidently one can always count on "German guilt" and hence uncritical goodwill (at least since the days when Chancellor Willy Brandt dispatched the novelist Günter Grass to establish "solidarity with the African masses", which is to say with the leaders who purport to speak for them). Of gratitude there is not much. At the recent summit conference of the OAU, the heated subject of alleged West German-South African nuclear collaboration (which Bonn has consistently and indignantly denied) came up again: and it was Nyerere who in his bilateral talks with other African leaders insisted on its truth despite the "lies" of the *Bundeskanzler*.

No matter. It might appear "imperialistic" to take umbrage. Some observers here thought, mistakenly, that at least a little displeasure would be shown, that yet another diplomatic pilgrimage might be called off. Quite the contrary. The conditions for Western economic aid have been eased; sorely-tried African leaders should not be further upset.

PUZZLEMENT would be a mild way to describe the attitude of the Kenyans. But I am afraid that, not being quite up on contemporary Western double-standard psychology these days, they find themselves bewildered by a situation in which one society, managing its affairs reasonably with a mix of flexibility and pragmatism, is "punished", while the bankrupt dogmatists get constantly rewarded.

What is evidently hampering any kind of true "North-South dialogue" is a combination of our deafness and their muteness. Perhaps one day soon the argument will become fuller and fairer, more various, more honest.

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Can England Love a Coalition?

On Ideas & Interests—By GEORGE WATSON

ENGLAND, Disraeli once told the House of Commons, "does not love coalitions." Professor David Marquand thinks otherwise. In the 80 years of this century he points out in his new pamphlet, *The Case for Coalition*,[1] Britain has been governed by coalitions (or agreements between parties) for 32—32 out of 80, or 40% of the time; and only eight of them, he might have added, in time of war. Some of these coalitions, what is more, such as Lloyd George's after 1918, or Winston Churchill's during World War II, were effectively radical in their domestic policies, though they are only beginning to get the credit they deserve for it; and one or two, like Churchill's, have even been popular.

David Marquand (former Labour MP, assistant to Roy Jenkins in Brussels, and biographer of Ramsay MacDonald) is of course a leading light in the new Social Democratic Party, and his thesis is a timely and necessary reminder of something the British have conveniently allowed themselves to forget: that even here parties can work together, and do. The Labour-Liberal agreement of 1977–78 is only the most recent of many similar arrangements in this century. In fact the idea of coalition in peace-time is nothing like new. It revived sharply during Prime Minister Heath's winter of discontent in 1973–74 and the two inconclusive elections that followed; and it is plain we shall hear more and more of it. It is just possible, indeed, that our political system is on the point of turning continental, so to speak—every single one of our partners in the European Community, after all, is governed by a coalition, and has been so almost continuously since the Second World War. And if it does happen here, it will not be as big a change as many think. On a long view Britain is not really an odd-man-out, though many will be surprised to learn how much, and how often, we have been governed here by agreements between parties: for little short of half, in fact, of the present century.

If the next turn of the political wheel—perhaps the next election, perhaps sooner—ends in a peace-time coalition government, this will not really run contrary to the traditions of modern British politics. Nor would it be a matter for alarm. There is nothing much, as David Marquand sees, to be said for the persistent notion that one-party government is in its nature more decisive than coalition. The Conservative and Labour Parties are in any case coalitions; and the differences between Mr Heath and Mrs Thatcher, on the one hand, or between Tony Benn and Denis Healey on the other, are arguably as wide as those between Government and Opposition. Some would say wider. The most bitter debates nowadays are not between parties but within parties. If that is right, then anyone who supports one of those parties is to that extent already supporting the coalition principle, though he may be unaware of it.

IN ANY CASE, one-party governments have not always, or even usually, proved notably decisive in recent experience. And that has been so for reasons we do not always want to look at squarely: namely that no British government since the War has been elected on a majority of votes cast. None, in a word, has been based on *popular* support, as opposed to support in the House of Commons; and none, when it came to a point of crisis, has been rash enough to suppose that it was. All that is radically different from the political situation in France, the Federal German Republic, or BENELUX. When the moment of truth comes for a British government, as it did for Edward Heath's early in 1974, or for James Callaghan's in 1979, such leaders are forced to look back to the country for support against powerful sectional interests (striking miners, or striking public-sector workers). But the country never gave them that support in the first place; and it is all the less likely to do so in an atmosphere of sudden crisis where government itself is held to blame. No wonder, then, if pressure-groups have the power to make and unmake governments in Britain; and no wonder if they use it.

One-party government is weak, then, in practice; and in practice it knows that it is. Contemplating

[1] *The Case for Coalition*. By DAVID MARQUAND. Liberal Publication Department, for the Unservile State Group, 60p.

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the superior performance of their Continental partners, the British are coming to perceive that truth a lot more clearly. We are at last growing to love, or at any rate to tolerate, the prospect of coalition, whatever Disraeli may have said in 1852. We begin to envy our neighbours their unpolarised politics, where policies shift gently like a kaleidoscope, not rudely like a seesaw; where high economic growth and low inflation are sustained by a conviction that short and even medium-term planning will work, because similar conditions can be safely predicted five and even ten years hence. Before the War, the Continent looked to Britain as an ideal of a parliamentary state: now the admiration, or the envy, is more often in the other direction—from us to them. Westminster may be the Mother of Parliaments, but it is not, for the moment, the model of parliaments. The plight of Britain since the War, as Professor Marquand says, has been "ideological oscillation", where dogmas alternate, where planners cannot plan, and where nobody but the extremist wins. You get what you grab. . . .

FOR ALL THAT, there *is* an objection to coalition, and one that David Marquand does not directly consider. I do not suggest it is a convincing objection. But it is a powerful one, in the practical sense that many believe in it. I mean the notion that politics is inevitably, and therefore rightly, a matter of interests; and that an oscillation of power between organised capital and organised labour is natural to any industrial state—anything else, such as judging policies on their merits, being merely ephemeral or illusory.

The Argument of Interest has its severely practical aspect. Any party that tries to survive without a bottomless source of funds, year in and year out, will discover how nearly impossible it is to do it. But this is not what that argument, at its best, is about: it is about the nature of electoral support. Any successful party needs to represent a large, single interest in the nation itself: religious Nonconformity, perhaps, or the Trade Unions, or Big Business. A mere conviction, mood or sentiment, however high-minded, is too thoughtful to be widespread, and almost certainly too transitory to hold. It does not amount to a lasting base. The Liberals faded between the two World Wars, because Nonconformity did. Parties based on capital and labour, by contrast, are undying institutions not just because they are funded by those interests, but because they are about something, or rather some *thing*. It is not a matter of making a moral judgment, the arguer for Interest will say, fixing you with a steely eye. Power is power. This is how it has to be. Get in or get out.

GEORGE ORWELL
memorial prize

We are pleased to announce that the Award for 1981, annually given by the George Orwell Memorial Prize, Penguin Books Ltd., has been given to

SAMUEL BRITTAN

for his article published in ENCOUNTER, January 1980

"Hayek, the New Right, & the Crisis of Social Democracy"

Among previous ENCOUNTER articles which were short-listed or were "runners-up" for the Prize – 1976: GEORGE WATSON, **"Was the New Left a Success?"** *(October 1975).* 1977: ERIC ASHBY, **"A Second Look at Doom"** *(March 1976).*
1978: CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, **"Liberty & Terror"** *(October 1977).*
1980: Joint winner – DAVID MARQUAND, **"Inquest on a Movement"** *(July 1979).*

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The first difficulty about this view is that, as a matter of ordinary observation, it is untrue. In modern elective systems in the Western world, it is plainly not the case that mass parties or governing parties are always, or even commonly, based upon a single interest. Look around. In the neighbouring Republic of Ireland, for example, the two chief contending parties have usually been distinguished—personalities apart—by their traditional attitudes to the Treaty of 1921 by which Ireland was partitioned. In Belgium political parties are distinguished, among other things, by language—Flemish or French; in the Netherlands, among other things, by religion; and in Switzerland, among other things, by language and religion. In Canada the ruling Liberals are felt to be different from Progressive Conservatives through their mixture of regional ties and distinctive attitudes to links with Britain and the United States; and in the United States—well, the difference between a Democrat and a Republican is too complex, and too shifting, to be summed up in any one sentence, or perhaps even in a dozen.

No doubt Capital and Labour interests play their part in the politics of all these countries. But anyone who believes that modern politics *must* be composed of an oscillation between the representatives of Capital and those of Labour has some hard questions to answer. Since 1945, the British have largely chosen that it should be; that was their choice, for some 30 years. But it seems plain, on the evidence of our neighbours and allies, that they could have chosen otherwise.

THE SECOND DIFFICULTY about a theory of Interest is its lack of clarity. What is an interest? At Westminster, and even in the country at large, we are often asked to believe that the trade unions are one. It is hard to see why. High wages for workers in one sector can easily mean lower wages in real terms—or none—for those in another. One man's job can mean another man's dole-queue. That the combined efforts of the Trades Union Congress, the Labour Parliamentary Party, and a scattering of proletarianly-minded intellectuals can have persuaded so many for so long that there was such a thing as a trade-union interest is far more surprising than we commonly notice. "The interest of the working-class man" is still a phrase that trips easily off the tongue. But is it an interest? I don't suppose it looks like one behind the walls of the TUC. Such negotiating bodies are practised at striking balances of advantage and disadvantage, and discreetly, behind closed doors. They are far from monolithic, and know it. It looks plainly untrue, then, to suggest that wage-earners have a single and common political interest—as untrue as it would be to say that shareholders do. We are all of us in competition with more interests than one.

THE ONLY ANSWER to all that, so far as I know, is that you share an interest if you think you do. If enough people believe that a phrase like "the interest of the working-class man" means something, then it does, and by that fact alone. It is reflected as a conviction in the ballot-box. "We want representatives in Westminster and elsewhere", said a Labour MP the other day (Mr Dennis Skinner adddressing the Transport and General Workers Union on 23 June), "who will fight for our class—and to hell with the national interest." If millions of people believe something like that, then it is clearly a fact to be reckoned with. All this parallels certain versions of the Marxist theory of class: you belong to a social class, if you think you do. I suspect this is the best defence there is for the Argument of Interest. A sobering thought: because it is not a defence at all.

Let me explain why. Mr Skinner was evidently right to suggest that there is such a notion as a national interest as well as a class interest, even as he dismissed it—"and to hell with the national interest." But I am not convinced that the national interest is any more coherent as an idea than that of class. Consider the European Community. Much of the argument for and against British membership of the Community has been openly conducted in terms of national interest: we have been told by its supporters, like Edward Heath and Roy Jenkins, that it is "in the British interest" to be in the Community; and by its opponents that it is not. A third view is less often heard, if at all: that there is a "European interest", and one that matters more than the national interest of any member-state, even one's own. We might, for example, be in favour of British membership of the Community even though we believed it was not, or not clearly, in the national interest to be a member. I do not know that this is self-evidently a foolish view. In fact it happens to be my own view. National

The Centre Alliance

A Liberal-Social Democrat alliance would form the next government if an immediate general election was held, according to a MORI poll published in the Daily Star *today.*

The poll, the first test of public opinion since the Warrington by-election three weeks ago, indicates that an alliance of Liberals and the Social Democratic Party would poll 43% of votes.

That would give them a clear majority over Labour, with 29% of the poll, and the Conservatives in third place with 25%.

The results were obtained from interviews with 1,859 adults in 156 constituencies between July 23 and 27.

THE TIMES

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interest is no more mandatory than class interest. You can choose to believe in it, or not.

All this underlines the intractable problem of definition that any Argument of Interest must meet. If someone tells me that politics is essentially a matter of competing interests, and that I should consult my own when I vote, I should not be much helped in the matter, in fact infinitely confused. After all, I am a European as well as a Briton, a shareholder as well as a worker. How am I to adjudicate between the several and conflicting interests that I have? It is notable, indeed, that those who argue most hotly for interest as a necessary basis of political systems do not usually behave as if they believed in it for themselves. It is commonly offered as a law for others. The last person who told me that politics was always and necessarily a matter of economic interest was a prosperous socialist peer, and I did not have the heart to ask him why he treated himself as an exception. After all, most of us think of ourselves as exceptions.

I BELIEVE that David Marquand's case for coalition, then, is even better than he knows. In modern British terms, coalition means the abandonment of government by one interest in favour of government by more than one. Two hundred years ago Samuel Johnson called it "that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country." And a coalition of interests is plainly very different from an interest.

But all this is surely an added attraction to the case for coalition. We abandon a meaningless proposition, I suggest, when we abandon the notion of a single interest. Business firms are as naturally rivals as allies; so are trade unions; and there is nothing natural or inevitable, as nations around us demonstrate day by day, in a system that opposes a single alleged economic interest against another. There are industrial nations, after all, where trade unions do not choose to support a single political party—in France, for example, they divide their support among two and more parties. And there are nations like the United States and Switzerland where unions do not even seek to control a single political party, preferring to diffuse influence rather than to concentrate it. (And in such nations, let it be noted, real wages are higher than in Britain.) It would require a considerable effort of insularity to believe that there is anything inevitable about the British system of oscillation between capital and labour. It is clearly nothing of the kind.

Why, then, has an oscillation of supposedly single interests dominated British politics since 1945? I believe that some version of the theory of consciousness must provide the likeliest answer: you become part of a collective interest by believing that you are. In the sturdy tribal loyalties of much of British politics, especially at its stodgiest, something like this obviously prevails: you vote for your class, and you are damned if you don't.

But the theory of consciousness is a two-edged weapon. If you can become part of a collective interest simply by believing that you are a part of it, then (I suggest) you can cease to be a part simply by resolving that you are not. There is no reason why the traffic should be one-way. The prophets of class are fond of talking about "achieving" class-consciousness, as if it were something worth having. They do not often speak of the contrary, though we can see that contrary happening all around us: "detribalisation", or the deliberate abandonment of loyalty to a social class or group.

People can choose to leave trade unions and professional bodies as well as choosing to join them: I happen to have resigned from one myself. We can choose to take a severely nationalistic view of the European Community, for that matter ("What's in it for us?"), or a European view; and I think I know which, in an era of Great Power politics, is the more rational. We can choose to believe that collective groups are acting for us, or choose, on a wider view of human responsibility, to believe that they are not—or that even if they are, it does not much concern us. Tribal loyalties are not mandatory, as they were in the days of witch-doctors, and none of us will suffer starvation or physical pain if we decide to think for ourselves. We are free, from the moment we know that we are, to see that ideas count for more than interests: necessarily so, since the Argument of Interest is itself an idea, and not a very good one.

AND THAT, I BELIEVE, is the true case for coalition: that it could make for colloquies of thinking men, capable of debating policies on their merits. It would not be a matter for shame if our politics were to turn again towards a contest of ideas. Ideas could free us, if we chose, from the thrall of interest. They might enliven a sluggish economy, and embolden us into radical and difficult measures. And they might make of Parliament a place of open debate, a forum for free men.

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A Special Book Section

Philosophy & Psychology

On Facts & Values

How To Deal with Dragons—By MARY MIDGLEY

PEOPLE CAN SCARCELY HELP quarrelling about morality. Its issues are far too complex to be easily settled, and often too pressing to be left open. Out of these ancient and endless conflicts, moral philosophy has arisen. Its business is to help deal with clashes by making them intelligible, by finding deeper ground common to both parties in a given dispute, ground which will allow of rational arbitration. Because the disputes ramify, it is always being driven to make its enterprise deeper and wider, so that in the end people conclude that it is seeking for a single, all-purpose answer, a general "foundation for morals."

This idea, however, cannot really be right, because it puts moral philosophers in competition. In a treasure-hunt with a single prize, all but one must be losers. But the relation between the great moral philosophers, though it does involve real disputes, does not in general seem to be a competition of this kind. It is more a division of labour. Each is working primarily on ideas needed for a certain aspect of life which has been giving particular trouble. When things are tough, people need to be Stoics, and, with more careful thinking, Kantians. When things are not so tough any longer, Stoicism can become an overcoat in the sunshine, and we begin to need Mill, Hume and Epicurus. For biology and for private life, we need Aristotle, but as political animals we ought not to forget Hobbes, Rousseau and Marx. And so on.

Obviously, these different ways of thinking must not be jumbled. They need to be related intelligibly together; we cannot just blunder from one to another as moods and circumstances change. To prevent each person from disintegrating into a squabbling crowd, the aspects of thought should be fitted together as parts of a solid character, a man for all seasons. But the relation between them is never going to be a simple one—no more simple, in fact, than that between the several parts of human life which they serve. Where moral philosophers are big enough to be worth studying at all, the disputes between them must usually be clashes between half-truths, clashes which need further thinking. They won't be matches in which somebody is resoundingly knocked out of the ring.

ALL THIS MAY SEEM rather obvious. Why say it now? Because the escalation of these disputes into ding-dong battles discredits moral philosophy by making it look futile. And because, from about 1930 to 1960, that escalation brought it, in English-speaking countries, into a state of dogmatic sceptical paralysis which tended to detach it entirely from its job of servicing ordinary moral thought.

This detachment, which is now breaking up, was always unreal. In common life, all of us, including philosophers, recognise that questions about such things as the moral implications of Marxist or Freudian doctrines call for thought, not just for feeling, and that some ways of thinking about them are better than others. The problem of finding better ways of thinking about them is a typical case of a real need for moral philosophy. Professional practitioners, however, for some time withdrew themselves entirely from such questions, disqualifying Marx and Freud equally from the status of moralists on the grounds that they were "naturalistic"—that is, they were guilty of deducing conclusions about values from facts. This obscure doctrine would not, I think, have been sustained so long had not the word "fact" been an uncommonly vague one.

People were able to count a great deal of obviously necessary reasoning as "factual", while still maintaining the idea of an inexpressible, irrational leap by which, after all the facts were in, a decision on value would still remain to be made, and might in principle be anything. You and I equally might know all the facts about the Holocaust, but while you oppose it, I might simply happen to find myself in favour of it—or might

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equally simply *decide* to be so—and unless I revealed an internal inconsistency in my views, there would be no way in which thought could help us to understand each other, or to alter our own or each other's opposition.

It is important to notice that this is not just a psychological diagnosis—a repetition of the obvious truth that people often can't or won't consider argument. It is the far more startling suggestion that argument would be quite irrelevant to their position even if they would consider it. These opponents are supposed to be logically, and not just psychologically, isolated from one another. Thought is here deemed entirely impossible.

Sceptical positions such as this have special attractions of their own which have to be noticed in addressing them. First, since Nietzsche and indeed since Descartes, scepticism has strong moral prestige. It tends to be seen as particularly virtuous. The courage which is willing to dispense with certainty impresses us. And so it should. But it is not the only moral consideration in sight. Duty does not always demand that we should deem ourselves as ignorant as possible. Pretending not to know things which in fact one knows perfectly well is not virtuous at all, nor even brave. Moreover, the temptations of Byronic posing can be just as seductive as those of bourgeois complacency, and are just as bad a guide on cognitive matters. Apart from this emotional appeal, scepticism has of course the perfectly good function of correcting over-confidence. The bewildering variety of cultures on view in the modern world, and the speed of change, does make moral dogmatism peculiarly unsuitable. But this is no sort of ground for rejecting reasoning. It is ground for wanting more of it. Where all thought is treated as equally irrelevant, bad thought and no thought will naturally tend to drive out the genuine article.

FOR SOME TIME NOW, moral philosophers have been coming out of this distressing coma, but they need to do it faster. This is why the book which I find most welcome, because most needed, in my current batch is Hugo Meynell's *Freud, Marx and Morals*.[1] It is short and clear, and what Meynell does is in a way very simple. He takes, not just two, but five influential modern moralists—Freud, Jung, Marx, Konrad Lorenz and R. D. Laing—and considers the moral implications of what they say. But instead of trimming and presenting in each case a single monolith of doctrine called Marxism or the like, he carefully distinguishes for each an extreme and a moderate set of detachable positions. Sorting these out clearly, and examining the reasoning, he shows grounds each time for thinking that the moderate conclusions can be justified and that the extreme one cannot.

What is so good about this method is the way it prevents contention. Instead of being led on to choose a leader, we are shown plainly how fallible all prophets are. Instead of being urged to swallow paradoxes as a sign of allegiance, we are shown how to make sense of them. Yet Meynell's intention is entirely positive; we analyse, not in order to find grounds for rejection, but to use.

In displaying the extreme doctrines, however, he does full justice to the legitimate uneasiness which has produced "anti-naturalist" criticism. These doctrines are, as he shows, really objectionable in the ways which philosophers have indicated, but the objection to them needs more careful statement. What goes wrong is not that the prophets reason "from facts to values", but that on their bad days they use the wrong facts, reason carelessly, and exaggerate their claims.

In general, the defect in this bad reasoning is better described as reductivism than as naturalism. Meynell argues that their more moderate doctrines don't share this fault, and also that, properly understood, they are so far reconcilable that we can use insights from all of them. These insights must not be combined as a hotchpotch, but ordered into a wider moral perspective, centering, as he suggests, on the concept of "effective freedom." About the details of this, no doubt we can all raise difficulties. But the method is the thing.

In everyday practice, even among academics, there are three common ways of defending oneself against prophets, ways which present themselves so automatically that they are really hard to avoid. You can either shoot them, let them swallow you whole, or ignore them. Meynell, like an ethologist making friends with dragons, shows instead how to get the good out of them without being taken over and gobbled up.

Such English-speaking moral philosophers as are still in the ignoring business will certainly think this proceeding bad form. Those with more Continental sympathies, on the other hand, will consider it a cop-out, on the ground that paradoxical statements are always more profound than coherent ones, and that prophets ought therefore to be *allowed* to swallow people whole. The rest of us, trying to make sense of life, might be inclined to call a plague on both their houses. Thought exists to be used, not to make effects with or to win controversies. Prophets are needed because life changes, and change calls for new ways of thinking. These ways never affect only facts or only values. A change in moral emphasis—in priority among values—unavoidably demands a new way of sorting out facts, and vice versa.

For instance, it has been said that, before Marx,

[1] *Freud, Marx and Morals*. By HUGO MEYNELL. New Studies in Practical Philosophy. Macmillan Press, £18.00.

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poverty was just a personal misfortune, whereas after him, it was part of the oppression of the working class. If we try to sort out the factual from the value elements in this change, we shall not find that they are logically isolated. Nobody could have made one change without the other. Marx—or somebody like him—was needed to do both.

DO THE DRAGONS, however, tend to dominate the scene too much? Evidently, there is a real problem about using them without being carried away and losing one's independence. This emerges charmingly from an appendix to Francis Jeanson's reprinted book, *Sartre and The Problem of Morality*.[2] The book itself is an admirable, straightforward, introductory study of Sartre's thought, first published in 1947. But Jeanson attaches to it a long, later essay entitled "Somebody called Sartre." Here he fills in the personal background, starting with his first meeting with Sartre in 1947, in the offices of *Les Temps Modernes*:

> "I arrived as always a few minutes late, in the middle of mass, at the very moment of communion. Praise be to God; He was there among the faithful of which at most sixteen or seventeen in file separated me from him. Three minutes later, his word having filled them each in turn, I found myself in front of him, soul afire and mind in turmoil, but fiercely resolved to take exception to any such miracle in my own case. . . ."

Never mind the irony: how was such an approach ever possible? Was not the whole point of Sartre's philosophy at that date that each must stand alone, taking nothing from another? Was not resistance to personal influence and rejection of the joys of worship the central point of existentialism? If not, what was?

Of course Jeanson sees the paradox, and it is the burden of his essay that both he and Sartre grew wiser as time went on. But I am not sure, still, that he has quite grasped the issue. In explaining his dependence, he goes on:

> "Philosopher that I was, I needed a philosophy. All evidence indicated that this one was made for me, and I for it; I learned from it what I had always known but had not known how to say. The idyll was to last nine years. . . ."

This idea of "a philosophy" as a ready-made suit is one which has exasperated original philosophers down the ages, causing them often to be very rude to their followers. "There is", exploded Plato, "no such thing as the philosophy of Plato." Descartes made similar protests. From the inside, as they well knew, nothing monolithic emerges. There are various efforts and enterprises, directions to be aimed at, certainly some firm insights and definite policies, but never anything simple and fully formed. And the whole is held together by its owner's personality; if it is transferred to another, the whole principle of unity must change, and the shape cannot be unaltered.

From the outside, things do of course seem simpler, and it can be quite reasonable for the disciple to adopt—not someone else's ready-made suit, but his conceptual tool-box, which may even last him for nine years, But there surely is something really wrong with Jeanson's method of elimination. He writes as if the choice could only lie among the set of suits available in the shop; as if nobody could buy separates or make their own.

I think there is a national difference here. In France, where (to put it with disgusting crudeness) all the intellectuals either are, or wish they were, in Paris, this approach is much more natural. The selection of ready-mades is in fact much wider, the sense of continuity stronger, the language used for the various options is spoken in the cafés and is generally understood. Confronting, say, the clashes between Marx and Freud, one can always find somebody like Lacan who offers a system designed to reconcile them, and whose terminology is recondite enough to make it look plausible that he has succeeded.

Intellectual Brits have a different problem. Because they are more scattered, with less protection from the doubts of the general community, and because they inherit an empiricist tradition which detests jargon and opposes all elaborate systems, they tend to resist the idea of signing up for anybody. On this side of the channel, there is no such title as "*cher maître*." This, as I have suggested, can make real difficulties about dealing with prophets, because a period of willing acceptance is often the best way to open relations with them. Moreover, it involves a certain amount of self-deception, since Empiricist prophets—Hume, Bentham, G. E. Moore and Ryle, and above all Wittgenstein—are still prophets, and their prophetic status may not be fully recognised. All the same, on the whole, a bit of prophet-proofing does the enquirer no harm.

JEANSON, INDEED, ACQUIRES some of this proofing, as disciples often do, by working his way through the infection, and comes up with some interesting conclusions about the paradox of personal dependence. It is true, he says, that the central theme of Sartre's thought is the need to reject the contingent—to be wholly independent,

[2] *Sartre and The Problem of Morality*. By FRANCIS JEANSON. Translated and with an Introduction by ROBERT V. STONE. University of Indiana Press, $27.50, £16.50.

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accepting no influence from outside—combined with the frightful impossibility of achieving this.

> "We are all in the 'lazaretto', the 'ghetto', we are in quarantine, condemned, destined to this mutual contagion."
>
> "The body, the flesh, the skin, contingency, facticity, all are synonyms for the vulnerability of consciousness due to its being totally *exposed* and *in a situation*."

And he rightly observes that the central case of this loathsome intrusion was for Sartre the German Occupation.

But why should this be taken as a central case for the whole of life? "We shared Sartre's sense that the German Occupation was 'intolerable', and his resaying it made us feel it again, but the same did not hold with regard to the flesh." If this objection is right—which it surely is—we have to resist Sartre's generalisation and consider that, as Jeanson puts it with deliberate crudeness, "Sartre is an obsessed man who palms his obsessions off on us to be rid of them", and who, in his later years, worked his way through those obsessions and became free of them.

No doubt this is true. But the influence of his early views remains, because he expressed a common contemporary fantasy. The idea that intellectual freedom demands total solitude—that honesty requires each thinker to manufacture his opinions in isolation—and that all input, whether from inheritance or culture, contaminates creative individuality, infests us still.

EXTREME DOCTRINES like this produce clashes and paradoxes. These produce scepticism—not just the moderate scepticism which promotes enquiry, but extreme scepticism, which is itself unreal and paradoxical. And there is a constant tendency for extreme doctrines to prevail over moderate ones—partly because they are easier to grasp, but also because of the effect of personal loyalties on controversy. Once a dispute arises, doctrines are worn as badges, and the more distinctive they are, the more useful they seem in battle. Hence the continual polarisation of half-truths.

It is possible, of course, to approve this process as correct, on the grounds that the confusion in the world has now in fact increased to the point of impenetrability. It is also possible, however, to see much of the trouble as flowing from sheer excess of human contentiousness, and to direct attention to avoiding this. That is what Hugo Meynell does, and on the basis that any hope is better than none, it certainly seems worth trying.

But can human contentiousness, you ask, actually be so potent a source of error? Anyone who doubts this should study it in action, for instance as recorded in Ronald Clark's whacking

A short history of modern philosophy

FROM DESCARTES TO WITTGENSTEIN

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RKP

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new life of Freud—*Freud, the Man and the Cause*.[3] How did a thinker so fertile, vigorous, revolutionary, and often undisciplined come to turn himself into a Pope, ruling *ex cathedra* on doctrine and expelling the unorthodox? How did this lively, independent man, with his unquenchable sense of humour, ever come to allow the idea of neurotic resistance in opponents to become a normal tool of controversy? What, in the name of the whole Enlightenment, is to be said about Ernest Jones, respectfully hatching "the idea of a united small body, designed, like the Paladins of Charlemagne, to guard the kingdom and policy of their master"—an idea which Freud accepted and implemented by the foundation of the secret and anonymous custodial "Committee"?

Clark, though he does not discuss the doctrines very fully, is extremely good on the politics of the developing movement—something which is (naturally) more or less incomprehensible in Jones's own life of Freud. What emerges is, again, the enormous gap between what Freud says on his good days and on his bad, and the need to understand the bad pronouncements in terms of the current disputes. When not engaged in dispute, Freud was perfectly capable of seeing the difficulties of his subject-matter, of putting suggestions tentatively in several alternative forms, and of pointing out the vast background of ignorance against which all his proposals must be measured. But when faced with opposition, and above all with revolt in the ranks, he shot into an entirely different gear and dogmatised like an irritated Moses.

In Thomas Szasz's very moderate words, which Clark quotes, "Freud abandoned (about 1910) the kind of leadership we associate with the progress of science and adopted in its stead the kind of leadership typical of big business or imperialistic nationalism." Nor did his followers resist this; the air of Europe whizzed with mutual suspicion and denunciation.

The tragedy of this was that the really important large issues which arose between Freud, Jung and Adler, and also those within Freud's main doctrine itself, never got properly discussed. The comedy of it was deepened by the fact that the ideal to which they were all dedicated was that of self-knowledge. Yet these were remarkably intelligent and cultivated men, developing original ideas of the utmost importance. If the first glimpse of serious disagreement made them behave like a bunch of stage cardinals scenting heresy, can we be sure that we are not doing it ourselves? Our discretion may be greater, but are we any more reasonable? I doubt whether the part played by sheer contentiousness in speculative thinking has ever been fully understood.

[3] *Freud, the Man and the Cause*. By RONALD W. CLARK. Jonathan Cape and Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £9.95.

WHEN MORAL PHILOSOPHY was born in Athens, it had three roots—horror at human wickedness, love of philosophical enquiry, and the passion for litigation. Undoubtedly the third was needed, but it gave trouble from the start. Quite possibly, our emotional nature makes it necessary for us to dramatise a question into a dispute in order to grasp it fully. But once we have done this, it gets hard to remember that both parties should really represent thoughts in our own minds, so that merely swatting one of them like a wasp is no solution. Plato shows Socrates as doing a lot of quite inexcusable wasp-swatting, even when he has denounced it a page or two before.

The temptation is always to take one's opponent's view in its worst form—to confuse him into defending that form—and then to convict him of inconsistency because he doesn't always stick to it. Students are often surprised to be told that, by contrast, the right proceeding is to take views always in their best form, even if that form hasn't yet occurred to the people propounding them, because in that state they may be useful to one. As for inconsistency, some of it is bound to occur in any attempt to say something new and interesting. And the proper response may be to treat it as a mine of alternative suggestions.

I am not sure whether these general remarks about the psychology and ethics of controversy are bromides or not. They seem to me called for to explain the confusions in controversy on moral subjects which I believe have evoked the recent unreal excursions into scepticism. The regular form has been to declare wisely that reasoning has been proved useless on moral questions over which nobody has yet tried to do anything but quarrel.

BUT TO COME BACK TO rather more specific matters. One of the most contentious issues blocking the acceptance of thinkers such as Marx and Freud is that of reductivism. Do their explanations distort important aspects of human life by illicitly "explaining them away"? This sort of question calls for real care. It is a typical case where the difference between extreme, dramatic versions and thoughtful, sober ones can be crucial.

Freud himself was certainly often a trifle wild about it. His eagerness to relate his work closely to that of the physical sciences did sometimes lead him to do so crudely, and to sacrifice psychological plausibility for inadequate rewards. Clark is good on the problems this raised. But the defect can be avoided without spoiling his whole method. Jung, of course, was far clearer and more careful on this matter. And on the other hand this interest of Freud's did enable him to make some real advances—for instance, in divining the existence of hormones before they were discovered. The whole

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question, which leads into that of free-will, cannot be dealt with simply by declaring a war between scientists and lovers of freedom. Two recent books are, I think, very helpful about it.

One is *The Lineaments of Mind in Historical Perspective*,[4] John Cohen's survey of the whole mind-body relation, and thereby of the nature of psychology. This is a most interesting and careful historical account of the various ways in which the unity of a human being has been conceived and philosophically analysed, from the Greeks onward. By making clear the wide spectrum of possibilities, and the alarming problems besetting all of them, Cohen provides the best sort of defence against oversimplification, and against accepting any one model as obvious and final—which is the typical danger of reductivists. His opening section on the sense in which psychology is, or is not, scientific is excellent. The book is learned but clear and profoundly sane; I found it most impressive.

The other, John Thorp's book on free-will, *A Defence against Neurophysiological Determinism*,[5] is directed more particularly to philosophers (though it is clear enough for other people to read it) and is a vigorous, sensible, well-thought-out treatment of the kind of reductivism which most attracts educated people today. Readers who easily get confused by this kind of thing will welcome some useful diagrams, especially a picture of the man who actually could *not* have raised his finger.

In a rather different way, I am partial to *Fighting for Life*. Where Cohen writes as a (literate) scientist, and Thorp as a literate philosopher, Walter J. Ong seems rather more like an actual writer.[6] He is a learned, shrewd, amiable American Jesuit, telling us about the immensely competitive, disputatious, medieval tradition of teaching and learning, about its roots in the use of oratory for politics, about the close links between these methods and masculine aggressive display, and about the profound effect of all this on the way in which we form and hold our opinions. Much of this chimes with what I have been saying about the psychology of contention, and since it is the kind of thing of which we need to become conscious in order to control it, I salute Ong.

Lastly, Lawrence Blum's *Friendship, Altruism and Morality*[7] is a useful book, because it displays well the strong reasons against treating human

[4] *The Lineaments of Mind in Historical Perspective*. By JOHN COHEN. W. H. Freeman and Co, £13.50.

[5] *A Defence against Neurophysiological Determinism*. By JOHN THORP. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £8.95.

[6] *Fighting for Life: Contest, Sexuality and Consciousness*. By WALTER J. ONG. Cornell University Press, $18.70, £9.00.

[7] *Friendship, Altruism and Morality*. By LAWRENCE A. BLUM. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £10.00.

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beings for moral purposes as simply incarnate intellects, and for taking seriously the contributions of our very complex affective life to our moral capacities. This is an area where the "fact-value distinction" has been very oddly used, because the restriction of attention to intellect has been treated as if it were an obvious formal requirement, whereas in fact it could only be justified if human beings were (in fact) creatures very different from what they are. The veto on facts has functioned—as it often does—as an excuse for using without criticism a misleading factual belief. Mr Blum argues his case well, except for using as his opponent a man of straw called "the Kantian"—a person who is certainly not Kant, though he is sometimes John Rawls. The attempt to confine business to the intellect has, of course, been an example of that insistence on finding a single "foundation for morals" which I objected to at the outset. Life is certainly not that simple.

Putting Psychiatry in its Place

Freud, Lacan, & Anti-Psychiatry—By NEIL WARREN

MORE THAN EVER the problem child of the medical profession, psychiatry is yet one of the oldest branches of modern medicine. Doctors' rule over the insane and their asylums was established with statutory endorsement by the middle of the 19th century. The same time saw the beginnings of the psychologisation of concepts and discourse about selfhood, rationality, and responsibility—a cultural move which has come to plague our moral realities.

Roger Smith's important book *Trial by Medicine*[1] is more than a scholarly historical examination of Victorian insanity trials—it is about "responsibility" and its attribution. The courts are a battle-ground between paradigms of human nature and their associated value systems. Smith documents the continuous conflict between the old moral view of common sense, which assumes free will and is refined in legal discourse, and the medical-scientific position from psychology and psychiatry which assumes determinism and has by stealth invaded our common sense. He makes a historical treatise into an instructive reflection on the modern human condition. (He is indebted to, among others, Michel Foucault; but Foucault could learn from Smith how to make a book and present an argument.)

By the 1840s doctors had begun to appear in court as "experts" on mental competence and responsibility, especially in murder trials. They did not command great respect: judges and juries were frequently sceptical of their statements. The murder trial of the "Yorkshire Ripper" in 1981 reminds us that the same conflict between legal-moral and medical-psychiatric discourse obtains today. Confidence in the will and the rational mind has diminished since Victorian times; but there can be no satisfactory middle passage, Smith shows, between the two incommensurable paradigms. Now, of course, much more than then, it is an everyday problem, of understanding ourselves and each other. In the courts psychiatrists may diagnose after a fashion but are helpless to explain human action. Victorian lawyers were condescending and often openly scornful of psychiatrists, more so than now, and juries were bemused. Smith says nothing about the Freudian revolution which separates us from those trials. However if his fine last chapter is right, we are perpetually caught between free will and determinism, praxis and process, morality and science. Sutcliffe was bad *and* mad; but how could he be both? The uneasy compromises in the courts are the public form of the private schism within each of us.

Victorian psychiatrists ("alienists") were optimistic about their science of healing. It is clear that the optimism was ill-founded. It would in any case be too much to expect psychiatry to be very effective—after all, modern physical medicine did not start to be effective until 1930 or so. Even today most branches of medicine are much less effective than most people, including most doctors, would like to believe.

Psychiatry, within medicine, is at best a Cinderella who has not yet been to the ball. It is largely ineffective in curing; its serious interest in prevention is negligible. Doctors become psychiatrists with little relevant training, and find themselves in a quietly desperate profession; their patients do not readily improve and are rarely made whole; how therapeutic measures actually operate is mostly guesswork; their institutions are

[1] *Trial by Medicine: Insanity and Responsibility in Victorian Trials*. By ROGER SMITH. Edinburgh University Press, £15.00.

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starved of funds. Worst of all, some of their most important functions are not medical at all. Without an official moral discourse, they are moral arbiters and agents of social control. I think they know it, too—this is not wholly false consciousness. Their new drugs are substitutes for straitjackets and locked wards, in a milder form for facing up to life's problems. In their institutional domain they rule: a hospital doctor can scarcely avoid threatening and imposing legal commitment and restraint on unwilling persons. Hospital staff function partly as warders: a blind eye may have to be turned, as by any ruler, to crassness and inhumanity. The ethos is one of callousness and despair.

Since Freud invented the prototype, a minority of psychiatrists have escaped the institutional setting and taken up the drudgery of psychotherapy. Their clients (as they may now, significantly, be called) purchase their time and friendship at great expense. In return the psychiatrist suffers tedium by the hour from the self-centred miseries of those who cannot stand themselves or their plights. He also endures their love and animosity while professionally stifling any urge to reciprocate. Can one imagine a more unnatural form of human sociability? The clients are still not readily cured, even after very long periods of time.

Outside the profession, there is little sympathy for the grey realities of psychiatric practice. Curiously, psychiatrists are rarely taken to task, as one might expect, for their incompetence and ineffectiveness and lack of interest in prevention. They are attacked as if they were hugely competent and effective. Glamorous and perhaps exciting to the naive, psychiatry to the more knowledgeable critics is a kind of Cinderella who *has* been to the ball, and come back an ugly sister—a scourge instead of a drudge.

THE MODERN CRITIQUE OF PSYCHIATRY began in the heady 1960s. The pioneer was an American psychoanalyst, Thomas Szasz, who held the very idea of mental *illness* to be a myth. Szasz' fine and instructive scorn for "the medical model" was soon revealed as linked with a radical Toryism. He defends the rights of the mythically ill—even to be treated as criminals, thus disposing of Smith's problem of criminal lunacy. His only serious substitute for medical discourse is moral discourse: he has no middle passage and would leap Smith's gap, backwards in time. Szasz prefers Victorian values, with a Thatcherite ring. Although his sound and fury are hard to escape, he has made no headway either with orthodox psychiatry, which is dumbly medical, or with most of its critics, who are of the humanitarian and/or socialist tendency.

The British critique, inspired by R. D. Laing, came to be dubbed anti-psychiatry. A mistaken

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alliance between Szasz and Laing broke up with mutual hostilities. The political language of anti-psychiatry was vaguely Leftish but mostly a muddle about experience and subjectivity. The young schizophrenic was for a time a quest-hero; parents were blamed for their children. The anti-medical exhortation was for sympathetic understanding of those who had lost their way so that they could complete their wilder voyages and explorations. This was the '60s, remember. The millennium was at hand, and the politics of subjectivity seemed enough.

Orthodox psychiatry was unscathed—the fervour was in the public and not the professional domain. The '60s turned out to have been a marvellously frothy interlude. Anti-psychiatry became a lost cause; Szasz became a crashing bore; Laing gave up. For all the evidence of intellectual consolidation or institutional change, it might never have happened. The women's movement has been infinitely more successful.

FOR THE GRIM 1980s, a social psychologist, David Ingleby, has produced a Penguin, *Critical Psychiatry*.[2] To put back the clock? No, he says, to bring in a hard-headed second wave of international anti-psychiatry which will carry the torch from the earlier movement. He has assembled good contributors all of whom are said to accept that (*1*) mental illness exists, and (*2*) is a political issue.

The first statement has truth in the sense that they feel they have something to write about which is not just a conspiratorial fiction. All however are wary of the medical model that supplies the "illness" term which they are unable to avoid. Peter Conrad explicates the "medicalisation of deviance and social control." Ingleby objects to the "psychiatrisation" of the whole population. Joel Kovel finds the medical standpoint a hopeless charade. A Norwegian psychiatrist, Svein Haugsgjerd, reminds us of Szasz' initial point, that mental illness is a metaphor that has died into a concretism.

The political claim varies in intensity. For Kovel it is splendidly true. Sherry Turkle examines the fiercely political scene in France, where anti-psychiatry took hold after it had fizzled out with the '60s elsewhere. An all too brief report from Trieste shows how Franco Basaglia actually closed down the asylum and sent its staff and patients out into the community, so that "conflicts are thrown back on the wider society" and mental health workers cease to be "an instrument of the ruling class." Alone among these denouncers Basaglia has *done* something; one longs to know more about its outcome. He has abolished the asylum to "unmask the system" based on stereotypes of "mental illness" and the sanction of confinement. It sounds too good to be true; but I have my fingers crossed for Basaglia and the people of Trieste.

David Ingleby puts the political questions: Whose side is the psychiatrist on? What kind of society does he serve, and do we want it? His mammoth first chapter is a well-worked theory-essay, much of it only loosely about psychiatry, more concerned with how human existence and experience are to be construed. Ingleby seeks the middle passage which Roger Smith says is not there. It is positivism and natural-science approaches to which he turns out to be most firmly opposed: he would not object to a non-positivist medicine and psychiatry (whatever that might be). He complains that psychiatry confiscates human problems, glosses them as symptoms for extermination, and grants oblivion. Most psychiatrists, I imagine, would be happy to think that they could do so much. Eventually Ingleby lets on that the whole social and economic system must be changed.

ONE TRACT burns truly gemlike. There is no more pungent or thoroughgoing critic of psychiatry than Joel Kovel, astonishingly billed as a psychoanalyst and professor of psychiatry. He makes Szasz and Laing look like wets. Kovel develops a peculiar neo-Marxist position: late capitalist society rewards the psychiatric profession for the promotion of a special psychological illusion—the psychologisation of human difficulties. The disorders and the remedies are part of the same social process: as Karl Kraus said of psychoanalysis, it is the disease for which it purports to be the cure.

Marvellously, Kovel can pinpoint the key moves towards psychologisation in the US, during 1905–10. Late capitalism is dependent on technology—"dead labour"—and its imperatives of consumption and non-physical work require the cultural control of everyday life and subjectivity itself. The family, the new focus for emotional needs, enters permanent crisis. "Mentality" comes to exist on its own: psychological discourse emerges as a distinct form, both inimical to moral discourse and separate from the social and historical context. When wholesale repression fails to secure mental hygiene, medicine's hermetic institutions take over the clean-up job. Psychiatry's intellectual rot results from its constant defence of the gulf between medical discourse and reality. Even so, the medical model goes on to medicalise and gobble up social problems too. The American perversion of Freud's thought plus newer "humanistic" therapies offers a Woody Allen world of mental health as a parlour-game commodity. The total effect is a deepening of alienation and false consciousness.

[2] *Critical Psychiatry: The Politics of Mental Health.* Edited by DAVID INGLEBY. Penguin, £2.95.

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Is there any way out? (We shall need to be Houdinis to escape from this.) Kovel offers us History, which got us into it and will surely get us out of it. There is the "dialectical opportunity" offered by the late capitalist takeover of mind. Capitalism is running out of excuses, says Kovel: the second wave of anti-psychiatry will need to avoid the quixotic and short-sighted lurches of the first. History-Man Kovel looks to the overthrow of late capitalism, but gives no hint of what comes after. We are not told how the revolution can be made ("history will out"), except somehow by Mark Two anti-psychiatry. Can Ingleby's brave book make that second wave? If not—and the odds are very long—Kovel's is a splendidly eloquent cry from the wilderness. If so, I hope we shall recognise the barricades when we see them.

THERESE SPITZER's *Psychobattery*[3] attracts attention by its recommendation from Linus Pauling and an admiring foreword by Joseph Needham. For once, psychiatric incompetence really is the focus. Spitzer gives several anecdotal accounts of unfortunates whose treatment seems to have been bungled in one or other form of psychotherapy. Her contention is that all mental illness must be seen as organic disease, and drugs must be the effective treatment—here is the medical model in full cry. Oddly, Spitzer is described as a clinical psychologist with experience of counselling. Her husband, a medical prðfessor of chemical pathology, has a hand in the book.

It is journalism really. Rhetorical assertion in medical discourse ("the medically ill need medical treatment") prevails—she should study Roger Smith on this kind of thing. The scanty documentation refers to more journalism and to popular books. Of course there are incompetent therapists about. However, Spitzer's few cases of bungling by psychiatrists of one persuasion do not argue for another persuasion—which will have just as many bunglers. They argue, if anything, for less bungling, though nobody seems interested in that approach. Spitzer's anecdotes rely on the accounts of patients and ex-patients, which makes a welcome change (doctors do not write up their bungling) but is no less biased than doctors' reports. Without a shudder, she also mentions the dreadful side-effects, some lethal, of drugs and other organic treatment and some hazardous drug experiments that are clearly immoral. She freely commits that cardinal sin of science: demanding from others a rigour of proof that her own evidence is far short of.

[3] *Psychobattery: A Chronicle of Psychotherapeutic Abuse*. By THERESE SPITZER, with medical discussion by RALPH SPITZER. Humana Press, Clifton, New Jersey. $11.95.

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November, 300 pp, £13.10.

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Forrest P Chisman
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Joseph Needham and Linus Pauling, great scholars, abuse their eminence. They praise this bad book when there is a real case to be made both against incompetence and for a biological approach to psychiatry. Pauling may simply have noticed that Spitzer several times praises his nutritional psychiatry. But Needham's rambling foreword? He too is in his anecdotage. He mentions his own Dora case, wondering aloud whether drugs might have prevented her tragic suicide, and then another woman friend, cured not by drugs but by "new high responsibilities" and a change in relationships. Can Needham have read his friend's book?

Needham also confesses a soft spot for psychoanalysis, and is in good company elsewhere, for the critics of psychiatry manage to exempt Freud from their strictures. Some of them would bow down before the "true" Freud. Ingleby's book carries an endorsement of Freud in nearly every chapter. The Americans Turkle and Kovel deplore the American domestication of Freud which early removed his cutting edge for critique of the social and moral order. Haugsgjerd and Ingleby see any psychiatry beyond social cosmetics as linked with both psychoanalysis and Marxism. It is Freud, after all, who is to be psychiatry's Prince Charming.

BUT WHICH FREUD? There are quite a number. Serious students of Freud's writings must cope with the fluctuations and contradictions in them: that is why we have sadly various orthodoxies of the scriptural Freud. Louis Breger's *Freud's Unfinished Journey*[4] finds the truest Freud in the later chapters of the late essay on Civilisation. This was Freud's major foray into social criticism, ignored by Ingleby's Freudophile social critics. Breger confronts the master not by winnowing out yet another true Freud but by taking the whole Freudian oeuvre as a great uneven transition. The movement is from a "conventional" to a "critical" perspective, it is incomplete and always Janus-like, and we mortals are left to struggle on with it. Breger goes over Freud's famous case studies, his analysis of the Schreber memoir and *Civilisation and its Discontents*. Thus ambitious, the form of Breger's study is only a light reconnaissance, and for once I wished a book had been longer than these 128 pages.

Breger distinguishes three modes of transition and runs them through the book. *One*, science and rationality versus emotion and subjectivity. *Two*, a move from the old male-centredness to bisexuality and an esteem for feminine-maternal qualities. *Three*, a transition to critique of the conventional mores of repression and renunciation. Breger is rather a sketchy guide to the journey, and his thesis demands a deeper and more coherent treatment. His ethnology, like Freud's but without Freud's excuses, is soppy. I think him at fault in his reading of the essay on Civilisation. Some of his points have been much discussed recently by writers he neglects (Paul Ricoeur, Jürgen Habermas, Marie Jahoda, Juliet Mitchell). His transitional contrasts were long ago discussed by the literary Freudians, especially Thomas Mann and Lionel Trilling,[5] as contrasts between classicism and romanticism, leading to modernity; except that they knew, as Breger perhaps does not, that there is also lurking in Freud a full Hegelian move from thesis via antithesis to synthesis.

OF COURSE, FREUD could have been a genius but his doctrines quite false, though few contributors to the Freud industry take this prospect seriously. Brian Farrell has consolidated his long-standing interest in the logical and scientific status of psychoanalysis into a beautifully measured volume. *The Standing of Psychoanalysis*[6] may be Farrell's life work, in evaluation of Freud's life's work, and in some ways it is the best book under review. Sadly, I believe that for all Farrell's clarity and erudition he will not find much of an audience outside the universities (where, as he accepts, psychoanalysis is not taught in our departments of psychology). People want other things from the Freud industry. The last thing most seem to want is tightly-argued Oxford mandarinese aspiring, as Farrell does, to "ruthless Socratic detachment" in rational and scientific inquiry.

Farrell does quite a hatchet job on psychoanalysis, almost in spite of his sympathies. He finds the validity of its method poor, its clinical evidence weak, the support from controlled studies inconclusive, and the effectiveness of its long and expensive therapy very modest at best. This is no Prince Charming for Cinderella psychiatry. By his final chapter, Farrell seems to have brought himself to the conclusion that Western culture has been the

[4] *Freud's Unfinished Journey: Conventional and Critical Perspectives in Psychanalytic Theory*. By LOUIS BREGER. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £8.50.

[5] As reprinted in *Freud: A Collection of Critical Essays*. Edited by PERRY MEISEL. Spectrum Book, Prentice-Hall, £9.75, paper £4.15. This excellent collection of reprinted essays honours and situates Freud as a literary figure and a theorist of literature. They are arranged chronologically from Leonard Woolf (1914), including Auden (1935), Thomas Mann (1937), Lionel Trilling (1940), and finishing with Jacques Derrida (1978) and Harold Bloom (1978). The essays are elegantly introduced by Meisel.

[6] *The Standing of Psychoanalysis*. By BRIAN FARRELL. Oxford University Press, £7.95, paper £3.95.

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victim of a Freudian delusion. He quotes Auden on Freud:[7]

To us he is no more a person
Now but a whole climate of opinion.

But that *zeitgeist* is insupportable by discovery and knowledge. We have been fooled.

Farrell, however, is not finished yet. His evident appreciation for psychoanalysis turns him finally to a qualified apologia. His last word is that Freud's theories were premature and incomplete, doing both too much and too little, but contain pointers to the truth which he hopes will eventually be incorporated, perhaps after some centuries, into a body of scientific knowledge. He calls for more scientific research. Farrell has thus settled for an interim stock-taking. But he has still not finished. In a final homily he recommends "to the outside public" the good common sense of Jane Austen in preference to a Freudian sensitivity. You can tell that to the troops, the poor in spirit and sick at heart in the late 20th century. Farrell counts Austen a psychologist. It does not occur to him that Freud was the wisest of humans, a great moralist and a literary figure in his own right.

The dialectical shilly-shally of this last chapter is not absent from other parts of the book. Farrell is good on the logic of evidence but limited in handling the actual evidence. He is also curiously dated: his idea of deplorable revisionism is the discarded ego psychology of the 1940s and '50s. (That, I recall, was pushed as the true tendency of Freud's thought at the time.) Farrell mentions Ricoeur and Habermas in passing, only to get them quite wrong. There is no mention of Jacques Lacan.

Ingleby writes of Lacan; but it is Sherry Turkle, among his contributors, who concentrates on the French Freud (*cf.* her *Psychoanalytic Politics*, 1978). As usual, Paris is different. Lacan is celebrated like a film star or as a quest-hero who has been to the infernal regions and brought back the holy Freud. He is championed by Louis Althusser, by the French Communist Party, and by the Women's Liberation Movement. Banned from the others, Lacan has his own School: Paris has four "orthodox" psychoanalytic societies which quarrel spitefully just as within any extremist movement of politics or religion. Lacan's School has no admission requirements and no set programme for analytic training. Lacan rules, OK, but there are no rules. Turkle concludes that Lacan-fever and a fashion for anti-psychiatry among bourgeois

[7] This from Auden's poem "In Memory of Sigmund Freud", written on Freud's death. An earlier essay by Auden on Freud, "Psychology and Art Today", is reprinted in Perry Meisel's *Freud*.

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intellectuals has trivialised radical thought into radical chic and made yet another *trahison des clercs*.

IT IS HARD TO SAY what Lacan's "return" consists in. It is quite unlike anything Freud ever wrote. After reading Stuart Schneiderman's *Returning to Freud*,[8] which summarises Lacan's approach and illustrates it with clinical reports, I am not much the wiser. The whole business reeks of charlatanry; a mean and humourless paranoid tenor pervades. His disciples say they are never sure they have learned anything from Lacan, and that Lacan understands nothing. His famous catchphrase—that the unconscious is structured like a language—leads him to a conception of its transformations (plain old defence mechanisms to Freud) as the tropes of metaphor and metonymy. Of course Trilling, not alone among literary Freudians, beautifully identified psychoanalysis as the science of tropes, including these very tropes, more than 40 years ago.[9] For Lacan, the ego is by nature paranoid—a false, wounded self inextricably confusing the I and the Other. He means every ego. Paranoid psychosis *is* personality, says Lacan.

If Lacan be Prince Charming, then let him have the ugly sisters, all together. He speaks like a peevish Zen master standing in for the Delphic oracle. He invents terms, changes their meanings without warning, moves about at random. The style is supposed to jolt one out of the standard logic of writing and knowing. Certainly it is dreadful to read; Oxford mandarins who have sinned mightily may be sentenced in hell to read Lacan for ever. His words are said to be for trainee analysts only, but he virtually never refers to evidence, even case studies. Schneiderman's clinical contributions from Lacanian analysts take the licence from Lacan to be self-indulgently orphic and disconnected. Some of them seem quite potty. One, Serge Leclaire, seriously concludes: "Oedipus, at the crossroads, plays the part of the Sphinx." He also tells the old story about the famous analyst who was discovered by the five o'clock patient to have died three patients earlier, at two. Leclaire says people tell this joke because they want to kill analysts. Well . . . .

The Fairy Godmother is Jacques-Alain Miller. Miller is Lacan's editor, a central figure in his School and head of the Department of Psychoanalysis (sic) at the University of Paris. He is also an ex-Maoist and Lacan's son-in-law. It is he who says, admiringly, that Lacan understands nothing. He writes for Schneiderman about Lacan's hospital case presentations. The patients seem mostly to be paranoiacs, and Lacan seems always to sum up by saying there is no hope for them, that therapy is vain. The enigma of the patient is deciphered by another enigma from Lacan—Miller says this is the only way if there be no metalanguage. Miller asks, What is a madman? Lacan is said sometimes to answer: "someone perfectly normal." Miller says this is no joke, that Lacan uses "normal" as a synonym of its contrary.

IT OCCURRED TO ME more than once that the Lacanians write in the disconnected way their patients speak, but one patient speaks like Lacan, to the manner born. Schneiderman's great coup is the first publication ever, anywhere, of a case-presentation interview conducted by Lacan (who is eighty). It is remarkable by any standards. We are told nothing about the patient, who emerges as a youngish man of good education. He is said by Lacan to suffer from a "Lacanian psychosis." Precisely because of this, Lacan says he is not optimistic for him and thinks he may commit suicide. The patient seems intelligent and sophisticated, by orthodox diagnosis a clear case of paranoid schizophrenia. He speaks like Lacan, of "imposed speech", the imaginary, the symbolic, and the real. He has tried to read Lacan's *Écrits* and like the rest of us could not follow it. He calls his own poems *écrits*. The interview is supposed to demonstrate Lacan's technique; but the patient makes most of the running, and Lacan's remarks (occasionally rude) have no subtlety. I am reminded that Charcot's patients, at another hospital in Paris, were surreptitiously trained to simulate his types of hysteria for demonstration purposes. They still name hospitals for Charcot in France.

Lacan and his followers delight in a wicked late-Joycean word-play, especially with people's names. The Lacanian patient too has made a monstrous punning play on his own name, and Lacan joins in the fun. Perhaps they will let me play too. At the back of *Critical Psychiatry* Penguin advertise a book by Lacan. In that book, incidentally, Lacan made a punning play on his own name. In the advertisement Penguin spell his name *Lucan*. This is not a Freudian but a very Lacanian slip. Lord Lucan was last known to be heading for the ferry to France in a paranoid condition. And I recently saw a graffito which said LORD LUCAN LIVES. Could it be . . . ?

I think a Lacanian interpretation would be that Penguin want to kill Lacan. But wait—Lucan, the place, is a suburb of Dublin, whence Joyce, whom

[8] *Returning to Freud: Clinical Psychoanalysis in the School of Lacan*. Edited by STUART SCHNEIDERMAN. Yale University Press, $20.00, £14.00.

[9] See Trilling's "Freud and Literature", the central essay in Meisel's *Freud*.

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Lacan admires, went to Paris to write *Finnegans Wake* and to die when Lacan was beginning his career. The Lacanian patient believes in metempsychosis, says a similar thing happened to him with Nietzsche and Artaud. Now are you convinced? Well, whoever he is, charlatan or hero, Lacan lives. Freud presides. And grim old psychiatry rules. OK?

Regions of Philosophy

Positivism & After—By ANTONY FLEW

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT used to say that a good word in architecture is "clean." Those who cherish similar values in another field will like *Reduction, Time and Reality*,[1] a collection of essays in the hard philosophy of the hard sciences. (Its nine papers, published here for the first time, all developed from drafts first presented to meetings of the luxuriously financed Thyssen Philosophy Group).

The Editor, Richard Healey, begins his Introduction: "For much of the past fifty years, logical positivism constituted the dominant tradition in the philosophy of science." One effect of this was that austere scruples about meaningfulness limited "both the claims to truth of theoretical sciences only distantly related to observation, and the claims to existence of unobservable theoretical entities." However, Healey continues, positivism has recently "come under such sustained attack that opposition to it has become almost orthodoxy in the philosophy of science." He and his team all maintain some form of scientific realism: "terms in a mature science typically refer to real objects; and the laws of a theory belonging to a mature science are typically approximately true."

The first paper is the one presenting least difficulty to the lay person. Michael Friedman writes on "Theoretical Explanation", and his question is:

> "Under what circumstances, and to what extent, does the procedure of theoretical explanation or reduction supply us with grounds for believing in the existence or 'reality' of the theoretical structure employed and the truth of our characterization of it?"

Working with a trusty old example, the theoretical explanation of the gas laws, Friedman argues that to explain the Boyle-Charles law for a perfect gas is only one of the achievements effected by introducing the hypothesis that all gases are composed of tiny molecules, subject to the laws of Newtonian mechanics. For this hypothesis at the same time provides a similarly satisfying explanation of Graham's law of diffusion, Dalton's law of partial pressures, and further facts which would otherwise stand apart as inexplicably brute. Much more to the present point, the molecular hypothesis, by thus most satisfactorily explaining all these further facts, simultaneously shows that they constitute additional confirmation both of its own truth and of the reality of the entities which it hypothesises.

The later papers are far less accessible to any wider public; although I do hope that some honours students about to write their essay on "Primary and Secondary Qualities" will be referred to Peter Alexander. Suppose some persons, who can at least half remember what a Logical Positivist was, were trying to tackle P. C. W. Davies on "Time and Reality." Then they would likely sigh for reinforcement from those Old Contemptibles.

Much the same applies with the three following papers, which also treat of time. For precisely what—or, failing that, what vaguely—is the cash value of the claim that "modern physics provides scenarios in which time ceases to exist and, in reverse, comes into existence"; or that "spacetime is not merely a static area in which the activities of matter are embedded, but is itself a dynamical entity that can 'change', 'move', and maybe 'shrivel' out of existence"? Again, the word is that "Gravity waves are literally ripples of spacetime . . ."; that spacetime has acquired, "*via* the theory of relativity, a more concrete (almost tangible) existence. . . ."

No doubt it would be naively over-demanding to ask to be shown one of these literal ripples, or to be given a feel of this almost (yet still not quite) tangible existence. Is it equally unreasonable to request the theoreticians to spell out—very slowly, please—what are the observations and what are the experiments which both warrant and make intelligible conclusions so reminiscent of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*?

Revolutions and Reconstructions in the Philo-

[1] *Reduction, Time and Reality*. Edited by RICHARD HEALEY. Cambridge University Press, £12.50.

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sophy of Science is also a collection of papers.[2] But this time they are all by Mary Hesse; all but one have been published previously; and, though none appears to have been substantially revised or rewritten, the whole book has been furnished with an Introduction, a Bibliography of the author, and an Index.

She too begins her Introduction by referring to a recent revolution in the philosophy of science. But it is not the same revolution. Nor is her own response a similarly robust and confident scientific realism. Indeed she sometimes seems a little intimidated—as if she were not merely publishing from Brighton but also writing on a campus where speakers repugnant to fanatic leftists are liable to be howled down or otherwise harassed. She thus concludes her final paper on "Criteria of Truth in Science and Theology" with an apology:

> "Some of the points I have made may seem to align Christian theology too closely with a libertarian and individualist view of man—an ideology which has been associated with religiously unfashionable laissez-faire capitalism."

For Mary Hesse the recent revolution has been an attack upon "the assumptions of *naive realism*, of a *universal scientific language*, and of the *correspondence theory of truth*." These three assumptions determined a picture of the world in which

> "true propositions are in one-to-one relation to facts, including facts that are not directly observed because they involve hidden entities or properties, or past events or far distant events. These hidden events . . . the hidden explanatory mechanism of the world, can be discovered from what is open to observation. Man as scientist is able to experiment and theorize . . . objectively and dispassionately."

It is fairly clear that Hesse does really want to maintain some form of scientific realism. Yet it is even more clear that she is embarrassed by the assaults of the revolutionaries, and in her own rebuttals gentle and modest to a fault. Take, for example, her article "In Defence of Objectivity." Here "it is admitted, as it must be in the light of the findings of history of ideas and of anthropology, that conceptually very different 'common sense' languages may be viable, and that a given language may radically change. . . ." But there is no call to concede that this "leaves no room for accumulation of objective description of the empirical. . . ." For, to require this, the unavoidable admission would have to have been an admission that what can be said in one of these "very different 'common sense' languages" necessarily must be incompatible with what can be said in another.

Again, the following article, "Theory and Value in the Social Sciences", begins with a summary of assumptions not to be argued here. One is that "even the language presupposed in 'statements of fact' . . . [is] irreducibly theory laden. . . ." This is, presumably, the same proposition as that which the Editor of a recent volume of Radical essays proclaims to have been demonstrated by one of his contributors: ". . . the assumption that there exists a realm of facts independent of theories which establish their meaning is fundamentally unscientific."[3]

This doctrine, I will not refrain from observing, makes a strong and very understandable appeal to those committed to social and other theories considered by many to be demonstrably false. For it seems to carry the implication that no theory ever can be falsified by the plain facts of the matter. Certainly it is not a doctrine to be established—as most of its aficionados think to establish it—by insisting only that all concepts are human creations, or that none are inexorably imposed upon us by imperious Nature.

HESSE IS SURELY AT HER BEST, first, in insisting—despite the alleged impossibility of ever knowing that any scientific theory actually is true—that there is such a thing as the growth of scientific knowledge; and, second, in examining "The Strong Thesis of the Sociology of Science." On the former count the main point is that "there is accumulation of true observation sentences in the pragmatic sense that we have better learned to find our way about in the natural environment, and have a greater degree of predictive control over it." The strong thesis is "the view that true belief and rationality are just as much explananda of the sociology of knowledge as error and non-rationality."

This is, as she truly says, "a notorious black spot for fatal accidents both sociological and philosophical." To stay safe, we must keep firm hold upon the distinction between two fundamentally different kinds of inquiry. On the one hand we have questions about what causes certain familiar organisms to make noises with their mouths or marks with their pens; noises or marks many of which can be, and most usually are, construed as expressions of beliefs. On the other hand we have questions about the evidencing reasons which there may be, and which these peculiar organisms may have, for believing the propositions thus asserted. The strong thesis constitutes no threat to the possibility of "true belief and rationality" just so long—but only just so long—as we remain able to maintain that to

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[2] *Revolutions and Reconstructions in the Philosophy of Science*. By MARY HESSE. Harvester Press, £20.00.

[3] Robin Blackburn (ed.), *Ideology in Social Science* (Fontana, 1972), p. 12.

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find an answer to a question of the first kind does not preclude the possibility of also finding an answer to the corresponding question of the second kind; and that answer, of course, as irreducibly different as its question.

The crucial clue is that an ongoing which appears in one kind of account and under one description may also appear in an account of the other kind, but under another and quite different description. Thus, for instance, my evidence for believing that the philosopher's table is in his room may be that I saw it there; while the causal account of my expressing that belief may—indeed must—also include a story of light reflected off that table and impinging upon my two retinas.

Certainly there is no hope for "The Strong Thesis of the Sociology of Science" unless that ambitious candidate discipline is prepared to make room for such (not particularly social) causes of belief. Certainly too its practitioners need not merely to concede, but constantly to emphasise, that to uncover the causes of someone's believing is not, necessarily and as such, to unmask their belief as either irrational or false. For to fail to take and to make this point, as at least part of the time most even of the best of them do fail, is to expose the entire enterprise to what, with her characteristically tentative reserve, Hesse presents as "the so-called argument from self-refutation." If in truth the sociology of knowledge could not but discredit every belief to which it can be applied, then we might easily dispose of the whole business by aggressively sociologising our sociologists.

ANYONE WANTING TO LEARN what Logical Positivism was may be referred to two recent productions by Oswald Hanfling: one a regular book, *Logical Positivism*, and the other a collection of *Essential Readings in Logical Positivism*.[4] But such a person ought to consider, either as additions or as alternatives, both A. J. Ayer's own first, brilliant, believing manifesto, *Language, Truth and Logic*; and the later, retrospective, collection, *Logical Positivism*, of which he was the editor.[5] On no account should the "new" (1946) Introduction to the former, in which Ayer takes much of it back, be read before the original text, in which he says everything. Of the anthologies the earlier is much longer, and rather more wide-ranging. Hanfling

[4] *Logical Positivism.* By OSWALD HANFLING. Blackwell, £14.00, paper £5.50. *Essential Readings in Logical Positivism.* Edited by OSWALD HANFLING. Blackwell, £5.95.

[5] The second edition of *Language, Truth and Logic* was published by Gollancz in 1946, and has since been Pelicanned (1971). *Logical Positivism* was first published by The Free Press of Glencoe, 1959 (n.e. Greenwood Press, 1978).

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seems to concentrate, albeit not exclusively, on work done by full or corresponding members of the Vienna Circle before the advancing tide of National Socialism forced it to disperse: about two-fifths of his pages are occupied by its acknowledged leader, Moritz Schlick, then Professor of Philosophy in the University of Vienna.

I confess that both Hanfling's books left me dissatisfied. Certainly the presentation is always scrupulous, being absolutely fair and honest: something which, unfortunately, cannot be said of a lot of the course material produced by his colleagues in some other departments of the Open University. What, however, does not come across is any sense of intellectual excitement, any feeling that

> *Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive*
> *But to be young was very heaven!*

The chances are that Hanfling is not old enough ever himself to have had this feeling about Logical Positivism. Perhaps my own immediately post-War Oxford generation was the very last in which anyone hunted hard for a copy of the original (and then the sole) 1936 edition of *Language, Truth and Logic*, or fell with enthusiasm on to early issues of *Erkenntnis* and slim unbound parts of the *International Encyclopaedia of Unified Science*. So let us not repine for what we could scarcely hope to have, or have again. What, less unreasonably, might be demanded is rather more appreciation and understanding of both the insights and the oversights.

For instance, *Logical Positivism* has a short section on Rudolf Carnap's distinction between the Material and the Formal Modes of Speech. Admittedly Carnap's own handling of this is often gauche and productive of intolerable paradoxes. Yet a sympathetic historian of ideas ought to seize the occasion to bring out how vastly salutary it can be to insist on employing inverted commas and similar typographical devices in order to make it inescapably plain when our discourse refers only to the putative meanings of words rather than to any supposed features of the non-linguistic world.

Take one of the most notorious of classical examples. Could Descartes have persuaded himself that the Ontological Argument is sound if he had conducted all relevant discussions in a Formal rather than a Material Mode of Speech? Carnap must require him to ask not whether existence is or is not included in the (mysterious but presumably actual) essence of God; but, instead, whether the (four-letter and French) word "*Dieu*" is for us to be thus or thus defined.

Again: Hanfling has something to say on several occasions about various topics in which "experience" is a key notion. Yet he does little or nothing to bring out the ruinous consequences of a Cartesian commitment to interpret this word in some peculiarly private sense. This commitment, of course, the Logical Positivists shared with almost all their post-Cartesian predecessors; even though, as sensible people, they tended to forget it when not self-consciously on their philosophical best behaviour. In the ordinary, everyday, untechnical sense of the word "experience", the typical objects of experience are public and mind-independent. If any would-be employers advertised for recruits with experience of cows, they would have no time for candidates prepared to claim only that they had either dreamed or had eidetic images of cows; but never that they had seen or smelt or heard or touched, much less herded or milked, real flesh-and-blood cows. In the peculiar philosophical sense of the word "experience", by contrast, claims to have enjoyed or suffered some experience carry no entailments about the public presence of any mind-independent reality.

Once this fundamental distinction is grasped, it becomes obvious that what in one interpretation is a scarcely contested truism may in the other be a grotesque paradox. It is, for instance, one thing to be an empiricist where that involves only a claim that all knowledge of "matters of fact and real existence" must be grounded in (public) experience. But it is quite another when, as so often with the Logical Positivists, that key word has to be construed in its noncommittal and factitious private sense: "*Es gibt*", Schlick used to say, enigmatically, "*nur das Gegebene*"—one is given only the given.

ROY HOLLAND's *Against Empiricism* is a collection of fourteen papers: eight published previously, and six not.[6] The concerns spread wide, as is indicated by the subtitle: "On Education, Epistemology and Value." Indeed the main impression is that Holland does not give himself the space to write enough about anything. Which is a pity, since the appetite is often whetted for more.

The third paper, for instance, after an Introduction showing that *isms* are now again not *wasms* but *isms*, and a suggestive piece on "Epistemology and Education", is a critical notice of the proceedings of a philosophy of education conference arranged by the Royal Institute of Philosophy. One symposium was entitled, inevitably, "Quality and Equality in Education." Holland's interest is in "the kind of assumption that has to be made if the discussion that is being engaged in by the two symposiasts is to be carried on at all." The question is whether an existing set-up, in which a North school is better than a South school, should be left uninterfered with; or whether there should be a reorganisation intended to produce an East school equal to a West school.

[6] Against Empiricism. By ROY HOLLAND. Blackwell, £12.50.

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Holland asks first, "Who has a problem, and what is it?" For, surely, not being equal to some other person or thing is not in itself a ground for seeking any remedial action? If South school is—and is seen to be—bad, then of course South people will have a reason for wanting to make it better. But there is no necessary connection between this most worthy purpose and any aim of making anything nothing more nor less than equal to anything. So Holland goes on to suggest that it is not either the North people or the South people who have the problem of egalitarian educational redistribution: "... somewhere there exist bureaucrats (they are not in the North nor South nor East nor West: they must be up in the sky)." But, he argues, (though not nearly fully enough), educational quality cannot be distributed or redistributed. For, although it is all too easy to do by administrative fiat things which have the effect of reducing standards of achievement, "the quality taken away ... does not go somewhere else ... there is no redistribution of *that*."

No doubt, so far as it goes, this is all very well. Yet we are bound to regret that Holland did not proceed further. The first step forward would be to recognise that—however alien this may be to the rest of us—there are apparently ever-growing numbers of people for whom equality of condition, at least for others, is itself a value, if not the supreme value. Always for such persons the problem precisely is how to promote and to enforce an equality both desired and desirable for its own sake.

Such widespread commitments once acknowledged, we are ready to observe that (and how) this Procrustean ideal serves as the uniting and justifying ideology of the whole New Class of those who stand to gain by its enforcement. Nor does this new class consist only of Holland's skyborne bureaucracy and Robert Nisbet's "clerisy of power." At a less elevated level we have the public-sector labour unions demanding or defending state monopoly provision. For it sounds a bit better to speak of providing a uniform public service equal for all, with no rich bounders queue-crashing by withdrawing themselves from the queue, than it does to confess the squalid interest common to all monopolists—the opportunity to exact from the rest of us more for less, and worse.

IN *MARX AND WITTGENSTEIN* David Rubinstein labours "to synthesize the thought of Marx and Wittgenstein", and to apply the result "to some central issues in the philosophy of the social sciences."[7] Sensibly, the first of these objectives is in the event inhibited by the second: only those bits

[7] *Marx and Wittgenstein*. By DAVID RUBINSTEIN. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £12.50.

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of Marx relevant to questions in the philosophy of social science actually are brought into the synthesis. Equally sensibly, Rubinstein does not attempt "to provide convincing defences" for every doctrine proclaimed by either of his two favoured gurus, "for such defences do not exist." Which is not to say, however, that he is not inclined to swallow everything on which they can be presented as agreeing.

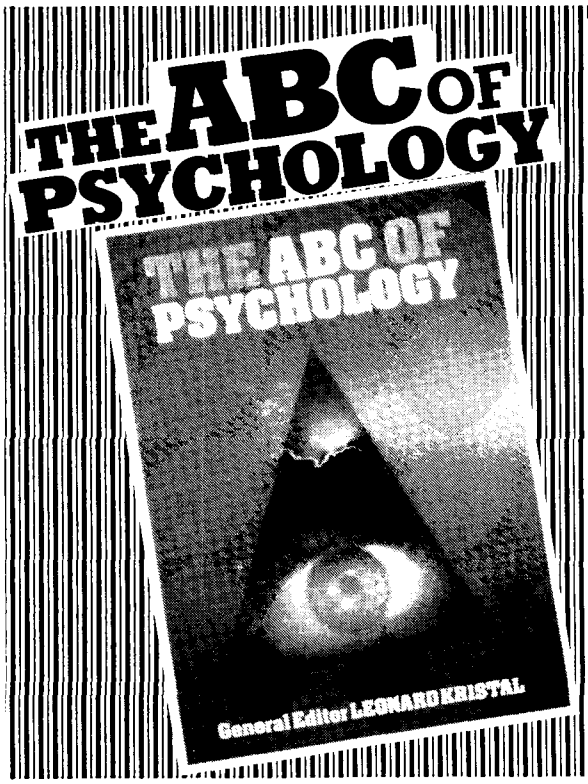
One question needs to be pressed about this entire project. Since Marx stopped writing long before almost every other person discussed in Rubinstein's book was even born, and since questions of the philosophy and methodology of the social sciences were in any case not often at the centre of Marx's attention, did Rubinstein himself attain the insights which he now thinks to find there through reading Marx? Could or would anyone else acquire them by reading the unannotated and uninterpreted original? If the answers to both questions are, as they surely are, negative, then whatever is the pious point of so synthesising Marx with Wittgenstein?

A second objection is of a different kind. Rubinstein constantly operates at too high a level of abstraction, with too little explication and examination of any concrete examples. He is in consequence frequently misled into accepting as either necessary or impossible things which in fact are neither. "Many times", he truly says, "the definition of the situation held by social participants is incorrect. . . ." Nevertheless he is quite wrong to conclude that "in these cases it is impossible to insist . . . that the social scientist must 'understand people from their own frame of reference'."

Take an example from history, the Queen of the Social Sciences. Consider the tank commander who leads his squadron straight into a crushing ambush of anti-tank guns. Such an incident simply cannot be understood without knowing not only what the commander falsely believed that his situation was, and how he came to be so catastrophically misled; but also how things actually did stand, and how he realised too late where he was going.

On these issues and on many others Rubinstein is, I suggest, very wrong. Nevertheless much is to be forgiven to a man who is "in the darkness of these times" willing to introduce into a fashionably *marxisant* book, appearing in the heavily Radical section of a prestigious publisher's list, the following stubborn and frank account of "democracy" under socialism:

> "In Communist countries the population regularly 'vote.' But their voting is quite unlike the voting that takes place in the western democracies: it is an activity that looks like



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voting but is fundamentally different. The difference between mock voting and real voting has nothing to do with the mental states of the voters; it turns on the absence of the appropriate institutional context in the Communist countries, i.e. the absence of a free press, competing parties, etc., and the fact that their voting makes no difference in the political life of the society."

Whatever the objections to Rubinstein's ambitions to synthesise "the thought of Marx and Wittgenstein", there is much to be said for making more such rather unWittgensteinian applications of characteristic ideas from the later Wittgenstein.

Freudians & Others

On Child Development—By MARTIN BAX

NOT EVERYBODY, of course, is interested in "the why" of human behaviour. It's bad enough thinking about *what* they do and *how* they do it. But once that curiosity is aroused, Freud's works are a starting point. The existence of unconscious motivation for human behaviour—the obviousness of Freudian slips—the importance placed on early childhood as a source for much normal and abnormal behaviour in later life—strike one forcibly, so one reads further and learns about the early phases of emotional development: "oral", "oedipal", "genital", and so on.

Beyond this, one encounters Jung and Adler (I remember, when I was still a pre-clinical medical student, deciding that I was an Adlerian, although for the life of me I cannot now remember what that means). But for many educated people that is as far as they want to go: the volume of work published in the field of child psychology and psychiatry in the last twenty years is enormous, but it receives little attention outside small groups of professionals.

When you become professionally involved with children in a clinical setting, you naturally look towards child psychiatry for useful tips on how children develop and what to do about the appalling problems many parents seem to have in bringing them up. Twenty years ago, the field seemed to be dominated by psychoanalytic thought, and I remember finding little help—even in a supposedly practical book, D. W. Winnicott's *The Child and the Outside World*, which I can still see on my bookshelf—with difficulties such as temper tantrums and management problems, or indeed in understanding the way a child's personality develops. Sneaking anxious glances at a copy of Doctor Spock seemed a bit *infra dig.* for a fledgling paediatrician, but it did contain at least a few suggestions about the behaviour which I heard of repeatedly in the Child Health Clinic. Exasperation with the psychiatric literature persists to this day in the form of an uneasy feeling that even if one had read all the supposedly relevant work, it would be difficult to point to any coherent account of the development of human personality, though light sometimes breaks through.

Today, psychology seems to be mainly an American industry (although one should never forget the continuing influence of Piaget), as a glance at Carmichael's *Manual of Child Psychology*[1] would confirm. Its principal interest lies in cognitive development and the way the child reasons and thinks, although problems such as socialisation and psychopathology also receive attention. Psychiatry that has its main interest in the personality and behavioural development of the child could in its turn be described as a British industry, for its three major international figures—Anna Freud, John Bowlby, and Michael Rutter—work in London and publish vast quantities of work. They share at least two other things in common—a tendency to write too much, and to pay too little attention to the problem of communicating their ideas to others.

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS with the early Freudian views of child personality development is whether they can fairly be regarded as scientific at all (which is not to say they're untrue). Whatever biological science is, it must include an element of observation, and it might be said that the Freudian ideas *did* arise from observations—not of children, but of adults, many of whom were seeking help because of some "emotional problem." From such inaccurate gleanings, based on what analysands told analysts about their childhood, and from other sources such as Greek plays came their ideas about

[1] Paul H. Musson, ed., *Carmichael's Manual of Child Psychiatry*, two vols (John Wiley & Sons, 3rd edition, 1970).

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the emotional development of the child. An extensive theory was developed, although little attempt—except for the study of further anecdotal analytical material—has been made to confirm it by more direct observation of children themselves.

To this theory of how the child developed, and hence of how treatment of disturbed adults and children should be carried out, Anna Freud has by and large remained faithful, and much of her theoretical writing has always seemed to me to have a slightly archaic note. Among other features of analytic work which are difficult to equate with the development of a science comes emphasis on the person who has had the idea rather than on the idea itself ("the guru complex"?). The latest volume to display this tendency is *The Technique of Child Analysis: Discussions with Anna Freud*.[2] The text is presented rather strangely, for Anna Freud's comments appear verbatim, disturbing the flow of the otherwise continuous text. Some of her remarks seem quite banal; others are permeated with her great clinical wisdom. Occasionally, dubious implications can be drawn:

> "The problem also arises of how to deal with sessions cancelled by the therapist.
> ANNA FREUD: 'When I have to cancel sessions or when I have to travel, I find it simplest to give the patients the reason for my absence.' "

Do many therapists lie to patients about their reasons for cancelling sessions?

Children are described as missing sessions because of the need to go to "music or riding lessons." Maybe this is so in the purlieus of the Hampstead Clinic, but it was never a reason why patients who came to see me in Southwark sometimes failed to turn up. And talk of "bohemian lifestyle parents" I find very old-fashioned in 1981.

Various classical features of analytical thought emerge. Seven-and-a-half-year-old Michael B. has a ritual of receiving two kisses from his father when parting from him at the clinic. Asked by his therapist what would happen if his father kissed him once or three times instead of twice, Michael replies: "My penis would fall off. My biggest worry is that my penis bottom will break." On hearing such an extraordinary explanation for the ritualistic behaviour which is so common in young children, my conclusion would be that the child had been having psychoanalytic therapy for a year or so—as indeed Michael had.

There is very little evidence in the book that the authors have looked at other recent material on Child Development; the notion that the Oedipal period is a concept open to question is not one that the young trainee analyst will find here. (The relative isolation of the analytic school is also evident in the rather surprising republication of Willi Hoffer's papers on *Early Development and Education of the Child*;[3] his piece on "Mouth, Hand, Ego-integration" does draw on Gesell's work, but seems dated in comparison with other studies.)

Many of Anna Freud's comments, when they are strictly related to the clinical material, are commonsensical and wise. Her great contribution to the field is surely *Infants Without Families* (1974), based on the very careful clinical observations made in children's rest centres during the War: the monthly reports have a freshness quite lacking in her theoretical writings. The case for and against residential nurseries and the dangerous effects of separating a child from his family are clearly recognised and soundly based on systematic observation.

This very practical ability Anna Freud showed again in *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child*, originally published in 1973 and now re-issued. Written in collaboration with Joseph Goldstein (a lawyer) and Albert Solnit (from the Child Study Centre at Yale), it reviewed the problems of adoption and fostering with great clarity and has been a valuable work in the field ever since. Their latest study, *Before the Best Interests of the Child*,[4] looks at some of the problems of children who may have to be taken away from their parents, and at the difficulties society experiences in making this sort of decision. Almost half of this book is taken up by index, notes, and appendices—one of them a huge extract from the Maria Colwell report which is readily available from Her Majesty's Stationery Office. Nevertheless, the guidelines suggested for intervention with children who may be damaged by their parents are immensely practical and will be helpful to those who are faced with such tragic situations.

JOHN BOWLBY has just brought out *Loss: Sadness and Depression*, the third volume of his immense work on *Attachment and Loss*.[5] This is not a light read, either, with something over 1,200 pages to plough through.

In his first volume, *Attachment*, Bowlby confronted the observation issue:

[2] *The Technique of Child Psychoanalysis: Discussions with Anna Freud.* By JOSEPH SANDLER, HANSI KENNEDY, and ROBERT L. TYSON. Hogarth Press, £12.50.

[3] *W. Hoffer's Early Development and Education of the Child.* Edited by MARJORIE BRIERLEY. Foreword by ANNA FREUD. Hogarth Press, £12.00.

[4] *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child. Before the Best Interests of the Child.* By ANNA FREUD, JOSEPH GOLDSTEIN, and ALBERT J. SOLNIT. Burnett Books, in association with André Deutsch, £7.50, paper £4.25; £7.95, paper £4.95.

[5] *Attachment and Loss: Vol. 1, Attachment; Vol. 2, Separation: Anxiety and Anger; Vol. 3, Loss: Sadness and Depression.* By JOHN BOWLBY. Hogarth Press, £10.00, £12.00, £12.00.

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> "... although in his search for explanation he was in each case led to events of early childhood, [Freud] himself only rarely drew for his basic data on direct observation of children."

Bowlby noted that analysts had regarded direct observation of behaviour as of "peripheral concern" because the information provided could only be superficial in contrast to the direct access to psychical functioning that was believed to obtain during psychoanalytic treatment. Rightly, he was critical of this view, and went to somewhat amusing lengths to show that Freud would have agreed with him, would have recognised the limitations of the retrospective method, and would have believed that by combining it with observational studies progress could be made.

Bowlby felt it necessary to carry his analytic colleagues with him, and the bridge he has formed between the analytic school and other more pragmatic investigators has been one of his greatest contributions. His other major methodological achievement was to recognise in the early 1950s that the work of the ethologists (which was receiving such prominence at the time, due to the success of Konrad Lorenz's work) had important implications for a student of human behaviour, although this type of observation had in fact been made very much earlier, and it seems right to regard Darwin, if anyone, as the father of human ethology, with his biographical sketch of the infant published in *Mind* in July 1877.

Sadness and Depression demonstrates both the strengths and the weaknesses of Bowlby's work. It is a rather rambling volume, as he recognises in his epilogue, and he tends to theorise rather than let facts speak for themselves. Discussing Mr M., who "at the age of 68 became depressed and self-reproachful after the death of his wife", Bowlby writes, "On the basis of the theory, I infer he was operating with a pair of models." I couldn't recall by that stage what theory was referred to or which models, and indeed it sounds rather as if Mr M. was consoling himself with two call-girls. (Model is one of the most over-worked words in psychological/psychiatric literature, and I suggest it should in future be limited to describing small copies of trains.) But though some of his abstract phraseology doesn't make for easy comprehension, when he discusses the work which has been done, and synthesises it, he can be compelling reading: his discussion of the different forms of memory and his short but clear account of mourning are excellent.

Perhaps this later volume lacks the interest of the more positive aspects of Volume 1, which described Attachment (research about loss in childhood is less substantial than research on loss in the adult

European Monographs in Social Psychology No. 27. Series editor: *H Tajfel.*

HOW VOTERS DECIDE

A longitudinal study of political attitudes and voting extending over fifteen years

Hilde T. Himmelweit, Patrick Humphreys, Marianne Jaeger and Michael Katz

Estimated publication: *December 1981, c. 250 pp.*
Hardback: *0.12.348952.0*
Paperback: *0.12.348950.4*

This book examines how voters decide whether and for which party to vote by following the same group of men from the time they cast their first vote in Britain in 1959, aged 21, until their sixth vote in October 1974 when they had reached their middle thirties. A great deal of information about the individual's background, education, political socialization through home, social status and social mobility were obtained together with information about their goals and values and a wide range of social and political attitudes. Volatility of voting proved the norm and not the exception.

European Monographs in Social Psychology No. 26. Series editor: *H Tajfel.*

SOCIAL COGNITION

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edited by P. Forgas

September/October 1981, xiv + 282pp.
Hardback: *£15.00 (UK only), $36.00, 0.12.263560.4.*
Paperback: *£6.80 (UK only), $16.50, 0.12.263562.0.*

Psychology has undergone a cognitive revolution in recent years, with a corresponding shift from the study of behaviour to the study of internal representations and information processing strategies. Social cognition in particular is a term commonly used to describe experimental studies of individual information processing about social stimuli. As distinct from existing literature this volume seeks to present a radically expanded view of social cognition as not merely an individual activity, but a collective culturally determined process. In that sense social cognition entails the study of the origins and content of the everyday knowledge that underlies social life.

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world), but one can't help being impressed by the increasing amount of data which suggest that loss either by death or by desertion has a profound effect on children's personality development, and that this kind of loss is common in our society. One of Bowlby's key works in the past was his monograph on *Maternal Care and Mental Health* (1952, for the World Health Organisation in Geneva). He is generally believed to have overstated his case, but the positive effects of his work in seeing that children wherever possible are not separated from their parents are such that practically every mother now knows she should resist a doctor who tries to take her child into hospital without her.

ONE CRITIC of Bowlby's maternal deprivation studies is Michael Rutter. He is younger than Bowlby and Anna Freud, but since he began publishing in the 1960s the volume and range of his work have been astonishing. The Maudsley, a bastion south of the Thames which sometimes seems to be a castle opposing the northern bastion of the Tavistock Clinic, has been the home for many distinguished psychiatrists and psychologists but can rarely have housed someone with so much energy.

Rutter's publications over the last year or so range from reviewing the environmental effects of lead pollution to a study (*15,000 Hours*, 1979) of secondary schools. With colleagues such as the late Professor Jack Tizard, he applied epidemiological work to the study of the developing child when the computer began to aid us in handling large amounts of data. His most important epidemiological studies were conducted on the Isle of Wight and reported in two major publications: *A Neuropsychiatric Study in Childhood* (1970) and *Education, Health and Behaviour*,[6] which has just been re-issued. A clinical relationship between brain damage and behaviour disturbance was established by this work; and, most importantly, he showed in general that the effects of brain damage make a child vastly more vulnerable to stresses that can lead to disturbance in any child. The studies also began to make some sense of the relationship between educational attainment and behaviour, and stand as a bulwark against more superficial writings on topics like dyslexia.

A new edition of Rutter's *Maternal Deprivation Reassessed*,[7] with 70 pages of fresh material, brings his views in this field up to date. The most interesting of the new chapters is probably the last, "Resilience in the Presence of Deprivation", where he looks at five main variables which he sees as important influences on parenting behaviour. Some fascinating work has been done on events in the period immediately after birth; it has been found, for instance—chiefly by the American researchers Klaus and Kennell—that early skin-to-skin contact between the mother and baby can have long-term effects on the child's development. Inevitably, as Rutter points out, the theory has been overemphasised: good attachments can and do form even when children are adopted much later. But this kind of research is interesting since it draws attention to innate biological mechanisms which are available to help parents form links with their child.

Rutter had already co-edited one clinical work, *Child Psychiatry: Modern Approaches* (1977), and last year saw the publication of a more general volume: *Scientific Foundations of Developmental Psychiatry*.[8] It is "multi-authored", but Rutter contributes four important chapters, including one on "Attachment and Social Behaviour", and demon-

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[6] *Education, Health and Behaviour*. By MICHAEL RUTTER, JACK TIZARD, KINGSLEY WHITMORE. Robert E. Krieber Publishing Co., New York, no price given.

[7] *Maternal Deprivation Reassessed*. By MICHAEL RUTTER. Penguin, £1.95.

[8] *Scientific Foundations of Developmental Psychiatry*. Edited by MICHAEL RUTTER. Heinemann Medical, £30.00. (I must acknowledge a personal interest in this work, since I suggested it to the publishers and contributed a small chapter.)

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strates his usual almost machine-gun-like ability to put down the opposition.

> "The Oedipus complex has proved difficult to examine. Again the evidence is contradictory and unsatisfactory but it seems probable that many children do go through a phase when there is some antipathy to the same-sexed parent.... However, the Oedipus complex does not appear to be universal and the significance of its resolution for later development is uncertain. The psychoanalytical view of adolescence as a revival of oedipal complexes remains largely untested."

From other writers in the volume the most substantial contribution is Robert Hinde's review of "Family Influences." His work with animals was important for Bowlby; recently his unit has expanded to include studies of the human as well as the non-human primate. Judy Dunn, one of Hinde's colleagues, reviews "Feeding and Sleeping Behaviour of the Young Child" in this volume, while Hinde's chapter ranges over all the ways in which the structure of the family impinges on a child's development, and extends to a consideration of the family within its political and cross-cultural environment. In adolescence, he reports:

> "American children could be induced to misbehave more readily if they believed their behaviour to be monitored by peers and less readily if they believed it to be monitored by parents. Soviet children were less ready to misbehave under both conditions."

The book is comprehensive, including material (by an anatomist) on the maturation of the central nervous system, and on genetics and mental development. Such specialised material puts part of the book beyond the general reader, but most of it, though a hard read, is comprehensible.

WHY IS IT—as with Bowlby and Anna Freud—such a labour for readers to approach this kind of material? Faced with the immensity of their task, development scientists often descend to generalities which are virtually meaningless, or so obvious as to be tedious. For any reader the amount of redundancy in the material is very great—although what is immediately clear to you is not necessarily so to me, and vice versa. There is also a tendency to support the most obvious statement with a mass of references, frequently to the writer's own work, and with all this goes a lack of coherence in the writing.

Developmental scientists need to find some means by which their work can create for students and readers a picture of what people are like. Almost any novelist can achieve this, but even *Dombey and Son*—the best account of the effects of the loss of a parent and deprivation of affectional bonds—merits not a single reference in any of the books I've discussed. Might Dickens, educated in the meritocratic society of today, end up as a child psychiatrist? Somehow, despite all our development towards a scientific method, I think he would still prefer to practise the craft of the novelist.

Boats for Hire

Drifting through fallen
floating leaves, trailing its oars

like two broken wings, our rowing boat
nudged the muddy bank, startling a swan and his mate.

We watched them rise,
followed their climb away from us,

and wished for them
a quiet lake, where only

their own reflections glide
between them on the water.

And you cannot pay
to row across it.

Tony Flynn

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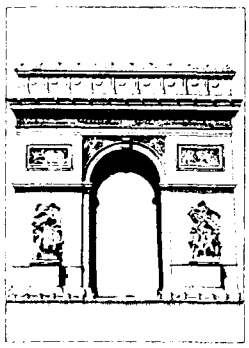
POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Paris

Mitterrand's France

By François Fejtö



THE VICTORY of François Mitterrand in the French presidential elections was really no surprise. The candidate of the Left had only narrowly failed to defeat Valéry Giscard d'Estaing at the previous election in 1974, when he lost by a few hundred thousand votes.[1] The true surprise (and a big one, at that) not only for the rest of the world but for France itself, was the Socialist Party's sweeping victory in the June elections to the legislature. No one had anticipated that the Socialists might take such a telling lead over the Communists, let alone that they were capable of gaining an overall majority on their own party vote alone.[2]

In the pamphlet that Mitterrand published on the eve of the elections under the title *Ici et maintenant* (comprising a series of conversations conducted during the summer of 1980 with the journalist Guy Claisse, in which he made the assumption of victory), he justified his alliance with the Communists on the basis that no political party had ever won an absolute majority in France, either under the Third, the Fourth, or the Fifth Republic. "*Nous en sommes, nous-mêmes, fort loin*", he observed, "We ourselves are nowhere near that point. . . ." In a democracy, he went on, it takes a majority to govern, and that majority is only obtainable by means of alliance. The only exceptions in democratic Europe were Kreisky's Austria and more recently Great Britain following the accession of Mrs Thatcher. That was why in 1977–78, after the Communists broke up the *Union de la Gauche*, he had turned a deaf ear to the voices advocating the adoption of an "autonomous line." Albert Gazier (ex-Minister, and veteran of the *Section Française de l'Internationale Socialiste*, the old SFIO, now aligned with Mitterrand) explained to me then that the Socialists had only two choices: to govern with the Communists, or to govern with the Right. Centre-Left experiments and Third-Force "adultery" with the Right had brought them no luck.

So the idea of an absolute majority seemed to be a mirage. Yet now it is a reality. Why? What factors have driven into the Socialist camp nearly two million new voters, some from the Far Left, but others from the Centre and even the Right? The first explanation that comes to mind has to do with economics. On 20 July François Mitterrand told President Reagan in Ottawa, "If a very large majority of the French people pronounced in my favour, it was mainly because in France the threshold of tolerance for unemployment had been practically breached. . . ." In the final months of the Giscard/Barre reign it had come dangerously close to the figure of two million.

That was too much for France, and it provided the opposition with a clinching propaganda argument against the liberal *ancien régime* which had legitimised its own claim to power first and foremost on its economic efficiency—its ability to control the fluctuations of the economy and save France from "*la maladie anglaise.*" It was not enough to show that (as history will perhaps acknowledge) "the seven-year term now ending grasped the rational necessities of the declining century" (Annie Kriegel, in *Le Figaro*, 21 July 1981)—and that, all in all, compared with the record of other European nations, Giscard's was an honourable one. More than half-a-million young unemployed, many of them "intellectuals", were a blot on that record which could be exploited all the more readily because the counter-unemployment plan (presented by Mitterrand in Lorraine on 10 September 1978) promised a rapid and quasi-miraculous solution of this painful problem, which was to be eliminated without any fear of inducing higher inflation or worsening the balance of payments.

Clearly, unemployment was one of the crucially influential factors in the Presidential and Legislative

FRANÇOIS FEJTÖ *is the Paris correspondent of many leading European publications, among them "Il Giornale Nuovo" of Milan. His books in English translation include "The French Communist Party" (M.I.T. Press, 1967) and "History of the People's Democracies" (Penguin edition, 1974). He has recently published a study of European Socialist movements.*

[1] Giscard d'Estaing, 13,396,203 votes (50.81%), compared with Mitterrand's 12,971,604 (49.19%).

[2] The Socialist Party received 9,376,000 votes, as against 7,018,915 in 1978; the CP 4,003,025, as against 5,791,725 in 1978.

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elections, if only because it brought the Socialist Party the majority of the votes of the younger electorate of eighteen upwards. But I do not think that it was the decisive factor. Most of all, Mitterrand owes his triumph to what has been called "*la trahison de Jacques Chirac*" and to the spectacular and unexpected decline of the Communist Party.

THE CHIRAC BETRAYAL: for over a year Giscard's former Prime Minister, leader of the Gaullist (*RPR*) Party, gave vent to the full force of his grudge against the former chief whom he had helped to install in power in 1974. Chirac never let slip any means of discrediting the character and policies of the President. His attacks on the economic and foreign policy of Giscard frequently overshadowed those of the opposition in their bitterness, when political common sense would have required reinforcing the unity of the then majority. Many of Chirac's supporters stated that, in the event of their candidate's elimination in the first Presidential round, their votes would go to Mitterrand in the second (which is just what happened). Some of them argued for a "worst-case" strategy of hastening the conquest of power by the Left so that in response to the economic crisis which was bound to result in a few months' time, Chirac could stride back on to the stage as the last resort, a second de Gaulle. In fact, many Gaullists had not forgiven Giscard for having wanted to shut them out of political life in order to make way for a Centre-Left majority (a project which Mitterrand may yet realise). They succeeded in smashing the majority and made a considerable contribution to the Socialist victory.

The Communists made their own contribution with their nonsensical strategy after 1977, which rebounded against them. According to Mitterrand, the origins of this strategy (which was aimed at hamstringing the Socialist Party) go back to the autumn of 1974. Barely two years after the signature of the *Programme Commun*, Mitterrand says, the Communists realised that contrary to their original expectations it was the Socialists who were getting the most out of the alliance; [3] and they were to become more and more disturbed about losing the leadership of the Left.

As Mitterrand describes the position in his little book *L'Abeille et l'architecte*, they had envisaged an "Italian-style" development, with the (strong) Communist Party taking 40% of the vote, and the (weak) Socialists picking up 10%. Now the by-elections in late September 1974 saw a great Socialist success and Communist stagnation, proving that a new balance of power was growing up on the Left. The CP could not stomach this, and in 1977 it set about looking for pretexts for breaking up *l'Union de la Gauche*. With no valid grounds, Marchais accused Mitterrand of betraying the Common Programme. The CP performed a U-turn. It replaced its "Euro-Communist" mask of 1975–76 with an aggressively pro-Soviet profile, and went back from reformism to revolution. "From that point the common victory counted less with the CP than checking the Socialists", said Mitterrand, emphasising "Communist propaganda aiming to destroy the Socialist Party." With the approach of the legislative elections of 1978 the whole Communist machine was set moving to produce that check.

One could only be amazed by the stoic *sangfroid* shown by Mitterrand in face of the storm kicked up by the CP in order to shake and discourage his own party. In response to a hail of vituperation, Mitterrand displayed the unflappability of "*la force tranquille*" and stressed his good relations with Comrades Berlinguer and Carrillo. His gamble (which nearly all observers called in question) was that the CP's new strategy would only damage the CP—and his intuition proved correct. A sizeable fraction of the Communist electorate, for whom the alliance of 1972 had revived fond memories of the Popular Front, considered the offensive tone of the accusations being hurled at the Socialists quite irrational, and the new unconditional backing for the USSR utterly absurd. Many were appalled by Georges Marchais' antics on TV; French workers are used to more dignified behaviour from their leaders. The result was that in the first round of the Presidential elections on 26 April Marchais received only 15% of the vote. Never since the end of the War had the Party's influence fallen so low.

MITTERRAND WON his gamble. By the same token, the barrier to a Left-wing victory which fear of Communism had traditionally raised was now removed. With only 15% of the vote, the Communists were no longer worth fearing. They were reduced to a back-up role, and would not even frighten anybody from a position inside the government, where François Mitterrand magnanimously summoned them without having any pressing need to do so.

SO MUCH FOR the immediate circumstances of victory. We are left to account for the underlying cause, the irresistible rise of the Socialist Party

[3] In 1972, at the moment of the signing of the Common Programme, the Socialist Party reconstituted at Epinay represented about 10% of public opinion and the CP 23–24%. In 1978 the Socialists represented 23–25% and the CP 20%.

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after 1969 when, with the paltry 5.07% gained in the Presidential elections by the Socialist candidate Gaston Defferre, the party of Jaurès and Léon Blum, a party which had been in permanent decline since the end of the War, touched rock-bottom.[4]

After a defeat made all the more humiliating because Defferre had been backed by the prestigious Mendès-France, even the authoritarian leader of the SFIO, Guy Mollet, saw the necessity for sweeping the "old house" clean, and replacing its officials, its parliamentary personnel and its membership by an infusion of new blood. The work of rejuvenation was first entrusted to Alain Savary (a survivor of the Resistance and a former Socialist Minister under de Gaulle's post-War coalition government, who had left the Party as a protest against its involvement in French colonialist policy). In 1971, at the Epinay Congress, François Mitterrand, the leader of an insignificant grouping of the socialist Left, the *Convention des Institutions Républicaines*, succeeded with the help of a few "old-timers" (Pierre Mauroy, Gaston Defferre, Albert Gazier and a few other historic leaders of the SFIO), together with the left wing of the new socialist party, Jacques Chévénement's CERES, in ousting Savary (who is now Minister of Education) and taking over the party machine. In fact Mitterrand, who had made his début first as a young Vichy official and then in the Resistance, and then under the Fourth Republic as a champion of anti-Gaullism, looked qualified to lead the resurgence of the Socialist Party thanks to his very creditable performance in the Presidential elections of 1965, when he had offered himself with the backing of Guy Mollet on one side and the Communists on the other as the sole candidate of the Left against General de Gaulle.[5]

After the General's departure, Mitterrand made the following analysis of the political situation. If the Left is to gain the day, it is essential for the Socialist Party to become the majority left-wing party; as long as the CP holds that position, the way ahead will remain blocked. It was a bold line to take. As late as 1973, when someone mentioned the name of Mitterrand to Pompidou, he was able to ask: "*Le p.s.? Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" Yet we have seen that by 1974 no one could fail to know what the Socialist Party was, because Mitterrand was breathing down Giscard d'Estaing's neck. This set up an "*élan unitaire*" on the Left. The "*peuple de la Gauche*" took new hope and seemed to have the wind behind them. Between 1974 and 1977 the Socialist Party, despite its inevitable factional squabbles and the vague nature of its direction, made a great leap forward, in terms both of membership and of organisation and activism.

In the legislative elections of 1978, lost solely because of the confusing impact on public opinion of the CP's *volte-face*, the Socialist Party won the highest percentage of votes that a socialist party had ever won in France—and this at a moment when elsewhere, from Sweden to Great Britain, observers were pointing to a Rightward swing in Europe. Were the French socialists on the way to retrieving the ground they had lost in 1945, and then after 1958, owing to the unpredictable phenomenon of de Gaulle?

WHAT HAPPENED WAS that aside from the effects of the post-1973 crisis, which in France affected mainly the Right, the Socialist Party benefited, on the one hand, from the various discontents triggered in a number of traditionalist areas (small shopkeepers, artisans, the fishing and wine industries) by the rapid modernisation carried out under Pompidou and then Giscard by means of industrial amalgamations, uncontrolled urbanisation, the construction of atomic power stations, etc.; and, on the other hand, from the legacy of May 1968 spreading from the universities with their increased numbers.

The legacy of May was above all an obscure but powerful longing for change. In every walk of life, but especially among intellectuals, we have lost count in the last ten years of the number of times one heard the exclamation: "*Cela ne peut plus durer comme cela! Il faut que cela change!* (Things can't go on like this! They've got to change!)." What couldn't go on? The consumer society? the inequalities (which were actually tending to diminish)? the class structure? There was also plenty of evidence that France had already made great changes, that it had reached an unprecedentedly high standard of living, that the purchasing power of wage-earners had not been reduced in spite of economic crisis, and that the nation's industry had won new markets. But things had got to change.

WHAT THINGS? The answer was a broad and sweeping gesture—well, everything. *Le pouvoir*, with its centralising logic. The same old Establishment faces. The "direction" of all of economic and social life. Pompidou may have been right, when, talking about the modernising reformism of his Prime Minister, Chaban Delmas (who had issued the slogan of "*la nouvelle société*"), he told Alain Peyrefitte: "Watch out, because France is basically conservative. . . ." It is not out of the question that such tumultuous longings for change may have tended to camouflage an impulse towards an

[4] The Communist candidate against Pompidou, Jacques Duclos, received 21.52%.

[5] To widespread surprise, Mitterrand succeeded in taking the General to a second ballot. In the second round he received 45.5% of the votes cast, as against 54.59 for the General.

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"exit from the 20th century", the rejection of "Americanisation."

THE FACT REMAINS that the reorganisation of the Socialist Party coincided with an extraordinary spread of what Edgar Morin calls the "Marxist Vulgate" as a portmanteau explanation of just about everything.

As François Bourricauld points out in *Le bricolage idéologique* (1980), this put an end to the ideological thaw of the 1950s. The first inheritors of the explosion of 1968, the Maoist, Trotskyist and spontaneist groups, came apart fairly quickly. It was the Socialist Party that garnered the revolutionary aspirants, most of them slightly the wiser for experience. Having laid waste the university arts faculties, the tide of Marxian (and Rousseauian), anti-modernist, statist radicalism invaded secondary education. It is surely no accident that most of the 240-odd Socialist Deputies are *professeurs de lycée*, secondary-school teachers. The CP, compromised by its long attachment to "*le socialisme des blindés*" (of armoured divisions: the Germans call it *Panzersozialismus*) and discredited by the revelations of Solzhenitsyn, has lost its charms for the educated. The role it had earmarked for itself has been taken over by the Socialist Party, which has also become much more attractive to seminarists and parish priests. Jesuits who once saw the Communist Party as the only party of the working class began to take a special interest in the Socialist Party, which now appeared a more welcoming haven than the dogmatic CP to ecclesiastics anxious to collaborate for the terrestrial welfare of their flocks. As long ago as 1974 Michel Rocard brought into the party a not inconsiderable number of Christian trade unionists.[6]

SO, AT A MOMENT when the Right was coming apart and slowly losing confidence in its traditional values, the non-communist Left, assembled around the Socialist Party, with its magical message of *changement*, acquired a position of hegemony in French society, in publishing, the schools, the theatre, and the media. The flare of interest roused by the "*nouveaux philosophes*", the *Comité des Intellectuals pour l'Europe des Libertés*, and finally by the "*Nouvelle Droite*" was short-lived. (In any case the latter deserved no better.)

[6] Among them was Edmond Lemaire, the gifted and imaginative leader of the *Confédération Française et Democratique du Travail* (*CFDT*), thus enabling the Socialist Party to extend its influence beyond the *Force Ouvrière* of André Bergeron, which is really more centre-left than left. In 1965 the majority of members of the *CFDT* were still voting for the Right. By 1974 the majority had already been converted to the Left.

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IN TERMS OF organisation, the Socialist Party appears in the form of a coalition whose components retain a certain autonomy, and share, after the elections, responsibilities in proportion to their numbers: this was particularly apparent when it came to distributing the committee chairmanships in the new Assembly.

The most important group is obviously Mitterrand's, with Claude Estier, director of *L'Unité*, Pierre Joxe (President of the Assembly), Lionel Jospin (First Secretary of the Socialist Party), and Pierre Bérégovoy (Secretary-General at the Elysée). This group controls the greater part of the party machinery. Then comes the group of Pierre Mauroy, the Prime Minister, which comprises in particular all the stalwarts of the old SFIO—Gaston Defferre (Minister of the Interior), Robert Pontillon, Gérard Jaquet, Fajardie. A teacher by training, creator of the network of *Foyers Léo Lagrange* (political schools), Mayor of Lille, and with a strong attachment to "workers' control", Mauroy has the most "Scandinavian" image of the leaders of the new Socialist Party. The CERES of Chévénement and Motchane represents about 25 to 30% of party activists, and their leaders speak a language often reminiscent of Tony Benn (or Hans Eppler) and his supporters. For reasons of sheer opportunism Mitterrand struck up a tactical alliance with the CERES group at the last Party Congress in Metz, and together they formed a new majority. But this grouping has had its day; and Mitterrand's true ally is Pierre Mauroy, who is level-headed, experienced, and is by temperament and vocation an accommodator. Lastly, there is the minority controlled by Michel Rocard, who stands for rigorously sound economics (linked confusedly with *autogestion* and self-management, a disciple of the Old Left-socialists Oreste Rosenfeld and Victor Fay. Here one wonders whether Mitterrand will ever forgive Rocard's double crime of having been his rival for the Presidential candidacy, and of calling Mitterrand "*archaïque*." He is the Minister of Planning in the new government, which has a certain tinge of irony for a supporter of *autogestion*.

IS MITTERRAND indeed archaic? "What we like about him is his '*rétro*' side", one young man told me. And, as Annie Kriegel noted, Mitterrand is indeed fond of cultivating "a slightly antiquated manner." He likes people to lay stress on his qualities of mind and culture; and he underlines his love of the soil, his familiarity with the seasons and their pleasures. His polished style testifies to literary ambitions and rather old-fashioned tastes. When he speaks of "*un nouveau type de croissance*"—a "social growth" based as a matter of priority on the satisfaction of collective needs, on a different quality of life, on the conquest of leisure time, etc.—he seems closer to Rousseau than to the theoreticians of the Post-Industrial society. He also has a touch of Barrès. He visited an impressive number of cemeteries after the elections: to render proper homage to dead ancestors or friends. "Mitterrand's socialism is first of all a republican socialism in which float the perfumes of 1848, the memory of Proudhon, ancient virtues and antique values", writes one of his biographers.[7] At the same time it should not be forgotten that it is Mitterrand who has considerably "rejuvenated" the ranks of the party.

One other traditional factor. Mitterrand was very attentive to Michel Rocard's remarks at the Nantes Congress when he referred to the long coexistence in French socialism of two political cultures, Jacobin and Anarchist, symbolised by the two leaders Jules Guesde (1845–1922) and Jean Jaurès (1859–1914). In fact speeches by the socialist orators of today often contain echoes, sometimes of the dogmatic collectivism of Guesde, and sometimes of more open, associative, libertarian socialism. Theoretically, the Socialist Party appears more Girondin than Jacobin, and more Jaurèsian than Guesdist. This was underlined by the first great reforming initiative taken by the socialist-dominated Parliament, "*Décentralisation*", of which Pierre Mauroy has said that it will probably be the "*grande affaire*" of the seven-year term. (But it is still too soon to judge what the practical value of this reform will be, in view of the nationalisation projects which are also to be undertaken at the same time.)

The opposition between the ideologues and doctrinaires in Mitterrand's entourage is possibly even more pronounced than the old cleavage between Guesdists and anti-Guesdists. The ideas of a man like Jacques Delors (the Finance Minister, who came to socialism after serving as an *éminence grise* to Chaban-Delmas under Pompidou) and the voluntarist thinking of Jacques Chévénement (the militant graduate from the Ecole Nationale d'Administration, given the task of reorganising scientific research) are no less irreconcilable than the views of Denis Healey and Eric Heffer or, say, Helmut Schmidt and Hans Eppler.

IT MAY SEEM SURPRISING that the "bourgeois progressive" who François Mitterrand basically remains should have ended up keeping as far aloof from Social Democracy as from Leninism, both of which he sees as taking socialism up their own

[7] Jean-François Bizot, *Au parti des socialistes: Plongée libre dans les courants d'un grand parti* (Grasset, 1975).

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blind alleys.[8] At least that is the lesson he draws from the experiences of his friends in the Socialist International, Olof Palme, Bruno Kreisky, Willy Brandt and James Callaghan ("who is anything but a social traitor"[9]). Unlike these men, and following the Chilean example of Allende, whose story fascinates him, Mitterrand asserts that he has been "*un socialiste*" ever since the time, around 1965, when he had a kind of illumination which revealed to him that "all fundamental change comes through the conquest of State power. . . ." Consequently it is essential to tame the Multinationals and to render as complete as possible the State's control of the basic "means of production." As for nationalisation, a principle inscribed in the *Programme Commun* mainly as a sop to the Communists, Mitterrand has simply resumed the Gaullist tradition of 1945. There are moments when he does not appear to share the orthodox enthusiasm of the French Left in this respect; but since, as a *gauchiste*, he is indeed committed to it, he believes and holds true to it. He wants to go all the way along the path laid down by the *Union de la Gauche*. Having humbled the Communists, he is walking cheerfully in their footsteps.

YET IF THERE IS any man in France who has experienced the full duplicity of the Communists and has few illusions about them, it is François Mitterrand. In order to see that, one has only to consult *Ici et maintenant* and especially the pages (pp. 59–63) devoted to the negotiations he conducted with the Communists in 1977 concerning the updating of the Common Programme. Thus in May of that year the Communists suddenly embraced French nuclear weapons which previously they had ferociously opposed. But careful examination of the new Communist proposals elicited the fact that they represented "only a new attempt, subtler and stealthier than before, to destroy the nation's nuclear defence. . . ." The same applies to the State reorganisation plan submitted by the CP for Socialist approval. This plan dismantled the finance and interior ministries and reduced the powers of the office of Prime Minister (which the Communists could anticipate going to the Socialists). The Communist plan "conceived of France being governed by a patchwork of ministries, each of them transformed into fortresses or strongpoints . . . the exclusive properties of the parties holding their control." Mitterrand said no. He did not allow himself to by hypnotised by the CP, and lived through the Union of the Left, as he put it, "*comme un corps à corps de chaque instant*", as a continual hand-to-hand combat, knowing that the Communists would have preferred an "historic compromise" with Gaullism, as indicated by their alternative "Union of the French People" tactic.

In that case, since he is thoroughly familiar with the Communists' fundamental cynicism, and knows that they have remained as Stalinist as ever, why has Mitterrand not given up dealing with them?

When Guy Claisse put this question to him, he replied:

> "I have not acted any differently than Blum did in 1936, when Stalin was in power. I believed like him in the force that can sweep people along with it, and in the Socialists' ability to govern France and change society, strengthened by the trust of the *forces populaires*. . . ."

Which is all very well, but Léon Blum was keenly aware—ever after the historic Left schism which followed the Tours Congress of 1920 (the subject of an interesting book just published by Robert Verdier[10])—that the French Socialists suffered from a kind of inferiority complex towards the Communists. "*Le parti a peur*", Blum said (at the 1946 Congress). "The party is afraid. It is

[8] François Mitterrand, *Ici et maintenant* (Livre de Poche, Fayard, 1980), p. 124.

[9] On the same occasion Mitterrand described Harold Wilson as "an unprincipled opportunist."

[10] Robert Verdier, *Le Congrès de Tours* (Gallimard, Collection Idées, 1981).

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afraid of the Communists, afraid of what they might say, afraid of Communist polemics and denigration, and afraid of anything new. . . ." Can Mitterrand possibly succeed in curing the Socialist Party of its old sentimental notion that "there are no enemies on the Left"? He has a far way to go, as is clear from the dialectical acrobatics designed to show the difference between French "socialism" and "social democracy", and the conventional militance of its break with "Capitalism."

IT IS TRUE that, once in power, Mitterrand has surprised his opponents and supporters alike by his speed in working through his electoral commitments point-by-point, in accordance with the main themes of the Common Programme of 1972. The actions of the Mauroy government are broadly inspired by the Keynesianism of the 1950s. Its principal aim is the fight against unemployment, and its means are the revival of consumption by raising the minimum wage, family allowances and pensions, creating new government jobs, and cutting the working week. Which would mean that the GNP should increase rather than decrease in 1981.

In order to carry this policy through in an orderly manner, Mitterrand is counting on the prolongation of *l'état de grâce*, a period of social peace, thanks to the curious euphoria which followed the victory of the Left, as if France had found itself suddenly freed from some long and grinding tyranny, to emerge into the light of a genuinely representative government. At the time of the *vacances* of 1981, the country had a strange air of going through a joyful, hopeful, peaceful revolution punctuated by bureaucratic purges of the media and universities, judicial reforms, measures of amnesty, and the abolition of all taxes unfair to motorcyclists.

The Paris intelligentsia made a generous contribution to the creation of this state of grace. *Le Monde*, *Le Matin*, and the *Nouvel Observateur* were transformed overnight into tedious governmental mouthpieces: from now on, if you want information, and a breath of nonconformist air, it is the *Quotidien de Paris* and *Libération* that you must turn to (and as a matter of fact their circulation has risen considerably). "Perhaps it all illustrates a long-term defect in the French intelligentsia, the tendency to see itself as a political instrument", wrote Paul Thibaud in his magazine *Esprit*, which has tried, though belonging to the Left, to keep its distance from the seats of power.

"Plus ça change . . ."

Paris

AN opinion poll, published by the "Journal du Dimanche", showed that Frenchmen are conscious of experiencing not just a change of government, but a change of society. 44% of the 1,000 people polled regard the Socialists' record as positive, and 35% as negative. 21% do not know.

These figures are comparable to the results obtained by M. Giscard d'Estaing when he took office seven years ago and launched his programme of reform.

The changes most enthusiastically welcomed are, as one would expect, the social measures such as the increase in the national minimum wage, family allowances, and old-age pensions. Even decentralization and nationalization—which, it is true, do not effect the ordinary Frenchman directly—meet with a substantial measure of approval.

On the other hand, the conversion of prefects into commissioners of the government, and of prefectures into "hotels du departement" are regarded as gimmicks.

The majority of people polled regard the Government's efforts against inflation and unemployment, and its defence of the franc as failures. These are the issues, which it is generally agreed, contributed most to the defeat of the out-going majority.

THE TIMES

THE MITTERRAND-MAUROY PROGRAMME has its resemblances to the Programme of 1936—except that this time some of the socialist economists are trying to prevent the dire process of left-wing experiments which lead after a while to increased inflation, reached along various converging paths: demand, costs, currency, deficits, falling exchange-rates, etc. That means preventing the situation in which the increase in social costs (and other redistributive measures) result in falling investment, factory closures, and consequently greater unemployment, with the purchasing power of the average income emerging lower at the end than it was at the beginning.

Failure would see the lower-middle classes, skilled workers, and ordinary office workers deserting the Left, and embittered housewives demonstrating in the streets as in Chile or in Poland. Some economists (such as Serge-Christophe Kolm)[11] contend that by taking various concerted precautions it would be possible to break *la chaîne fatale*. According to others, like Raymond Aron, government generosity may prolong the climate of euphoria, but it will not be long before the dire omen appears in the form of deficit in the balance of payments:

[11] S.-C. Kolm, *La Transition socialiste* (Cerf, 1977); see also his article "La transition socialiste française", *Le Monde*, 17 June 1981.

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> "A lack of faith in the franc, accelerating price rises, and increasing business costs will compel the sorcerer's apprentices either to beat a retreat or else to restore controls on the frontiers and inside the country. . . ."[12]

According to Yves Laulan (*Newsweek*, 6 July 1981), we should be afraid not so much of short-term fluctuations but of "the slow and progressive creation of industrial distortion." Small and medium-sized businesses may suffer precipitous slumps in productivity if the entrepreneur loses his powers of management and decision as a result of reforms conceding to the trade unions a substantial extension of the powers of the *Comités d'entreprise*. In that case, Laulan says, France would go the way of Great Britain and Scandinavia, departing from the line taken by the United States and going on to impose massive tax increases.

EVEN WITH THE KNOWLEDGE that economics is very far from being François Mitterrand's forte, and that some of the economists who have his ear are either cranks or second-raters, it is possible to be reassured by the fact that he has chosen Jacques Delors as his Finance Minister (and safety-catch), and as Industry Minister Pierre Dreyfus (the former chairman and managing director of the Renault factories). Pierre Mauroy has enlisted some cool heads around him. Rocard is supposed to have put himself "*en réserve de la France*." Those who are reluctant to despair for the country's future are expecting the "pragmatic" experts to take things in hand in time to quit the primrose path taken by the ideologues. Probably the great battle for the policies of the seven-year term will take place mainly within the Socialist Party. The factional cohesion consolidated by electoral needs will not withstand the onslaught of economic realities.

FINALLY, a few last words on the Socialist Party's doctrine and first steps in the field of foreign policy. In Ottawa Mitterrand took the posture of a strong "Atlanticist", and for the moment at least broke with the illusions of his old friend in the International, Willy Brandt, on the underlying peace-loving non-expansionism of Brezhnev's Soviet Union.

One of the first actions of his presidency was to back Chancellor Schmidt's stand in the SS20 missile affair against the neutralistic drive in his own party, while in his verbal condemnation of the Soviet action in Afghanistan Mitterrand has been rather firmer than Giscard (who had been increasingly accused of making room for a kind of "Finlandisation" by coming under the influence of an "idealistic" businessman, Samuel Pisar). Yet a careful study of Mitterrand's own statements and actions shows that his "Atlanticism" is in fact very much qualified. The agreement signed by the Socialist Party with the Communists, under his aegis, so as to make it possible to bring the Communists into government, was so formulated that it enabled Marchais to say (and without exaggeration) that he had "not conceded anything essential." As for Poland, the agreement confined itself to confirming the principle of "non-interference", whereas no one can possibly be unaware of the daily pressure which the Soviets exert on the Warsaw leadership. It is the same with Afghanistan, where the Afghan resistance is commonly denounced by the Communists as a tool of "American interference." Finally, the agreement proposes negotiation on the presence of Soviet missiles and on the decision to install US Pershing-2 missiles—whereas the "Atlanticist" priority is restoration of the balance broken by the SS20 in order to negotiate from some strength.

IF ANYBODY, then, made concessions it was the Socialists. It is also intriguing to note that *Combat socialiste* (the party's short-lived daily paper) published an article countering American complaints about the participation of Communists in government, and referring to the example of Finland in order to illustrate the compatibility between Communist participation and a respect for civil liberties. Observers like Paul Thibaud may well be right when they assert that a reading of Mitterrand's writings give the impression that the radical, decisive importance of totalitarianism in our own era has simply escaped his attention. Thus, when the most "anti-Atlanticist" of his Leftist friends, Chévénement, informs him that the argument on the danger of Soviet expansion "relegates to secondary importance a more concrete and immediate threat, that of the Military-Industrial complex and the Capitalist bloc", Mitterrand may

[12] Raymond Aron, "Plus de risque que d'espoir", *L'Express*, 12–18 May 1981.

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say that it would be a mistake to underestimate the build-up of Soviet arms in Europe—but he also concedes that it would be equally mistaken "to minimise the revanchist and often provocative side of reactionary forces in the Western world. . . ." Not that American imperialism threatens the national integrity of France, but "it lays hands on our agricultural and industrial resources and obliges us to organise our economic defence. . . . I am trying to face up to the dual threat."

"What inherent difference is there", adds Mitterrand, "between imperialist ideas according to whether they come from East or West?" I think it would be going definitely too far to suspect that Mitterrand is aware that the USSR has proved itself to be the principal enemy of freedom in the world.

He has chosen as his Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson, a fanatical *tiers-mondiste* known to have no great love for the United States; as Minister of External Trade the clever and eccentric Michel Jobert; as friend and adviser on Latin American affairs he has picked the Che-Guevarist Régis Debray, the author of *Revolution in the Revolution*, friend of Fidel Castro, and the declared "enemy of American imperialism." It was probably Debray who inspired Mitterrand to send the warm message of friendship which he wrote to Castro when he took power, and in which he actually proposed cooperation to the Havana dictator, "*au service du respect du droit de l'homme*." On Nicaragua and El Salvador, the position of Mitterrand's France will now be in line with the Left-sympathising attitudes of the Socialist International. On the question of the Near East, in line with his previous commitments—half a million Jewish votes in France made no small contribution to his victory—Mitterrand has shifted the French position, which had been unilaterally "pro-Arab" since 1967, towards one of "greater understanding for Israel." But the Quai d'Orsay and a substantial fraction of the Socialist Party remain bitterly anti-Israeli (and the relative *rapprochement* with Jerusalem has not stood very firm against the consecutive crises of the bombing of Tamuz and the violent retaliations by Jerusalem against harassment by Palestinian mortars).

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, we have to take note of the blockage created in Franco-American relations by the presence of Communists in the French government, as well as by the disjuncture which is bound to set in between France, with its discordant economic experience, and the United States along with the rest of the Atlantic Alliance. It was noticeable that before and during the Ottawa Conference the French mass media adopted a distinctly hostile tone towards the United States, who were accused of throwing a spanner (excessively high interest rates) into the smooth working of the French and European economies. It thus remains to be seen whether Mitterrand's France will prove to be a reliable transatlantic ally and a partner of her NATO neighbours, themselves vulnerable to the "peace-loving" pressures of anti-American campaigns. But there will be problems, and above all problems within Mitterrand's own ideological ranks.

France

A dozen sparrows scuttled on the frost.
We watched them play. We stood at the window,
And, if you saw us, then you saw a ghost
In duplicate. I tied her night-gown's bow.
She watched and recognized the passers-by.
Had they looked up, they'd know that she was ill—
"Please, do not draw the curtains when I die"—
From all the flowers on the windowsill.

"It's such a shame", she said. "Too ill, too quick.
I would have liked us to have gone away."
We closed our eyes together, dreaming France,
Its meadows, rivers, woods and *jouissance.*
I counted summers, our love's arithmetic.
"Some other day, my love. Some other day."

Douglas Dunn

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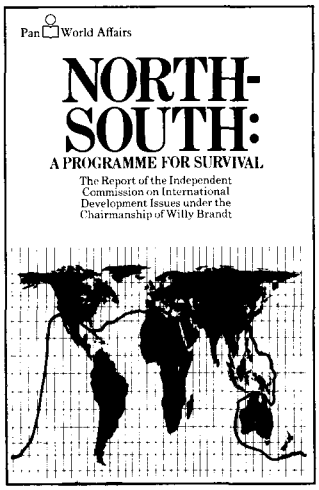
DISCUSSION

Towards a New Disorder

By Kenneth Minogue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A PROGRAMME FOR SURVIVAL
The Report of the Independent Commission on International Development Issues under the Chairmanship of Willy Brandt

THE DEBATE over the Brandt Report is turning into an alarming illustration of the rhetorical maxim that, for an ill-informed audience, the best way of dealing with criticism is to ignore it. Edward Heath ("What's Right with the Brandt Report", ENCOUNTER, August) takes refuge in postures. He presents his critics as a collection of gibbering old maids "who cannot face up to the need for change." Himself he presents as a brave visionary capable of looking straight in the face a world of international institutions "channelling funds to those developing countries where they are most urgently needed and can most constructively be used." Those of us who find ourselves blinking at this vision wonder what lies behind the rolling words.

Mr Heath's vision is not, in fact, new. It is fundamentally nothing more than a grandiose version of the policies of the last few decades. An awful lot of "fund-channelling" has actually taken place, and now we are told that crisis stares us in the face. And indeed it is true that, if fund-channelling were the reality of economic aid, countries like Poland and Zaire would today be paradises. The funds must, it is insisted, be "constructively" used. Aye, there's the rub! Lots of clever bankers and urgent-needers have got just that point wrong in the past. And since the reality of Aid is that money is taken away from the citizens of industrialised countries by taxation and lent, or given, to the governments of the developing countries, hard questions arise which cannot be spirited away by visionary postures. These questions ought to be discussed not in terms of utopian projections of the future, but in critical terms of the hard experience of the past.

Mr Heath's vision is one of a global redistribution of resources, yet he objects to my suggestion that a global welfare state is being proposed. The reason, if I have understood him correctly, is that a Welfare State is a moral community, whereas the Brandt Report argues for redistribution on the ground of mutual interest between North and South. His objection confuses a reality—redistribution to the poor—with its justifications, which may for any sort of redistribution be couched in either idealistic or realistic terms. The debate on the Brandt Report leads me to think that much intellectual muddle results from mixing moral and prudential arguments for Aid, allowing its proponents to slip from the one position to the other whenever their reasoning is under fire. And in the actual giving of Aid, this confusion appears as an uncertainty about ends and intentions.

Perhaps it would be better if we simply made gifts on good moral grounds (to cover catastrophes) and lent commercially where aid could be "constructively" used (which presumably means where its economic return would allow repayment). The need for repayment is a sovereign incentive to realistic loans and efficient enterprises. It is the intermediate class of "soft" loans which trades on a confusion between charity and prudence. Many such loans have obviously been wasted in the past; and Professor Peter Bauer has plausibly argued that they have had a pernicious effect on the countries that receive them.[1]

IT IS AN INTERESTING feature of bureaucratic solutions to problems of public policy that they are often systematically immune to correction. Every failure is interpreted as evidence that the bureaucratic solution has not been "energetically" or "widely enough" applied. Confirmation of the rightness of the policy is found, paradoxically, in failure rather than success. Price-control policies and "comprehensivisation" of education are illustrations of this principle. The Brandt Report seems to illustrate it further.

In the last three decades, very large sums of money have in fact been channelled to the Third World; and now we are told that the system is breaking down, that the developing countries are bowed down by debt, that growls of anti-Western rancour are issuing from an ignored and impoverished South, etc. And what is the solution being pressed upon us in the sacred name of vision? Fundamentally, more of the same!

The big mistake, I suggest, is to imagine that one single global policy is what is needed. Such a vision has about as much solid worth as the picture in a gypsy's crystal ball. It appeals greatly to the

[1] *Equality, the Third World and Economic Delusion.* By P. T. BAUER. Weidenfeld, £15.00.

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bureaucratic classes who will administer it—and to the governments whose income will be boosted. It is undoubtedly nice to get money. And the vision is being urged upon us with an apparatus of passion about the sheer urgency of Action—a tactic of discussion not at all conducive to cool, rational consideration.

THE INTELLECTUAL LEVEL of argument in the Brandt Report is such that Western governments would be foolish to be steam-rollered into these inflationary policies without giving very serious thought to the First World-Third World experience we already have. Such governments ought also to approach the discussion of these matters with a properly humble recognition that (except in cases of dire starvation) *anything* that the North does can only have a marginal effect on the South. It is the utmost arrogance to imagine that the whole destiny of the South depends on how much cash we shell out. Africans and Asians are not mere pathetic figures on an *Oxfam* poster, but also include able and energetic individuals coming to terms with the world in which they live rather like everyone else.

It is an important part of such humility to be clear that we cannot *directly* help the poor of the Third World. We must do it through governments which are very far from being pure transmission belts of capital investment. Many of these governments are despotic, most are corrupt, and all insist that there must be "no strings" attached to Aid. Such an insistence, no doubt, beneficially protects them against becoming the pawns of Western political ends; but it also permits them to use Aid in securing their own political objectives, which are in at least some cases directly hostile to economic development.

This is not an issue seriously considered by the Brandt Report—and for obvious reasons, arising from its composition. The conclusion to be drawn is that the Brandt Commissioners are very far from being the ideal set of persons to present a full and accurate picture of the real situation, and most emphatically not the ideal committee to expound to Western countries what is in their best or higher interests.

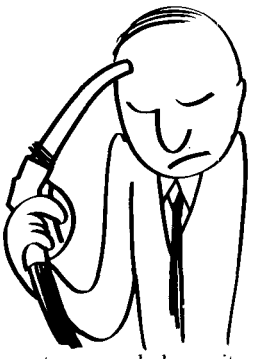
THERE IS A FURTHER POINT which needs to be made, and which the pieties of Development enthusiasts tend to obscure. The "South" is normally presented in the sentimental terms of Victimhood, and there are widespread traces of the idiotic notion that *their* poverty is fundamentally *our* fault. (The possessive pronouns used in this doctrine trawl our emotions for elements of floating guilt.) But far from being mere hapless victims, the "Third World" is beginning to exercise a sinister effect upon world affairs. No one who cares for liberty can fail to recognise that the despotic practices of many Third World governments are now being presented, at the level of world opinion, as the height of rationality.

The recent controversy over the South African rugby tour of New Zealand is one example, where the point of the attempted intimidation of the New Zealand government rested upon the assumption that every government can, and should, exercise its authority despotically, making its subjects jump to attention whenever it barks. As it is done in Dar-es-Salaam, so should it be done in Wellington.

Another example is the UNESCO plan to hobble the freedom of journalists—a plan which comes, significantly enough, couched in a rhetoric similar to that in the Brandt Report: to wit, a proposal (how sinister it sounds!) for "a new world information order." Old Europe once almost perished in the drive for a "New Order."

A Reply to Edward Heath

By Elie Kedourie



IN HIS "Reply to ENCOUNTER Critics" Edward Heath describes clearly and forcefully the plight of poor countries which, in order to pay for their oil, have to sink into ever greater indebtedness. He goes on to point out, with equal clarity, how this cumulative indebtedness puts at risk the international banking system—and how it might lead to "a global financial crisis of alarming proportions." All this, as he must recognise, is the consequence of OPEC holding the oil consumers to ransom. Mr Heath might have added some other most disagreeable consequences which have resulted from the activities of OPEC: the impoverishment and economic stagnation of the industrialised countries (the result as much of the forced transfer of resources to the OPEC countries as of production foregone in consequence of the exorbitant price of oil); and of the need to invest very large sums in the production of alternative sources of energy.

Oil, Mr Heath proceeds to instruct me, is not a normal market commodity. I fail, it seems, to

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understand the realities. But the realities, as I have said in my article (ENCOUNTER, December 1980), are simply that there is absolutely no shortage of oil. The commodity is *there*, physically there, and no technical obstacles stand in the way of its production. If the prices enforced by OPEC really reflected the balance of supply-and-demand, OPEC would have been superfluous. That the shortage is the outcome of an artificial restraint of trade is shown by the present glut, itself artificially engineered by one producer in pursuit of his advantage. Should scarcity become more advantageous, then scarcity will be engineered. Thus, as Mr Heath himself recognises, the quantity of oil on the market and its price are controlled by a Cartel operated by producer-states.

If this Cartel had been operated by private firms they would have been held up, rightly, to universal execration and their exactions speedily brought to an end. But, instead of seeking ways to release both North and South from the OPEC treadmill, the Brandt Report *accepts* the situation, *endorses* the apologias of OPEC, and proceeds to invent all kinds of ingenious devices which will inevitably increase the influence and power of the Cartel.

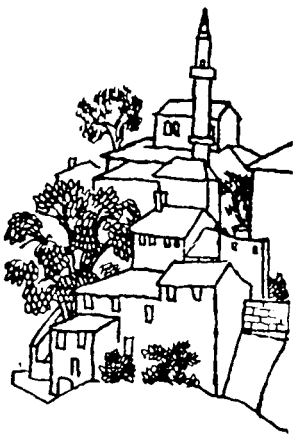
In so doing, however, the Report is not at all as innovatory as its champions proclaim. It has only followed a trend established over more than a decade whereby the political leaders of the industrialised West gradually divested themselves of all power to curb enterprises like OPEC: by abandoning Aden and the Persian Gulf; by acquiescing in confiscation of Western oil companies as practised by Algeria, Libya and Iraq; and also by acquiescing in the breaking of agreements which had been freely entered into by oil states with oil companies. This was an immense dereliction of the duty which they owed to their fellow citizens, and the greatest possible disservice to the populations of the so-called "South" whose plight is now being so loudly lamented. The surrender to OPEC is symbolised by that meeting at Copenhagen in the aftermath of the Yom Kippur War when the EEC leaders received—perhaps were forced to receive—the emissaries of the new Power, like Roman senators compelled to welcome the envoys of Alaric the Visigoth. But Alaric, at least, had an army.

IF THE SINGLE GREATEST service which the North can do for the South is to end the OPEC cartel, it does not follow that, as Mr Heath claims, "the economic development of the South is crucial to the revival of growth in the North. . . ." The forced transfers exacted by OPEC apart, the South is the least important market for the North, which trades with and flourishes on the prosperity of, the North. The South is poor, appreciable parts of it subsist as a remittance economy, and large areas are in the blighting grip of *dirigistes* and collectivists. The Brandt schemes will, I fear, promote not greater prosperity for the South, but further *dirigisme* with all the attendant arbitrariness and corruption. They will serve powerfully to persuade the South, against its interests, that the only life worth living is that of the remittance man.

In the Shadow of Tito & Brandt

The Case of Yugoslavia

By Nora Beloff



IN THE "Brandt Report", which purports to be "a programme for survival", Yugoslavia is listed alongside South Korea, Hongkong, Malaysia, Singapore and Taiwan in the category of "Small industrial countries able to take advantage of the international division of labour in a highly competitive world. . . ." Those who do business with Yugoslavia know that quite the reverse is true: Yugoslav industry produces hardly anything which can be sold competitively on world markets. Weaknesses in terms of quality, delivery-time, and marketing are often cited by Yugoslav officials as the main reason for the gaping trade deficit with the West and for Yugoslavia's increasing dependence on barter exchanges with the Soviet bloc.

But should an international Commission, drawing up plans for "a global assault on poverty", be seriously faulted for a minor slip-up over a country of only 21 million people? There are two reasons why Yugoslavia is indeed relevant to the Brandt report. First, no one made more speeches in support of "a new economic order" than Marshal Tito, founder of the present régime. The Commission recognised its debt by naming a Yugoslav as *ex officio* member and head of the secretariat. Second, Yugoslavia happens to provide a case history of a self-styled "developing country" which, through fortuitous circumstances, has already been lavishly supplied with Western capital, from public

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(international, governmental) as well as private (banking, business) sources.

Why has this not helped the Yugoslavs to "catch up" with the developed Western countries? Well-endowed with natural resources and a literate labour force, Yugoslavia should long since have been able to dispense with special concessions provided for countries registered as "developing." But, according to the 1979 OECD figures, Yugoslav private *per capita* consumption was still only $859 a year, compared to Spain's $2,180, Greece's $1,890, and Portugal's $1,260—countries which, before the War, were roughly in the same economic league.

The Brandt Commission was surely right to call for some kind of new economic order although Afro-Asian ears seem to be deaf to the Hitlerian echoes of the phrase. It is indeed dispiriting that in one part of the world food-surpluses are being destroyed while elsewhere millions starve. And only an inveterate pessimist would deny that Western governments, for political, economic, and humanitarian reasons, should find ways of assisting the developing countries to make better use of their vast underexploited resources. Some forms of "foreign aid" and low-interest loans have often played a very constructive role. It would be simple-minded to suppose that the job could be left to private enterprise. In Western Europe, every participant benefited from government to government aid in the Marshall Plan, which enabled recipients to finance their post-War recovery. On that occasion, the transfers of capital were conditional on the liberalisation of trade and payments. After not a few serious setbacks, the countries concerned became each other's best customers.

NO SUCH CONDITIONS were imposed on the US military and economic aid to Yugoslavia which followed the Stalin-Tito breach in 1948. Recall the historical background: Yugoslavia's "excommunication" by Moscow revived the romantic aura which had surrounded the guerrilla exploits of the Partisans, and helped to obliterate the fact that Tito and his Partisans (as Milovan Djilas has been reminding us[1]) did not share Western war aims and had slaughtered, with equal abandon, pro-Western as well as pro-Nazi compatriots. That point has also been brought home in the memoirs of one of Tito's own Generals, Stane Semic Daki, who revealed that in the summer of 1944 he had been ordered to call off his troops, then engaged in harassing the Germans in Slovenia, and regroup them in readiness to resist an expected Anglo-American landing.

Instead, it was the Red Army which brought the Partisans into Belgrade and enabled the Communist party cadres, which Tito had been training since he returned from Moscow in 1939, to become the basis of what Djilas was to call "the New Class": the people who ran the country, coopted their successors, and have monopolised power in Yugoslavia ever since.

Tito's Party, unlike its East European counterparts, was home-based, and in the first flush of victory the Yugoslav leader cast himself as a Balkan Stalin. While Stalin was trying to reconcile the Allies to his take-over of his side of Europe, Tito was trying to annex Trieste, to turn Bulgaria into a component part of the Yugoslav Federation, and to sustain the Communist guerrillas (mostly Macedonians) in Greece.

Seeking someone more controllable, Stalin's choice paradoxically fell on the anti-Stalinist Andrei Hebrang, who had fallen out with Tito over the projected Five-Year-Plan, drawn up on the Stalinist model. Hebrang was arrested and later murdered in prison but as the Russians withdrew their technicians and cancelled their trade agreement, the Plan—which provided for a crash industrialisation at the expense of the peasants—had to be drastically revised. The fact that it survived at all, laying the basis for Yugoslavia's later economic development, was primarily due to the rescue operation mounted by the US.

YUGOSLAVIA WAS STILL primarily a peasant society and the collectivisation of the land, decreed *after* the breach with Stalin, was so forcefully resisted that private ownership had to be reintroduced. None the less, the new leaders, true to doctrinal Marxist belief in the inherent superiority of the "industrial proletariat", never really gave their own farmers a chance. A ceiling of ten hectares was placed on their property (despite private criticism, it has never been raised), which deprived them of the effective use of modern machinery and techniques. Credits and materials allocated for agriculture still go almost exclusively to the collectivised sector. Until recently, prices paid to the farmers were kept well below market rates. And the independent Cooperative Movement, which had played a big role in pre-War Yugoslavia, was dismantled in favour of Communist-controlled organisations.

As in Poland, the Yugoslav peasant has had no incentive to maximise production. In both countries the climate and soil fertility should produce big surpluses but neither can at present feed itself.

The "Brandt Commission" recognises that certain of the developing countries, besides

[1] See: Milovan Djilas, *Wartime* (1977), and the interview with George Urban, ENCOUNTER, December 1979.

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receiving equipment and knowledge of techniques, will also have to introduce some internal reforms. These are seen to include the break-up of "big estates" and the creation of "workers' organisations." What the Commission has not brought itself to point out is that all the "Third World" countries calling themselves "Marxist-Leninist" have suffered the consequences of treating independent farmers as anti-social remnants of a defunct society. As a consequence, their outdated opposite numbers in the West are now prospering by exporting food to the depressed Communist bloc.

Still, it is the industrial sector of the Yugoslav economy which has most benefited from the influx of Western capital, and here the Yugoslav experience is extremely revealing. After the break with Stalin, the Yugoslavs experimented with a "new form of communism", well received by Western liberals, for it proclaimed that the means of production would revert not to the State but to the producers themselves. "A system made for angels", one of Belgrade's leading economists remarked to me; and it did not take long for a fundamental conflict to emerge between the perceived interests of workers and the economic well-being of the official community. The State (incarnated by the Party), far from "withering away", was increasingly involved in trying to reconcile the concept of "self-management" with the practical need to get the sovereign self-managers to work harder and consume less. The régime has introduced a plethora of constitutions and constitutional amendments, decrees, regulations, and labour laws, not to mention solemn and binding agreements—so that today I have heard Yugoslavs complaining that there is more outside interference in the working of the economy than in the high noon of Stalinist central planning.

IN THESE CONDITIONS the dynamism expected from the Yugoslav work-force has failed to materialise. "Workers' councils" and occasional "referenda" operate sporadically, but only to protect the immediate material interests of the employees, to keep out new recruits, and to veto unsettling innovations. In theory the workers' pay depends on output, but in practice it has to be handed out in advance. Wages are paid whether or not the firm is viable, is making or losing money; there is little discernible correlation between earnings and performance.

The workers' principal right is to veto dismissals: a large proportion of employees take time off from their regular jobs to moonlight for some other employer or to cultivate family plots. Any one who worries about "labour discipline" in Britain should look at productivity in socialist Yugoslavia, so often held up as a model by Barbara Castle and other "theoreticians" of the Labour Party left.

THE sad failure of the system has been widely overlooked in the West, where Yugoslav self-management is wrongly identified with our concepts of "syndicalism" or "co-determination." To the Yugoslav leaders, as to other sound Marxists, the notion of "spontaneity" is unacceptable. Shortly before he died, Edvard Kardelj, the chief theoretician of the Titoist system, ridiculed the proposition that ordinary workers "can be competent to make decisions and to secure their social advance by nothing more than their spontaneous and personal responses to events around them. . . ." Instead they should loyally follow their Party leaders.

To be sure, all Yugoslav enterprises and institutions are supposed to be run by "delegates" mandated by those who elect them. But Professor Neca Jovanov, one of the leading authorities on the self-management system, points out (in the periodical *Socijalizm*) that in reality the two-and-a-half-million delegates are selected—and therefore manipulated—not "from below" but from above. The real bosses, he says, are the "closed circles", certain anonymous groups composed of political functionaries, members of the administrations, the Army, and the secret police: all, of course, Party members. It is they who allocate credits, promotions, import quotas, foreign currency, planning licences, and all other administrative favours.

Growth was all, money was cheap, credit proliferated. Tito himself sometimes inveighed against "the investment mania" and his successors often call for a "restructuring" of the national economy. However, inflation is built into the system. There is no personal responsibility for management, no penalty for mistakes; and investment—like Topsy—just growed.

In the last few years Yugoslavia has actually topped the European record, with 35% of its national income going into investment. Inevitably, the yield has been dismally low. One Slovene economist (Ljubo Sirc of Glasgow University) has calculated that, in comparison with two other Mediterranean countries, Greece and Spain, Yugoslavia requires almost twice the proportion of investment to produce the equivalent rate of growth. Western investors report that plant installed in Yugoslavia can rarely be operated at more than half its potential.

THE "OPENING UP" TO THE WEST came in the mid-1960s, when the situation seemed to be spinning out of control and Tito had to look to the outside capitalist world for jobs and for money. Almost a fifth of the adult male workers are (or have been) employed in Western Europe, mostly in West Germany as *Gast, arbeiter* and the recession is now driving them home. They return to a country where, despite the exodus of labour, 13% are

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unemployed and inflation is topping 50%, so that living standards—always trailing far behind the West—are now in sharp decline.

No doubt about it, the economic (and human) links with the Western democracies transformed Yugoslavia which, of all the Communist countries, is now surely the least totalitarian. Even so, the Marxist-Leninist creed remains a compulsory subject in all schools, colleges, and army units, and any public "heretical" or "dissident" criticism of it is punishable blasphemy.

Countries of the Afro-Asian "Third World" are probably a far more receptive audience to the "anti-capitalist" message than the much-travelled Europeanised Yugoslav workers. An English-language tract, prepared for the Non-aligned Conference at Havana, described the anticipated bankruptcy of some of the developing countries as "the inevitable epilogue to economic degradation, due to the impermissible dependence on primarily private commercial capital, which is in the hands of multinational corporations. . . ."

"Impermissible dependence" is an appropriate description of Yugoslavia's own situation. The domestic thrust for growth found, in the 1970s, an eager response from international banks which, after the oil crisis and the Western recession, were starved of business and flush with recycled funds. These fell over each other in proffering credits to any willing borrower, and Yugoslavia has now accumulated a hard-currency debt which, calculated per head, is higher than Poland's and just as unlikely ever to be repaid.

The inability of achieving development objectives by "unconditional" transfers of funds has been demonstrated not only in the relationship between the Yugoslavs and the Western world but also in Yugoslavia's domestic experience. The Brandt Report observes that the gap separating rich and poor countries is so wide that "at extremes, people seem to be living in different worlds. . . ." But the same could be said of the gap between the citizens of Ljubljana—almost as well off as their Austrian neighbours—and the Albanian border peasantry whose standards are Asiatic rather than European.

THE YUGOSLAV CONSTITUTION, like the Brandt Report, proposes "closing the gap" between a rich North and a poor South. For many years, Slovenia and Croatia have indeed been transferring to the developing regions of the Federation about 2% of their revenues. Yet, according to Yugoslav figures, the gap is still widening, and the average income of the Slovene is six times the Kosovan level.

"A bottomless pit" was how one former World Bank official described Kosovo, where 70% of the inhabitants live outside the modern economy and generous external aid often vanishes without a trace. (The Bank's most successful venture there has been in financing irrigation and land development, carried out by international experts.)

The Kosovo experience suggests that development money should never go to unaccountable politicians, particularly if they are unused to the handling of massive funds. They are naturally inclined to indulge at first opportunity their taste for conspicuous consumption. To give their region an impressive up-to-date image they are likely to promote modernistic capital-intensive industries, whereas what places like Kosovo need is simply more jobs. A typical case of extravagance is the new university at Pristina, which actually enrols more students than London University, and its vast ornamental library which is still waiting for books.

Last spring, ill-fed and ill-lodged students took to the Kosovo streets, and what started as a demonstration for better living-conditions blew up into a bloody, nationalist uprising, in which some participants even called for union with the neighbouring Albanian Republic. Nationalism is inherently non-materialistic, and there is no reason to suppose that the Albanians in Yugoslavia are worse off than those in President Hoxha's rigid Stalinist state. But discontent must certainly have been fuelled by the blatant misuse of Yugoslav development funds.

Particularly since the Croatian disturbances ten years ago, the régime has conceded substantial legal "decentralisation" to accommodate the multiplicity of Yugoslav ethnic groups. This has been smoothly achieved without actually relinquishing the party's monopoly of power: economic and administrative authority has simply been transferred to politically reliable local machines.

Many Croatian intellectuals told me that they regard their local party chiefs as "Quislings", working for Belgrade rather than for them. Denying that decentralisation has democratised the system, Professor Jovanov tells us there are now not one but eight "closed circles" (the Yugoslav Federation is composed of six Republics and two autonomous regions), and that the struggles among them may well be "leading to Yugoslavia's disintegration."

Under the law, Yugoslavia is a single common market. In practice, as every businessman trading in Yugoslavia knows, products manufactured or sold in one region are often excluded from the rest; and the proportion of Yugoslavia's domestic trade which is conducted across these internal frontiers is reported to be diminishing each year by about 1%. . . .

There is also the harsh fact of the "spoils system", giving patronage and economic power to local bosses; and it has been very costly. Each region wants to promote its very own industrial complex, by setting up its own steel mill, oil

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refinery, aluminium plant, petrochemical group, airline, etc. Characteristically, Yugoslavia already has five major European automobile manufacturers competing for its market, and now the smallest of the Republics, poor and backward Montenegro, has invited British Leyland as the sixth. "Kits" of spare parts will be delivered from Britain and assembled (at an appalling cost in hard currency) in a remote little Balkan town which the local leaders would no doubt like to transform into an industrial metropolis.

One of the best known party leaders, Stane Dolanc, recently deplored the failure of those locally responsible to agree on common railway stock: "A halt should be put to those who want eight different railway systems—We are just not rich enough to afford such waste. . . ." He might have added that "such waste" would have been impossible had Western bankers and businessmen not competed in providing such easy credit and lavish subsidies. The competitive industrialisation of the eight component parts of the Federation is dependent on, and is a function of, Western credits.

The transfer of resources to the developing countries, according to the Brandt Report, should help these to "pay their way" and so "promote self-sustained growth." Yugoslav economists privately say that, on the contrary, the ambitious installation of new Western-sponsored enterprises, particularly those most technically advanced, will go on sucking in imported materials, equipment and know-how and, as in Poland, will indefinitely postpone the time when the country can effectively rely on its own energies and resources.

NEVERTHELESS, RIVALRY CONTINUES between Western countries for Yugoslavia's diminutive Western-financed market. The French and German governments have both recently guaranteed massive new loans to promote their national firms against commercial rivals. And earlier this year the powerful International Monetary Fund (IMF), of which the Yugoslavs are founding members, provided another 2,300 million dollars "to help Yugoslavia overcome its economic difficulties." Officials said it was "the largest sum the Fund has ever put together for a developing country." Note that the "developing" status entitles Yugoslavia to continue, as it has always done, to violate all the IMF rules about non-discriminatory financing and orderly exchange rates.

A sudden suspension of all these credits would, of course, create havoc. At best, international institutions might be more exigent, and Western governments more prudent and discriminating (Montenegro needs many things; but it does not need British Leyland). Is it too much to suggest that banks and businesses would be well advised to consult together *before* rather than, as in Poland, *after* the inevitable crisis?

But for the Brandt Commission the Yugoslav lesson should be clear: it must re-examine the conventional proposition that "massive aid" should be transferred to the governments of developing countries, regardless of *how* it is used, *by whom* and *for what*. It is all very well for Messrs Willy Brandt and Edward Heath and the other visionary Commissioners to call for "a spirit of partnership" to solve world problems, but the beneficiaries should be the peoples rather than the governments—particularly when the latter are non-elected, unaccountable, and irremovable by popular vote.

Apart from the USSR, Yugoslavia has been longer under uninterrupted one-party Communist rule than any other country. Given the economic and social shambles and the Polish example, its people may be eager for a change.

And herein lies another lesson for the Brandt Commissioners. They call for "a more humane and just society"—inconceivable in Yugoslavia's case without basic reforms or outright replacement of a régime which has demonstrated for so long its economic incompetence and ideological petrifaction.

BUT WOULD the Kremlin let the Yugoslavs get away with it? We must look back: when Tito originally defied Stalin he confided to his colleagues that as American ships were patrolling the Mediterranean, he could be confident that the Russians would not dare invade. Now Yugoslavia would be going one step further, breaking away not just from Moscow but also from the Marxist-Leninist ideology. And, as in 1948, a Western military presence would be the surest way of preventing Soviet intervention.

The popular appeal of the Brandt Report, particularly among the young, is that it recommends economising on weapons and spending the money on alleviating world misery. The ethical case has been powerfully defended from the pulpit and the soap-box, and critics are castigated as heartless and reactionary. Yet if the Western allies swung self-righteously and unilaterally from arms to aid, they would be putting at risk not only their own freedom but also the moral and material prospects of many of the developing countries—none more than Yugoslavia.

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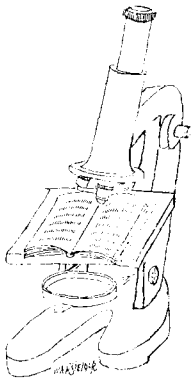
On the Contrary

By Peter Bauer & Basil Yamey



MR HEATH alleges that most of the critics of the Brandt Report have not read it properly, if at all. We have, for our part, read the Report rather carefully. We considered it in some detail and quoted from it extensively in our article "East-West/North-South" (*Commentary*, September 1980). And one of us examined the Report with special care when he was scheduled to debate it with Mr Heath at the Cambridge Union (a commitment from which Mr Heath withdrew after having accepted it firmly). We have, indeed, also read some of Mr Heath's post-Brandt writings and pronouncements on the Report and its themes. In one of them Mr Heath says that critics of the Brandtian new international economic order "are characterised by a . . . type of drunken paranoia" (*Financial Times*, July 15). Nevertheless, we shall try, soberly, to offer some comments.

Mr Heath writes that it is a central and unmistakable thesis of the Report that "the economic development of the South is crucial to the revival of growth in the North. . . ." It is true that this thesis is prominent and emphatically stated in the Report, but it is a misconception. It is the West (the Brandt "North") which is the frontier of the world economy and its "engine of growth" (to use a phrase in the Report). It is the West which has pioneered the major advances which have raised living standards throughout the world, and which is likely to do so in the future. And prosperity in the West depends, and will depend overwhelmingly, on appropriate policies and attitudes within the West itself.

The prosperity of the West will undoubtedly benefit from economic development in the Third World. But such development will not depend on further expansion of the large unrequited wealth transfers ("foreign aid" or "assistance") proposed by the Brandt Commission and Mr Heath. The development of the South will depend—as it has depended in the past—very largely on the capacities, attitudes, customs and values of the peoples and societies, and on governmental policies in the Third World. Foreign aid is *not* necessary for sustained development, and does not in fact bring it about. What it can do is help *politicise* life, exacerbate conflict, and sustain economic policies which demonstrably impoverish people.

The rise in oil prices is quite irrelevant in this context—witness the continued rapid progress of South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong and Singapore among Third World countries which import all, or almost all, the oil they use.

As for the statement that inadequate aid or the cutting of growth "could trigger major social unrest in what are often strategically vital countries for the West", it is evident that avoidance of social unrest does not depend either on external aid or on economic development—witness Iran and Nigeria. And Mr Heath, in pursuit of his vision of a New International Economic Order, seems not to have noticed the antipathy and hostility to the West of most Third World aid-receiving governments.

WHAT ABOUT the need in the current recession for large-scale official resource transfers to the South in order to create demand for Western exports and so to provide jobs in the West? If it were really possible to remove or alleviate the recession in the West by more government spending, more government spending at home would do the trick at least as well as more government spending on aid. Mr Heath also talks about the threat of debt defaults by Third World governments on a scale which could provoke "a global financial crisis of alarming proportions." But this apprehended financial crisis would result from the losses suffered by the Western lenders; and the avoidance of the crisis would call, if anything, for the bailing-out of the banks (and other lenders in the West), and surely not for further resource transfers to the debtor governments.

The authors of the Brandt Report tried very hard to be original, topical, and freshly up-to-the-minute. This should not obscure the fact that the major recommendations in the Brandt "programme for survival" have been prominent in many earlier declarations and in Third World demands over the last two decades. What is new about the Report is not its package of recommendations but rather its presentation, the prestige of its signatories, and the pertinacity with which some of its defenders continue to propagate its official message.

THERE IS, NEVERTHELESS, one important novelty among its numerous recommendations. This is for "an international system of universal revenue mobilization, based on a sliding scale related to national income . . .", and also for "automatic revenue transfers through international levies" on (for instance) international trade and travel and the "global commons."

The proposal for an international levy *inter alia*

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on international trade is difficult to reconcile with the Report's emphasis on the need for the West to remove its protective barriers against Third World exports. If such exports are good for Third World exporters and for the growth of their economies (as we agree)—why, then, tax them? Similarly, why make imported goods more expensive in Third World countries by imposing an international levy on them?

The Report introduces the idea of an "international system of universal revenue mobilization" in a section which draws on the analogy of welfare states and their progressive taxation. It refers to its own (possibly "ambitious") proposal to "internationalize this model." In any case, large-scale official resource transfers to the South are urged by Willy Brandt and his colleagues *regardless* of the economic policies followed by the recipient governments and regardless of the economic prospects of the individual recipient countries—regardless, also, of their attitudes towards the West. Is this not a "global welfare state" (and surely Kenneth Minogue was not, as Mr Heath maintains, misnaming it)?

The Brandt Commission's attempt to show that its package of recommendations will serve to promote the interests of the West is, in our view, a failure. And contrary to its assertion, the world will not "move towards its own destruction" unless the West adopts the main proposals of its widely publicised Report.

AUTHORS

Ted Walker's latest volume of poems, *Burning the Ivy*, was published in 1978 by Jonathan Cape, who in 1980 brought out his children's book *The Lion's Cavalcade*. His television comedy series *Big Jim and the Figaro Club* has recently appeared on BBC-2, and various radio plays have been broadcast on Radio 4. His short stories have been published by, among other magazines, *The New Yorker* and *McCall's*.

Michael Charlton is one of Britain's leading broadcasters and a veteran foreign correspondent for the BBC. He and his Radio 3 producer, Anthony Moncrieff, are the co-authors of *Many Reasons Why*, a documentary inquiry into the Viet Nam War (Scolar Press, 1978). *The Price of Victory* will be repeated on Radio 3, beginning on 23 October; BBC Publications hopes to publish the series in 1982.

Edward Pearce is a leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer on the *Daily Telegraph* in London.

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George Watson is a Fellow in English of St John's College, Cambridge, and editor of the "Unservile State" Group. He is the author of *Politics and Literature in Modern Britain* and *Story of the Novel* (Macmillan, 1977, 1979), and editor of the first three volumes of the *Cambridge Bibliography of Modern Literature*.

Mary Midgley is former Senior Lecturer in Philosophy at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne. She retired from her post in order to write further books. Her *Beast and Man* was published in 1979 by Harvester Press (paper, Methuen, 1980), who will shortly bring out *Heart and Mind: The Varieties of Moral Experience*.

Neil Warren, Reader in Social Psychology at the University of Sussex, has carried out research in Africa and New Guinea. He has also worked in psychiatric institutes. He is editor of the *Studies in Cross-Cultural Psychology* series (Academic Press) and co-editor, with Marie Jahoda, of *Attitudes* (Penguin, n.e. 1970).

Antony Flew is Professor of Philosophy at Reading University. His books include *An Introduction to Western Philosophy* (Thames and Hudson, 1971), *Thinking about Thinking* (Collins Fontana, 1975), *A Rational Animal* (Clarendon Press, 1978), and *The Politics of Procrustes* (Temple Smith, 1981), developed from "The Procrustean Ideal" (ENCOUNTER, March 1978).

Martin Bax, a research paediatrician, is senior editor of *Developmental Medicine and Child Neurology* and past chairman of the Association of Child Psychology and Psychiatry. He edits the literary journal *Ambit*; his novel, *The Hospital Ship*, was published by Cape in 1977.

Kenneth Minogue is Reader in Political Science at the London School of Economics. He is author of *The Liberal Mind* (1963), *Nationalism* (1967), and *The Concept of a University* (Weidenfeld, 1973), and co-editor of *Contemporary British Philosophers* (Methuen, 1976).

Elie Kedourie is Professor of Politics in the University of London and Editor of *Middle Eastern Studies*. His books include *The Chatham House Version* (n.e. Weidenfeld, 1970), *England and the Middle East* (n.e. Harvester Press, 1978) and (as editor) *The Middle Eastern Economy* (Cass, 1977).

Nora Beloff was political and foreign correspondent for *The Observer* from 1948–1978. Her books include a study of the closed shop in British journalism, *Freedom under Foot* (Temple Smith, 1976), and *No Travel Like Russian Travel* (Allen & Unwin, 1979), which appeared in the US as *Inside the Soviet Empire* (New York Times Books, 1980).

Peter Bauer, Professor of Economics (with special reference to economic development and underdeveloped countries) at the London School of Economics, is a Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and of the British Academy. Among his works are *Dissent on Development* (n.e. Weidenfeld, 1976), *West African Trade* (Routledge, 1963), and *Equality, the Third World and Economic Delusion* (Weidenfeld, 1981). His joint works with **Basil Yamey**, who is also Professor of Economics at LSE, include *Economics of Underdeveloped Countries* (n.e. Nisbet, 1973) and *Markets, Market Control and Marketing Reform* (Weidenfeld, 1969).

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LETTERS

Lord Gladwyn & "Europe"

IN HIS most interesting contribution to Michael Charlton's article on "How (& Why) Britain lost the Leadership of Europe" (ENCOUNTER, August), Lord Butler says, "But the fact the advice we were getting from our Ambassador in Paris, and all that, was that we should just let it [i.e. the 'Messina' negotiations] all go. . . ."

At that time there were three British Ambassadors in Paris—myself to France, Sir Christopher Steel to NATO, and Sir Edmund Hall Patch (of the Treasury) to OEEC. It is to the latter's advice, I rather think, that Lord Butler must be referring. My own attitude at that time is described in my *Memoirs* (published in 1972). Certainly, in 1955 I doubted whether the Six could agree on some frankly federalistic or supra-national plan—and in any case it needed Suez to clinch that!. But as it became apparent that some such agreement was possible in negotiations from which we were unfortunately absent, I became increasingly alarmed by the policy of the Government, the likely consequences of which seemed to be as predictable as they were potentially disastrous. From early 1956 onwards, therefore, in many communications to the Foreign Office, I urged that we should somehow or other reassociate ourselves politically and economically with the Six.

GLADWYN

House of Lords
Westminster

From Einstein to D'Espagnat

I HAVE read Bernard d'Espagnat's article in ENCOUNTER (January), and I would like to suggest the analogy of a musical tune for the understanding of "Congruence" by means of Whitehead's instead of Einstein's Relativity Theory. Although he mentioned it, Whitehead did not push it far. This makes me hesitate, since so wide-ranging a mind (contrasting with the more provincial genius of Einstein or Bohr) might have thought it misleading.

I hope I'm right, that the Einstein "Separability" is defined by a signal flashed from one Consentient Set to another and back instantaneously. This, said Whitehead, was giving too universal an importance to a mere flash of light: one recognises in the dark that one has barked both shins at once. His alternative is (I think) that since perception takes time, recognition has time to occur from the hind-quarters to the fore-quarters of a moment, and on this fact our judgments of Congruence are made.

This is a hard notion until one thinks of a musical tune, which is not a mere succession of notes, but is constituted by the hind-quarters still sounding in memory while the fore-quarters gather themselves for the next jump.

A fascinating example of this process was instanced by Pamela Breese in a recent *Music Magazine*. Her idea is that recognition by memory could be the basis of that mysterious endowment called "absolute pitch", since partial examples of it are demonstrably associated with well memorised tunes among ordinary people.

I arrive now at my question (for this is not a fulminating letter designed to show that *A* is wrong or *B* is mad). Would Bernard d'Espagnat, or any reader with a similar gift of clarity, think that the replacement of a *signalled* by a *recognised* theory of Congruence have a bearing, or not, on the fact that Einstein Separability has *tombé dans le ruisseau*?

GEOFFREY ROBINSON

Newton Abbot
Devon

In Defence of "1984"

THE REVIEW of Bernard Crick's biography of George Orwell ("A Blurred Portrait", February–March 1981) is a strange blend. Doubtless a book of 450 pages will have some factual errors; but the work is in general both sensitive and painstaking, not to be put down by sneers at Birkbeck College (where Crick has the Chair in Politics) as a "London University night school or polytechnic." Rayner Heppenstall's review was punctuated with jibes of this kind, though curiously it does little but pass on to the reader Crick's own information, somehow bestowed with an aura of privileged insider-trading, simply because Heppenstall was a friend of Eric Blair all those years ago.

When Heppenstall does touch on the central weakness of the book, he does so only implicitly. In deciding to devote his last five paragraphs to an evaluation of Orwell's achievement, he set up a striking contrast with Crick's strange decision not to evaluate Orwell's ideas. After all, if Orwell were not a famous writer, a biography would scarcely be forthcoming. Imagine a biography of Pele which did not say anything substantial about his football!

Moreover, most of Heppenstall's assessments are judicious. The early novels are poor, and Orwell does lack an ear for dialogue, especially for demotic dialogue. By contrast, Heppenstall says, *Homage to Catalonia* and *Animal Farm* are beautiful and important books. Why, though, did Heppenstall decry *Nineteen Eighty-Four* as the work of a madman?

Nineteen Eighty-Four is a masterpiece, focused on the most crucial issue of our times: the relationship between the individual and the state. The underlying message, whatever Orwell proclaimed, is that socialist economics are not consistent with a free society. Heppenstall rightly observed that "objectively" Orwell cannot now be regarded as a socialist. Orwell's thesis is a brilliant, intuitive contribution to the theory of despotism. He suggests that a socialist One-Party state will probably degenerate into intolerance. It will come to base itself increasingly on the search for power, and to this end will seek to destroy any fixity in what counts as knowledge, any certainty in linguistic meanings, any autonomy in decision-making by the population. Such a régime must crush, simultaneously, the logics of science, morality, language and rational economic action. Without this it cannot annihilate the identity of the individual, and without such an annihilation it cannot be secure.

ORWELL'S international picture has great cogency. True, liberal capitalism has survived in the West; but are not the Soviet Union and Communist China the

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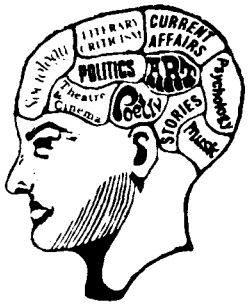
Brains of Britain "The Big-League Tables"



WHO are Britain's leading intellectuals? The question is prompted by a short item in this month's ENCOUNTER [July]. It quotes a survey which put the following question to a "representative cross-section" of 600 Frenchmen:

Which three French intellectuals now living seem to you to have exercised, in their profundity, the greatest influence on the history of ideas, literature, the arts and sciences. . . ?

The results were: Claude Lévi-Strauss (101), Raymond Aron (84), Michel Foucault (83), Jacques Lacan (51), Simone de Beauvoir (46), Marguerite Yourcenar (32), Fernand Braudel (27). About 35 others followed, each with 10 to 24 votes.

There might be nothing like that measure of agreement in Britain but I, for one, would be intrigued to know what readers think. A bottle of Bollinger for the most convincing trio (convincing to me, that is). They must be living—and not more than a paragraph on each please, outlining their influence. . . .

SIR Isaiah Berlin, E. P. Thompson and Sir Alfred Ayer are Britain's leading intellectuals, to judge from the letters I have received since I offered a bottle of Bollinger for the most convincing arguments in favour of three British thinkers.

They are closely followed by Lord Denning, A. J. P. Taylor, Iris Murdoch, Harold Pinter and Karl Popper. Lord Clark, Germaine Greer, Francis Crick, David Hockney, Raymond Williams and Peter Medawar are also considered influential.

Daniel Johnson (of Peterhouse, Cambridge) was one of the most articulate to write in. "Unlike the Structuralists and Post-structuralists in France, or Heidegger in Germany, Sir Isaiah Berlin, A. J. P. Taylor and E. P. Thompson all cultivate elegant simplicity. . . . Of the three, Berlin is probably the one who will weather best, if only because he writes little and carefully. Innumerable people have met or heard him in person, thanks to his tireless conviviality and didactic genius. . . . His are the only libertarian polemics against collectivism that are read by all intelligent socialists."

One correspondent chose Berlin, Betjeman and Iris Murdoch. The Murdoch novels, he wrote, "broaden the middle-class mind with their acceptance of taboos and the unthinkable situations her characters find themselves in". Another correspondent opted for Germaine Greer, E. P. Thompson and Harold Pinter "for capturing the imagination of a confused, alienated, post-imperial society".

One interesting sidelight: historians outnumber artists four to three, with scientists representing the next biggest, but still relatively small, group. No politicians have yet been proposed.

DR Joseph Needham, FRS, has made a late but distinguished appearance in the list of people recommended by readers as Britain's leading intellectuals. Until my interim report a few days ago, no one had mentioned him, but since then almost every letter I have received has done so.

The consensus, however, still places Sir Isaiah Berlin above everyone else. He is followed by A. J. P. Taylor, Sir Alfred Ayer, E. P. Thompson, Sir Peter Medawar, Lord Denning and now Needham. In turn, these are followed by Iris Murdoch, Ronald Laing, William Empson, Gilbert Ryle, Harold Pinter, Samuel Beckett, Francis Bacon and the others I mentioned last time.

One correspondent made the interesting point that "there are no English intellectuals; it is purely a Continental term. An English intellectual is discredited by his acceptance of the name." He therefore recommended Arthur Koestler, Karl Popper and Friedrich von Hayek, "all born and educated abroad, all British."

But, in the end, I decided that the list sent in by Professor Mansel Davies, of Aberystwyth, was the winner. His choice was: Needham, Medawar, Berlin; and he pointed out that the honorary doctorates each holds are an interesting measure of their standing "by the widest critical public". These run: Medawar 16, Needham 10, Berlin 10 . . . "but the proportion of overseas recognitions appears to be in the order *N, M, B*."

"Needham", Mansel Davies says, "represents the greatest contribution to the world of learning made by one individual this century. Sociable, friendly, even humorous, his erudition is the only frightening aspect of his character embracing as it does an extensive knowledge of classical and European, Arabic and Chinese sources of science and technology, a twentieth-century Erasmus. . . ." Davies certainly made me want to read at least some of Needham's ten-volume Chinese Science and Civilisation.

I haven't space to give all of Professor Davies's letter but I'll finish with his description of Berlin: "His gifts resemble a high waterfall, a well-directed ceaseless momentum, sparkling and glistening . . . polishing the immovable."

I think the professor has earned his Bollinger.

Peter Watson
THE TIMES *(London)*

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counterparts of "Eurasia" and "Eastasia"? Is there not much of "Big Brother" in the cult of Mao?

Obviously as an internal picture of despotism *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has gone further than any contemporary police-state. But is not the question of evil's power to reconstruct a whole society in its debased image appallingly topical? While we may take heart from the failure of Marxism in Poland, are there not dreadful questions about what Hitlerite, Stalinist, or Maoist régimes could do if they lasted for a century? Winston Smith is even more confined than a minor Soviet civil servant or intellectual. Thus he is a withered Solzhenitsyn. But Orwell has his creation asking the same questions as the great Russian dissident. The difference lies only in the degree and ubiquity of tyranny.

Orwell's statements are profound. The communist drive for justice without mercy *does* converge with the naked wickedness of Nazism. It *has* resulted in the degradation of language and the prostitution of intellectual activity. Above all, Orwell is touching on issues which are central to the philosophy of history, and to the sociology of politics and of development.

Could a régime whose only mission is power, pursued for its own sake, strike out, bit by bit, man's curiosity and variousness? Are poverty and despotism the normal conditions of post-Stone-Age man, and is socialism an atavistic fantasy destined to resurrect the past in the future, with liberalism only a glittering and unsustainable episode? These are the issues of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, laid out with chilling force.

DENNIS J. O'KEEFFE

Polytechnic of North London

Is The Voter Always Betrayed?

A Comment on Samuel Brittan— By Herb Greer

SAMUEL BRITTAN'S "The Wenceslas Myth" (ENCOUNTER, May) recalls the famous couplet by e. e. cummings:

> *A politician is an arse upon*
> *which everything has sat except a man.*

It is a familiar sort of crack, aimed at those who we expect to perform the most impossible miracles in economics, social engineering, and the general pursuit of happiness. Those who sneer loudest at the politician look to him as the praying savage looks to his Gods. Small wonder, then, that so few political expectations are fulfilled.

It is curious in a democracy that these expectations are never focused on the voter. Has he any responsibility beyond his part in a periodic ritual of consent? What *is* he doing when putting his *X* on that ballot, as opposed to what he should be doing? If the politician owes the voter something—and no one would deny that such a debt exists—then does the voter owe the politician any more than his voice in an election?

The most predictable role of the voter in our time is that of the victim who has been bamboozled and then betrayed. He was promised this, that, or the other thing, has grudgingly delivered his vote, and then the nasty people who got it have not kept their side of the bargain. This drama is as foreseeable as the sunrise on a tropic isle; and yet the voter continues to play his part, forever let down, forever disappointed.

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT might not be so strong if he recognised that the action of putting one's *X* on a ballot involves just a little more than the acknowledgment of an electoral bribe. A vote is, or ought to be, a *commitment*. It should be informed by a minimal recognition that the task of contemporary government in a country like Britain is appallingly complex, which means that electoral promises cannot be kept instantly, or quickly or, sometimes, at all. It should include some commonsense assumption that the government which one has elected is not a conspiratorial machine but a congeries of people trying to pay their electoral debt in good faith; and that their action, even when it involves some (and occasionally more than some) discomfort, is *prima facie* taken in the public interest. There should be a moderately sceptical response to partisan assertions that the discomfort will be irreparable unless the elected government is instantly thrown out—sceptical because the assertions *are* partisan.

Allied to this should be a decently sane acceptance of the fact that in a vast organic whole like British society there are going to be anomalies which outrage the sense of symmetry—and the acknowledgment that symmetry is not the same thing as justice. This list is not complete, but what it adds up to is a certain benefit of the doubt, even painful doubt, which ought to extend over the greater part of a government's term of office.

Why? Because that is what the voter promised when he voted—or should have promised if parliamentary *democracy* means anything at all. That is the debt which the elector incurs when he puts his *X* on the ballot paper, which is in fact a kind of *IOU*.

THIS DEBT IS HARD to maintain in today's politics, because so many are busily trying to destroy it or insist that it should not be honoured. The usual gambit is an attempt to persuade the electorate that extremely partisan extrapolations of some trend or other (the current favourite is Unemployment) amount to absolute truth, and that the natural resilience of this society is totally dependent upon what government does or fails to do. "Let *us* take over", the cry goes, and there will be something new—a New Direction, a New Policy, a New Plan—a new everything except the one thing that is never mentioned: a new people upon whose commitment all this depends.

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Since a technique of opposition is to destroy commitment (Labour at the moment goes further than this, with some figures openly trying to incite insurrection), this becomes a self-defeating exercise. It creates a sulky, greedy and passive electorate, and an atmosphere in which government is expected to be a system of institutionalised bribery—with the biggest bribes going to groups (these happen to be trade unions at the moment) who are powerful enough to extort them. So a process is set up in which public and politicians are made to renege on their mutual debt; in this vicious circle parliamentary democracy is slowly ground to bits.

Lately the process seems to have speeded up. Whether it can be slowed again and stopped is an interesting question. The answer will depend on how many recognise what is happening and want to stop it. Like the proverbial good man, such persons nowadays are hard to find, at least among the British electorate.

HERB GREER

London

Utopian Dreams

S. M. LIPSET is right [ENCOUNTER, June] in stating that the chance for the revolution of the proletariat has passed. But he is wrong, I think, in saying that the New Left and the proletariat will get together in the post-Industrial states. The New Left is composed principally of those who are sure of their jobs in a new world: the

"No Reason to Worry . . ."

To The Editor of The Times:

IT HAS BEEN reported elsewhere that the advertisement you carried (24 July) as an "Open Letter" to President Reagan was paid for by an anonymous Arab businessman and that the affair was engineered by a public relations firm used by Libya and the PLO. This disclosure must be disconcerting to some of the signatories.

They express concern about the "new assertiveness" of US foreign policy in various territories in which "neither the USSR nor the USA has any right to interfere", but they "deplore" only American, not Soviet policy. If they had truly sought to convince President Reagan or your readers, they would have tried to show at least some readiness to acknowledge the "old assertiveness" of the Soviet empire and its expansion. As it is, their "concern" is not merely selective but positively myopic.

Only Lord Brockway (Observer, 26 July) *could have imagined that the "Open Letter" criticised the Soviet Union equally with the US. Reading it, one could assume that the West has no reason to worry about the balance of power and no need to preserve it. There is nothing to suggest that the Soviet Union has increasingly and aggressively been asserting its power in the world during the last decade.*

THE CRUX of the matter is precisely in what was not said in the "Open Letter."

For its signatories the Soviet empire has no interest in the Middle East; no warlike tonnage in the Mediterranean; no military stronghold in Syria; no satellite in Southern Yemen; no interest in the Gulf's oil; no troops occupying Afghanistan and fighting its people; no responsibility for the millions of refugees fleeing from that country; no minions in Ethiopia; no influence anywhere near the Cape of Good Hope; no bastions in Mozambique; no "revolutionary understanding" with Cuba; no proxies in Angola; no arms in Nicaragua; no training courses for terrorists (including the PLO and the IRA); no supplies of weapons and equipment for them and for the armies of "liberators"; no hand in the constant and ever-present anti-Western propaganda; no threat to Poland; no designs for Korea, Vietnam, Laos, or Cambodia; no intention to take advantage of any other sovereign country's troubles (say in Northern Pakistan); no control over satellites in Eastern Europe; no violations of the human rights solemnly endorsed in the UN Declaration and the Helsinki Agreements; no ambition to pursue its "historic mission" by subverting other societies; and above all no huge armoury of stockpiled nuclear missiles, no formidable standing armies ready for threat or use at short notice, and no war on its hands.

ALL THIS is missing from the "Open Letter." It is based on a disregard of history and of current political and military realities. It is burdened by musty ideological stereotypes. But most of all, it is tainted by a mendacity unresisted for too long. It is high time for our innocents to notice that "peace" propaganda campaigns—of whatever inspiration—have always accompanied the expansion of the Soviet empire and its military build-up.

Yours faithfully,

SYBILLE BEDFORD
LORD BLAKE
LORD CHALFONT
FRANK CHAPPLE
DOUGLAS EDEN
JULIUS GOULD
GEN SIR JOHN HACKETT
J. B. KELLY
LEOPOLD LABEDZ
KENNETH MINOGUE
RENEE WINEGARTEN

THIS LETTER was published in *The Times* on 16 August 1981.

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tenured professors; the medical doctors; the TV announcers; the bureaucrats; the students who aspire to such jobs.

The rest of us are afraid of the bureaucrats. Consider how much time is spent evading the Internal Revenue Service. The affluent seek tax shelters; or if they are farmers, government grants. The middle managers and the small-business owners take subsidised courses, buy land, or pull a fast one on depreciation. The least affluent "moonlight" in second jobs that pay cash only.

The Soviet example reinforces the fear of bureaucracy. There the bureaucrats ride high and absorb all the extras at the expense of the others. Their Marxian religion tells them that it is their duty and their destiny to conquer the world. The USSR is a huge country and the Marxian dictum fits in with the old Czarist desire for an empire. It makes an egalitarian world seem a fantastic utopian dream.

MARY RISK HINE

Sea Cliff
Long Island, N.Y.

A Blind Western Eye?

BEN KIERNAN "has suddenly become poacher-turned-gamekeeper in the field of genocide. . . ." In this fashion Leopold Labedz points out, in the process of an attack on Noam Chomsky ("Under Western Eyes", ENCOUNTER, July 1980), that my views on events in Kampuchea changed between 1976 and 1980. I plead guilty to this latter charge; and I ask anyone interested in prosecuting the case further to look at the *Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars* (11/4/1979), where I tried to set down the reasons for my 1978 change of views. (Basically: I was wrong.) I don't believe I have tried to "extricate" myself "from [my] past, and to cover up its traces", as Labedz alleged—apparently without having read anything I wrote before May 1980.

If I have become poacher-turned-gamekeeper in the field of genocide, what is one to make of Douglas Pike, perhaps the most influential writer in support of America's wars in Indo-China, who is now reported as saying that Pol Pot is not only "charismatic" but also "the leader of a bloody but successful peasant revolution with a substantial residue of popular support" (*St Louis Post-Dispatch*, 29/11/79), a man whose policies hardly affected Cambodian villagers (*Christian Science Monitor*, 4/12/79)? And what do we make of the US government, whose President said in early 1978 (correctly I believe) that the Pol Pot régime was "the worst violator of human rights in the world", yet since then has twice (1979 and 1980) given its vote in favour of the United Nations credentials of that very régime? Do these gamekeepers-turned-poachers merit no scrutiny? Can such "pragmatic" and legalistic positions stand up before the mass of evidence about the crimes of the Pol Pot régime that has become available since 1976 alone, or even since 1978?

It is not true to say (as Labedz approvingly quotes Robert Manne as saying) "Pol Pot has passed; Noam Chomsky, I fear, persisteth. . . ." Pol Pot still wields far more influence than Chomsky does. Quite apart from the fact that two of the world's three super-powers (the US and China) recently voted again in favour of Pol Pot's UN seat—along with most of the Western nations and much of the Third World—Pol Pot retains an army of about 25,000 on the Thai-Kampuchean border. Well supplied with Chinese arms, and other aid squeezed or pilfered from Western agencies under the eyes of (and apparently without the protest of) the US government, Pol Pot's troops continue to massacre Kampuchean civilians. Pol Pot has not passed, unfortunately. Where do the gamekeepers go from here?

Let those whose trained eyes correctly "perceived the nature of the beast" join with those who did so belatedly, to try to stop poaching Western policy-makers and their allies from suddenly turning a blind eye to the continuing tragedy that is being enacted in the field of genocide.

BEN KIERNAN

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Labedz's Reply

MR KIERNAN does not really challenge what I wrote about him and admits that he has become a "poacher-turned-gamekeeper." A rather peculiar sort of gamekeeper, I may add, as he is now supporting the Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia. As the Communist *Morning Star* (22 August) reported, he recently spent four months travelling in Cambodia and pronounced ". . . there appears to be a unanimous acceptance of the Vietnamese occupation as a means of ensuring against Pol Pot's return."

There is no point in entering into a debate about Mr Kiernan's "1978 change of views" on Cambodia. Few people can be interested in his autobiographical acrobatics. His reply is hardly relevant to my note on him: I was not dealing with Mr Douglas Pike or the American government. But one should be clear that a refusal to admit to the UN a puppet government of Heng Samrin, imposed by the Vietnamese military invasion, does not at all imply approval of Pol Pot. Indeed, it is known that the USA favours the non-Communist guerrillas of Son Sann, the former premier under Sihanouk, who is at present the head of the KPNLF (Khmer People's National Liberation Front).

There is, of course, a problem here. Naturally, Cambodians do not want either the genocidal Pol Pot, nor the Vietnamese overlords who not only control the country, but increasingly import large numbers of Vietnamese settlers. But, in any case, it is not up to Mr Kiernan with his past support of Pol Pot's genocidal régime to issue certificates of morality to Western and Asian governments. It would be decent of him to stop for a time giving the world political advice. Instead of shuttling between Pol Pot and Heng Samrin propaganda, he would do well to devote himself for a change to his promised doctoral dissertation on the history of Cambodia.

LEOPOLD LABEDZ

Survey Magazine
London

ENCOUNTER acknowledges financial assistance from, among other generous donors, the Arts Council of Great Britain.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

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Life & Letters Today

Washington, D.C.

OFFICIAL: Senator Sam Hayakawa introduced a proposed constitutional amendment yesterday which declares that English is to be the official language of the United States. The Canadian-born senator, of Japanese ancestry, says that future immigrants must be able to read, write, and speak English. There is no sign of protest from the immigrants, but the suggestion is that the amendment could cause uproar in Brooklyn and the Bronx.

DAILY MAIL

London

SICK MAN: *Thirteen years after selling his eponymous restaurant chain for an estimated £600,000, Peter Evans is back in business. Without razzamatazz he has opened a new "eating house" in not-so-glam Tooley Street near London Bridge.*

After selling the group to his partner in 1968, Evans boasted: "I didn't start with much cash. I just said to myself I'm going to put as many penthouses, Bentleys and birds between me and reality as I can. No one can live like that any more—you have a very real sickness in the world."

THE STANDARD

Chicago

SWEET & SOUR: *The true scholar shares the fruit of his research through teaching or publication [writes Calvin Trillin]. Students who arrive at the University of Chicago to study linguistics may expect to receive as orientation material nothing more than the customary map of the campus and a list of departmental regulations governing the use of reserved books at the main library, but what they get includes a packet of half-a-dozen menus from Chicago Chinese restaurants "collected and translated by James D. McCawley."*

The menu translations do not even constitute McCawley's most ambitious work in the field. Among his writings—most of which have titles like "The Role of Notation in Generative Phonology" or "Morphological Indeterminacy in Underlying Syntactic Structure" or "Lexicographic Notes on English Quantifiers"—is a 53-page document called "The Eaters' Guide to Chinese Characters," which, through a system of character classification adapted from the Japanese, endeavors to free the non-Chinese-speaking eater forever from the wretched constriction of the English menu.

"One of my linguist friends suggested that it might be a service to mankind", McCawley has said of the guide. "And to him in particular." McCawley has even offered to teach a course in Chinese-menu reading as part of the University's extension program, but it has apparently been delayed by some difficulties in arriving at a suitable title.

According to McCawley, officials of the extension program thought that Menu Chinese was not a course title appropriate to an institution with the august academic reputation of the University of Chicago, and were not impressed when he, attempting to take their concerns into consideration, offered as an alternative title Aristotle, Freud, and the Chinese Menu.

THE NEW YORKER

Washington, D.C.

QUOTE UNQUOTE: *On the morning after he was wounded, Ronald Reagan was quoted as having quoted a line of Churchill's:*

"There is no more exhilarating feeling than being shot without result."

Good memory, for a man in that condition: The line was from ***"The Story of the Malakand Field Force,"*** *Winston Churchill's first book, an 1898 effort sometimes called "a subaltern's advice to the generals."*

The exact quotation was: ***"Nothing in life is so exhilarating as to be shot at without result."*** *The line was popularized in the United States by Bernard Baruch, a friend of Churchill's, in a speech in the late 1940s. The quotation is usually misquoted as* ***"shot at and missed."***

"The Malakand Field Force," *rarely consulted at the Library of Congress, was checked out to the White House a few hours after Reagan used the quotation.*

NEW YORK TIMES

New York City

CUISINE À LA "GORDON BLUE": Any logical person reading menus in the United States would be alarmed at the plight of the onion: Some steak and almost all liver is offered "with smothered onions" [William Safire writes].

That's a cruel way to strangle an onion. But the transformation of the phrase "smothered in onions" to the meaningless "with smothered onions" illustrates a mindless pretension in menu writing.

Vegetables on "*le menu du jour*" are fresh-frozen. (Why fresh-frozen? Because they are not stale-frozen? No; the vegetable is frozen, not fresh, and "frozen when it was fresh" is just a way to make the nonfresh sound fresh.) Fresh, of course, is the adjective that menu writers reach for when they feel their writing going stale. What, in describing bakery items, does oven-fresh tell us? Did it really come fresh from the oven—or did it come in a truck from the bakery?

One happy eater claims he saw a macabre menu advertising "chef's own liver, cooked to perfection."

Which calls to mind a menu that the proprietor of "Le Steak" restaurants sent along to show how one restaurateur in the Far West adds elegance to his fryers: "*Chicken Gordon Blue*."

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

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